Collier's

SEPTEMBER 7, 1946

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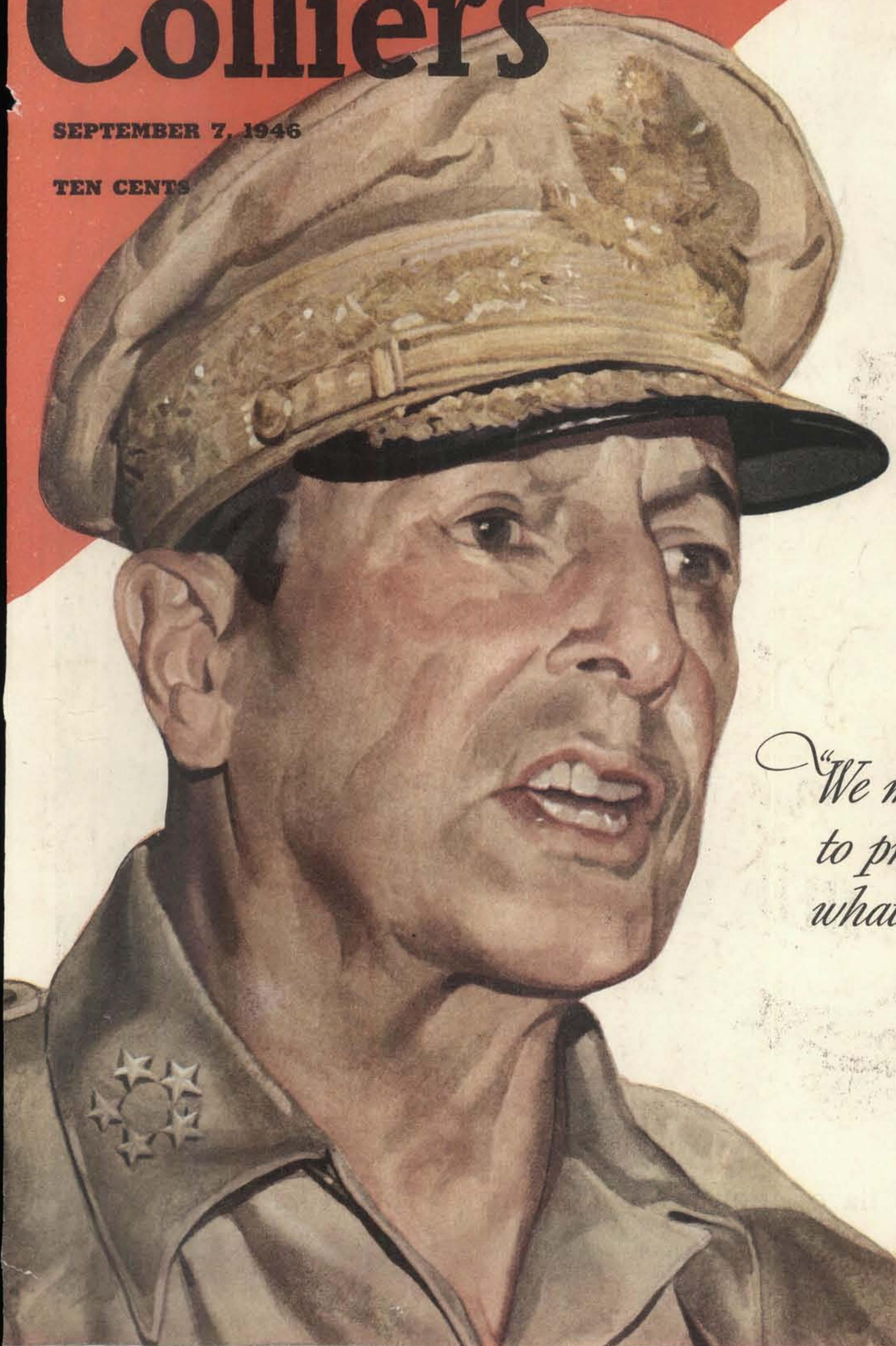

"We must go forward to preserve in peace what we won in war."

DOUGLAS MAC ARTHUR

c.c. beall

NEXT STOP THE MOON

ALL ABOARD FOR THE PLANETS

by G. EDWARD

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Sept. 7, 1946

NO DEPOSIT NO RETURN
Parker's
LIGHT
BEER
BREWED AND
BEER
Duraglas

SOON, THE NEW "1-WAY" BOTTLE! There'll be no deposit on it—no return.

It neither *adds* to flavor, nor *subtracts* from it—the Duraglas Bottle!

DAD: Ah-h-h-h-h, honey—thanks! Cool, foaming beer—right out of the bottle!

MOTHER: I've heard you talk about bottles and flavor . . .

DAD: Yup—bless 'em!—bottles leave flavor alone! You taste beer—and *only* beer!

MOTHER: And I like the look of bottles on the table, too. Appetizing—*and* convenient!

DAD: It's the only way to serve beer, sweetheart—pour it just before you drink it!

Coming soon—beer in Duraglas "1-Way" bottles. No deposit, no return! Space-saving (pictured above actual size)—yet *they hold the same amount you're used to getting.* When empty, just *discard!*

There are a thousand and one other things you buy for which Duraglas, the *modern* container, provides the same ideal, economical protection. Owens-Illinois Glass Company, Toledo 1, Ohio.

Duraglas TRADE MARK REG. U.S. PAT. OFF. CONTAINERS LEAVE FLAVOR STRICTLY ALONE

Can a part-time Model be a full-time Mother?

The "model" mother care that Evelyn Condon gives her daughter is no spare-time affair

If green-eyed, red-haired cover girl Evelyn Condon is late for a studio appointment, she has a lovely excuse... 7-year-old Debby, whose wholesome smile is only one indication of her "model" mother's care.

For Evelyn's first concern is Debby's health and smile. Yes, smile, too. No one knows better than a model how important a smile can be. So the wife of New York stage and screen writer Richard Condon, Jr. has taught her daughter to follow the dental routine that gets so much credit for her own beautiful smile: *Regular brushing with Ipana Tooth Paste, followed by gentle gum massage.*

This home dental routine, a "must" in the Condons' Park Avenue apartment, is based on the teachings of thousands of dentists and schools today—that a radiant smile depends on sparkling teeth. And that sparkling teeth call for firm, healthy gums.

So get Ipana today!

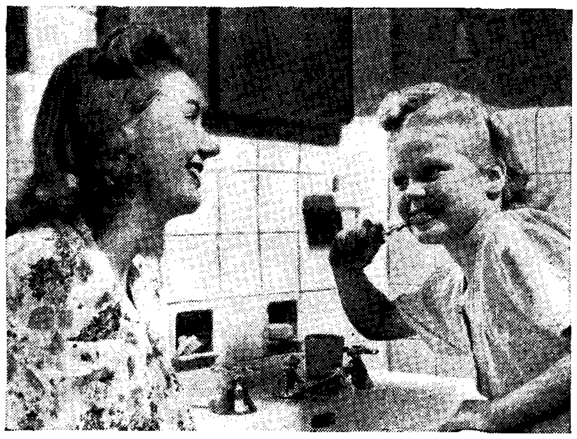
Product of Bristol-Myers

IPANA
TOOTH PASTE

Firmer Gums—Brighter Teeth with Ipana and Massage

Shipmates. Evelyn and Debby, on Central Park's famous lake, flash smiles that would win any girl a boy in every port. The Condon smile is a charmer because teeth and gums get proper care. For Mother knows that today's soft foods don't give gums enough exercise—that Ipana Tooth Paste is specially designed, with gentle massage, to help gums to healthier firmness.

Would it surprise you to learn that many children know more than adults about gum massage? For its importance is taught in thousands of classrooms. Ask your dentist about massage for *your* gums. Nationwide survey shows that 7 out of 10 dentists recommend gum massage. (Also, that dentists prefer Ipana 2 to 1 for their own personal use!)



"An exceptionally high I. Q.," reports the private school in which Debby is a second-grader. Smart girl that she is, Debby heeds her "model" mother's advice and never brushes her teeth without also gently massaging her gums. This brief workout with Ipana helps speed up needed circulation, helps safeguard her future smile.

Riding High. Mother and daughter take a day off from studio and school. But the Condon gums get no vacation from massage. Sensitive gums often herald their warning with "pink" on your tooth brush—a sign to *see your dentist.* Follow his advice. Let him decide whether yours is simply a case for "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month

The greatest star of the screen!

We're overflowing with excitement about "Undercurrent". It's several days since we previewed it—and we still haven't shaken off the spell of this amazing new M-G-M romance.

★ ★ ★ ★

And it baffles us to find words that convey to you the moods, the lights and shadows, the unusualness that make "Undercurrent" such a rare and exciting motion picture.

★ ★ ★ ★

But let's try. We'll begin with Katharine Hepburn. She plays a girl of innocent and haunting beauty—her acting is dramatic quicksilver; one moment completely gay, the next serene in her love, then filled with terror at the unknown threat that hovers over her life.

And forgive this irrelevancy—she wears *such* attractive clothes with *such* wonderful grace that we predict untold millions of envious sighs.

★ ★ ★ ★

Then, of course, there's handsome Robert Taylor and anything we could say about his performance in "Undercurrent" would be an understatement.

★ ★ ★ ★

"Undercurrent" is not only the best possible vehicle for Taylor's return to the screen, but it is also the picture in which he creates—believe us—one of the most sensational male roles in film history.

★ ★ ★ ★

We won't tell you exactly why we think so—it would spoil the suspense of the picture—but we know you'll agree with us when you see Bob as the brilliant young tycoon whose life is haunted by a strange and disturbing dread.

★ ★ ★ ★

Robert Mitchum and all the cast have been chosen with rare dramatic judgment to give "Undercurrent" its startling quality.

★ ★ ★ ★

A special commendation goes to Edward Chodorov for his powerful and imaginative script, based on a story by Thelma Strabel.

★ ★ ★ ★

And to Pandro S. Berman who produced it, and Vincente Minnelli who directed it, go our thanks for a truly daring and memorable film.

★ ★

Yes, we were swept away by "Undercurrent". You'll be, too.

—*Leo*

P.S.: We have just heard that M-G-M's "The Yearling" has been completed. We look forward to the pleasure of seeing it, and of telling you all about this much-heralded film version of Marjorie Kinnan Rawlings' beloved best seller.

Collier's
FOR SEPTEMBER 7, 1946

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JAMES C. DERIEUX	*Washington*					MAC LENNAN FARRELL	*Fiction*

this week

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After a girl got him mad, Dick improved his tennis—but too much.

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●

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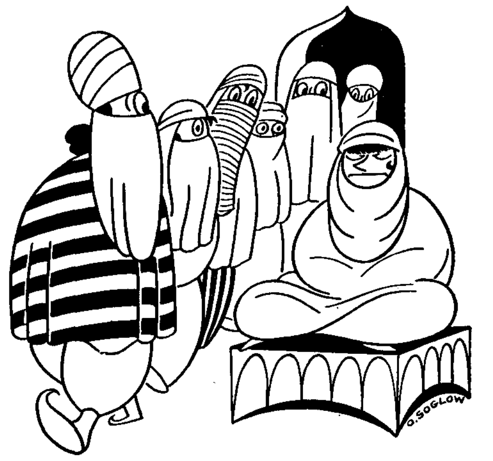
any week

BEFORE setting down the solution to the world's most baffling problems this week we'd like you to know that Mr. Frank Trescott Pope of Hollywood, California, has discovered, after considerable painstaking research, that a couple of brothers named Shaw run a chain of movie theaters and amusement parks in Malaya, Indo-China, Siam and China. One of the brothers is Run Run Shaw. The other is Run Me Shaw.

IT WAS a warm evening and Miss Jennie Gelzer of Mt. Hope, West Virginia, was browsing easily through her favorite newspaper, the Charleston Gazette. Suddenly Miss Gelzer sprang to her feet in alarm. Nor do we wonder. All alone, without further explanation, was this paragraph: "A bride in Morocco sits motionless, eyes and mouth closed, for five days after the big event while women passing by come in to look at her."



IN THE meantime Mr. S. Shagen of Clifton, New Jersey, has been looking deeply into the real causes of the unhappy mistrust that foolishly exists between America and Russia. Thus far he discovers that journalism must share the guilt. For example, a New York newspaper hired a lady who had convinced the editors that she spoke flawless Russian and proposed to use it on Mr. Gromyko and his suite. She started with Mr. Gromyko's chauffeur, opening up with: "*Vi panimatie Harasho no Rashieskis gavarit.*" The fellow fled in confusion. What she had said, Mr. Shagen finds, was, "You understand good in Russian speak." And from then on Mr. Gromyko and his aides have not failed to blanch at the sight of American journalists.

LED by such gentlemen as Mr. Herbert Hoover and Mr. Hugh Gibson, a number of you are reminding us that there was a deplorable omission in our recent editorial on the Philippines. The omission was the name of the late Brigadier General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., as one of the governors general of those islands. Too bad to err like that. Too bad because Ted Roosevelt, a cherished friend of ours, was one of the best men we had ever sent to the Philippines. Too bad, too, because Ted Roosevelt was a gallant, courageous gentleman *(Continued on page 88)*

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Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Can you answer these questions about

CANCER?

Q. Are we winning or losing the war on cancer?

A. The news is good! Recent statistics show that the death rate from cancer of the stomach, skin, and mouth is going down. Among women the rate is being reduced for *all* forms of cancer.

Q. How is medical science attacking cancer?

A. Doctors are getting more and more cancer patients in the early stages of the disease, when the chances of cure are greatest. Intensive studies are being made of the causes of cancer and of new methods of diagnosing and treating it. Some specialists think that among the most promising studies are research with hormones, experiments with radio-active substances, and the development of certain chemical compounds.

Q. Has any new "sure cure" for cancer been perfected?

A. No! Medical scientists say that there are still only two ways of curing cancer: complete *removal* by surgery, or complete *destruction* by X-rays or radium rays. There is *no other way* known at present.

Q. What should *everyone* do about cancer?

A. First, learn the *danger signals* that indicate cancer may be present. Second, when such warnings appear, *get medical advice immediately*. It is estimated that 30 to 50 percent of the deaths from cancer today might have been prevented by earlier recognition and prompt treatment of the disease.

Q. What are cancer's "danger signals"?

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast. 2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding. 3. A sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips. 4. Noticeable changes in the color or size of a mole or wart. 5. Loss of appetite or continued, unexplained indigestion. 6. Any persistent changes in normal habits of elimination.

[illegible] These signals do *not necessarily* mean cancer. In fact, 88 out of 100 women who came to one leading cancer clinic because they suspected cancer proved *not* to have the disease. However, the signals do indicate that something is wrong, which you should have checked by your physician. His examination will reassure you if cancer is not present, or, if it is, will permit prompt treatment.

To learn more about *prevention and control* of cancer, send for your free copy of Metropolitan's booklet, "There Is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

TO VETERANS—IF YOU HAVE NATIONAL SERVICE LIFE INSURANCE—KEEP IT!

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Please send me a copy of your booklet, 106-C, entitled "There is Something YOU Can Do About Cancer."

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BIG MOMENT?
MILDNESS FOR COMFORT—RICHNESS FOR TASTE. P.A. KEEPS YOU TONGUE-HAPPY!
PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBACCO

YOU BET! ANOTHER TRIUMPH FOR

*PIPE APPEAL

● Sure, she'll be impressed to see you smoke a pipe; but your pipe will have more appeal *to you*—and to her—when you fill it with Prince Albert!

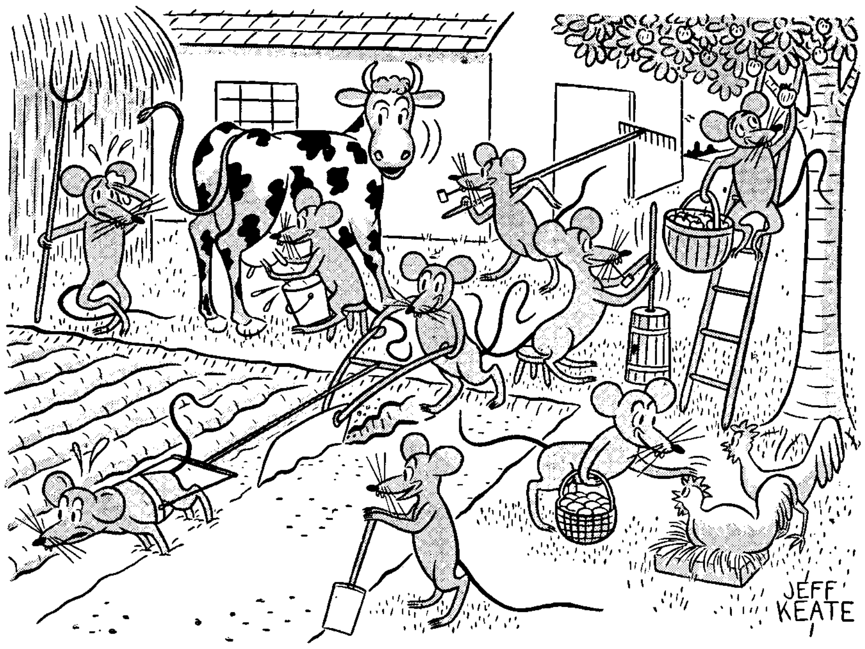
P. A. is famous for its "no-bite" treated tobacco. So easy on the tongue—rich flavor and cool comfort in every puff. Prince Albert is crimp cut too, to pack right and draw right. More pipes smoke P. A. than any other tobacco.

Roll-your-own smokers say, "There's no other tobacco like Prince Albert" for easy-rolling, rich-tasting, mild "makin's" smokes.

R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, N. C.

*PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

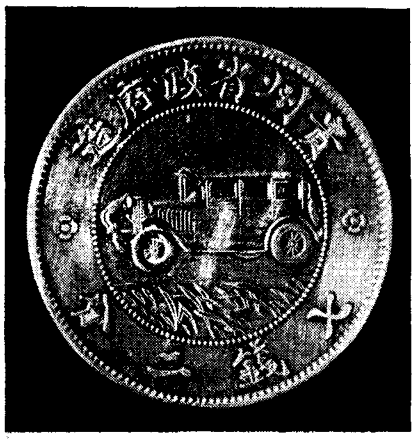


Keep up with the world

by Freling Foster

The world's largest mouse farm is the Tuck Mousery in Rayleigh, England, which raises mice for medical tests and research and which now has a stock of more than 500,000 rodents. The importance of its work is shown by the fact that since 1940 the government has allowed the farm additional food rations and that the Nazis took special pains to bomb it, killing 22,000 mice in a single raid.

Of the 200,000 forest fires that occur annually in the United States, more than 53,000 are deliberately started by malicious individuals.



The first automobile purchased by an inhabitant of Kweichow Province, China, arrived in 1927 in the capital, Kweiyang, packed in boxes carried by coolies from the nearest railhead 100 miles away. The governor had a silver dollar struck to commemorate the event. These coins are the only ones ever to bear a picture of a motorcar.

The most widely published secular writing in history is A Message to Garcia, an inspirational account of the heroism of a U.S. Army officer during the Spanish-American War, which was written by Elbert Hubbard in 1899. Besides the millions of reprints given by companies to their employees, copies were also purchased for the Boy Scouts of America, the railroad workers of Russia and the government employees and soldiers of Japan. To date, some 85,000,000 copies in about 25 languages have been distributed.

A deposit of prehistoric animal bones discovered in 1877 near Harrison, Nebraska, is one of the densest beds of its kind ever found. Although only two acres in area and from 6 to 20 inches in depth, the deposit is estimated to contain nearly 2,000,000 bones of 10,000 animals. In some excavated parts, these bones total 96 to the cubic foot.

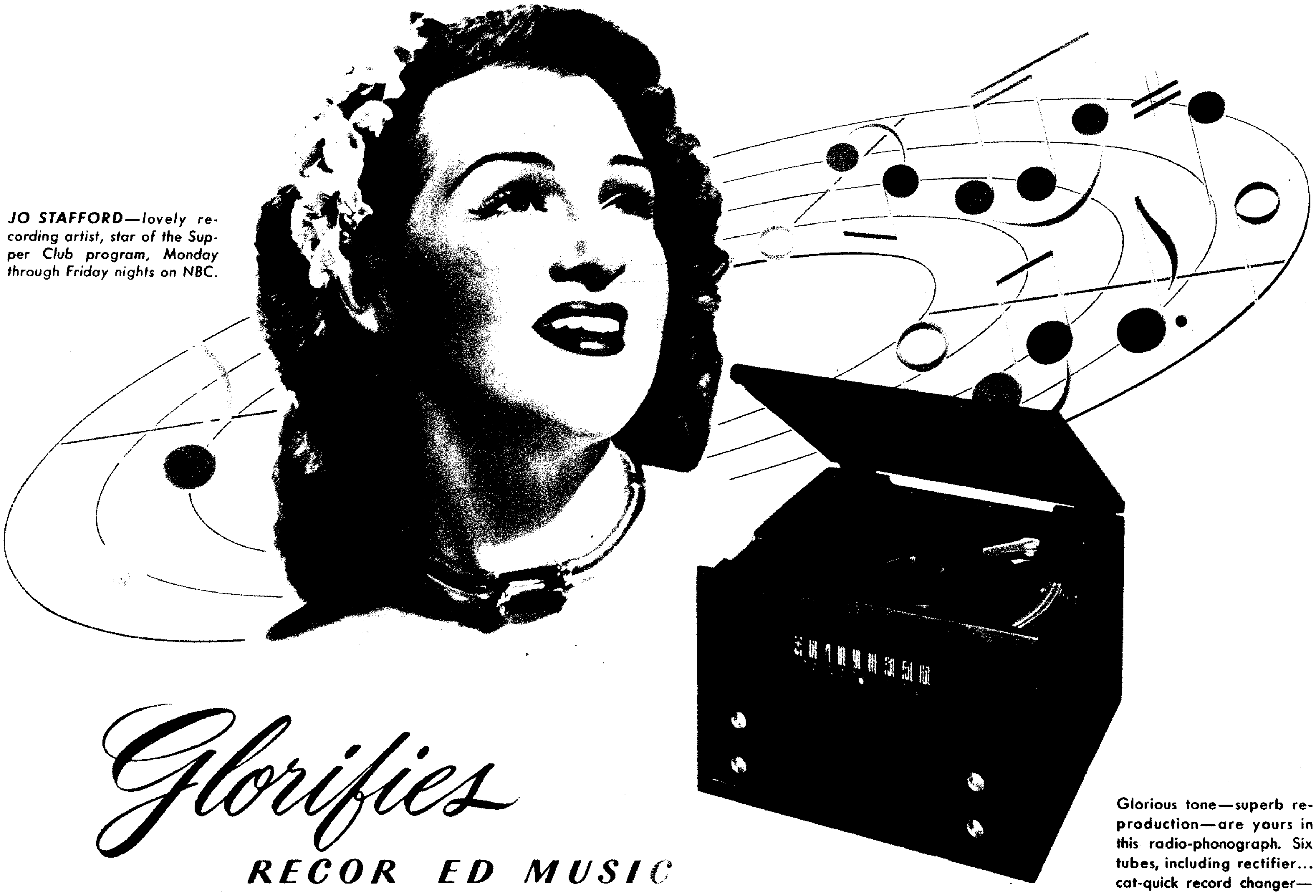
The sudden and violent reaction which may occur in cases of food allergy is illustrated by that of a little girl who was given a dish of a certain cereal for the first time. Before she could swallow the first spoonful, the back of her throat contracted, her lips and tongue swelled to twice their normal size and she became unconscious. After being revived by several injections of adrenalin, the child was tested and found to be highly allergic to flaxseed, an ingredient of the cereal. Had her throat not closed and prevented her from swallowing it, she might have died from allergic shock.

Copies of the Official Records of each meeting and session of the United Nations are obtainable in New York shortly after adjournment, published in separate editions in Chinese, English, French, Russian and Spanish.

The greatest trick of the late Horace Goldin, England's master magician, was usually performed at meetings of fellow magicians. Goldin allowed any one of them to set the hands of his own watch, close the cover and hand it to him. Whereupon, without opening the watch, Goldin wrapped it in a napkin and, as a third person held it before him, he told the time at which the hands were set by looking through a small paper telescope. No one ever discovered how it was done.

A new method of advertising food products to the patrons of groceries and markets is through commercials inserted every few minutes in a day-long musical program transmitted from a central studio over telephone wires to loud-speakers in the stores. These programs are now presented in some 550 foot outlets in three cities.

Ten dollars will be paid for each fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by their source of information. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Ave., New York (17), N. Y. This column is copyrighted, and none of its items may be reproduced without written permission



JO STAFFORD—lovely recording artist, star of the Supper Club program, Monday through Friday nights on NBC.

Glorious tone—superb reproduction—are yours in this radio-phonograph. Six tubes, including rectifier... cat-quick record changer—amazing new G-E Electronic Reproducer. Model 303.

Glorifies
RECORDED MUSIC

General Electric's finest table Radio-phonograph with the new G-E Electronic Reproducer

Like a magic wand, the new G-E Electronic Reproducer reveals beauties you've never heard before in even the most familiar record.

You'll listen, enthralled, to this remarkable new General Electric radio-phonograph. You'll hear enchanted music—delicate shadings—rare tones and overtones—recreated in musical splendor. You'll say, "I never heard anything like it before—even in the most expensive sets."

Music on an Electronic Wave

As the cat-quick record changer plays—up to twelve records—you'll hear music recreated in natural color on an electronic wave. Gone is the old-fashioned needle. A child could drop the delicately balanced tone arm on the record—even slide it across the record grooves. Neither tone arm nor record would be harmed. Because the permanent jeweled stylus is *instantly retractable*, sheathed against carelessness.

Natural Color Tone Radio, Too

With razor-sharp tuning, the General Electric radio brings in the stations you want. You hear the "natural color tone" of every voice and instrument. And you play the radio without even lifting the lid.

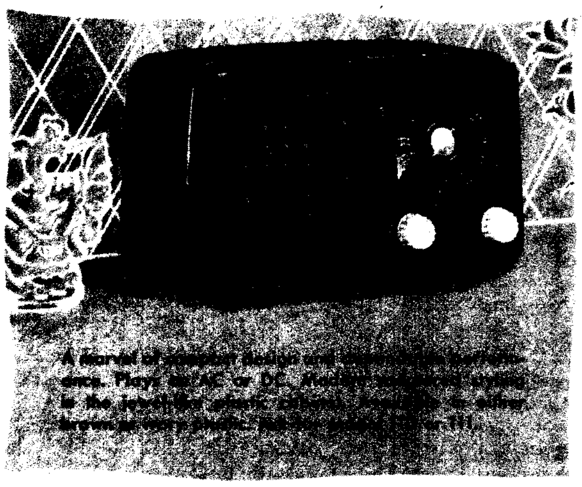
Here are features money couldn't buy before the war. But you can have all of them now in this revolutionary new General Electric radio-phonograph . . . and the price is amazingly low.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

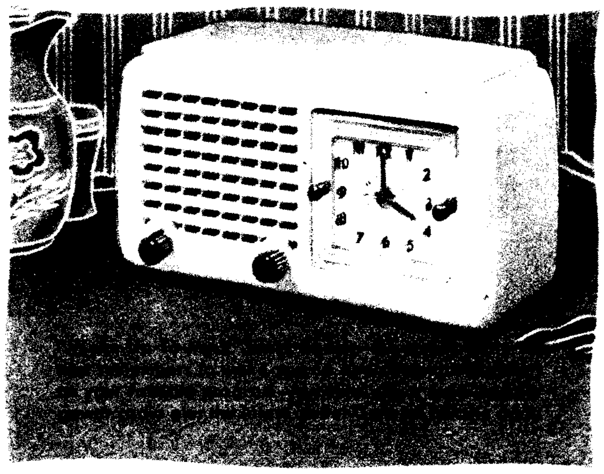
170-E9

LEADER IN RADIO, TELEVISION AND ELECTRONICS

RADIOS



A marvel of [illegible] design and [illegible] performance. Plays on AC or DC. [illegible] styling is the jewel-like [illegible] either [illegible]



[illegible]

The first and only [illegible] power over and over. No [illegible] worries. Natural color tone. Standard and short-wave bands. Push-button controls. [illegible]

YOU ALWAYS HAVE A

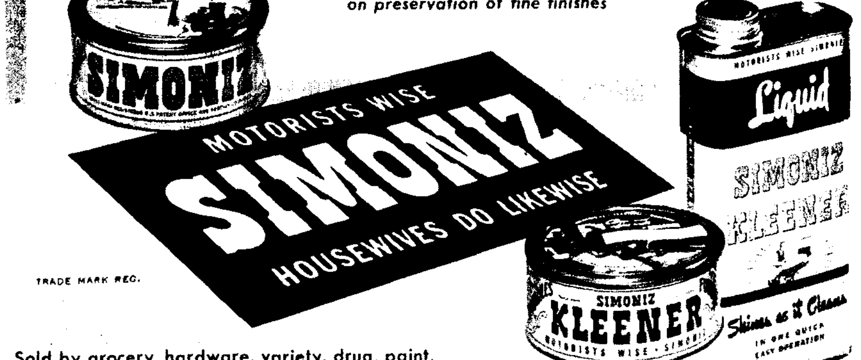
NEW CAR

IN THE PALM OF YOUR HAND

Start with the Finish and SIMONIZ it For Lasting Beauty, Greater Protection

Look again—new car or old? You can't tell by the finish because millions of motorists SIMONIZ from the start . . . and that keeps any car looking like new always. It saves the finish from damage by gritty mud, corrosive airborne chemicals and ultra violet rays. It makes car washing hardly ever necessary. A dry cloth wipes off dust and dirt without scratching. If the finish on your car is already dull, new beauty can be restored quickly with Simoniz Kleener . . . and protected thereafter with SIMONIZ. Because there's no substitute for SIMONIZING, get SIMONIZ and Simoniz Kleener, liquid or paste, today—won't you?

THE SIMONIZ COMPANY, CHICAGO 16, ILLINOIS
Recognized for over thirty years as authorities on preservation of fine finishes



TRADE MARK REG.

Sold by grocery, hardware, variety, drug, paint, 5 cents to $1, auto accessory and department stores—and by linoleum dealers everywhere.

The Week's Mail

Dear Editor: Your cover of July 27th shows Ted Williams at the end of his swing, with the bat over his left shoulder. How come? Williams happens to be a left-hander. I take it that the photographer reversed his film, making Ted appear to be a right-hander.

C. H. Haussman
Lansing, Mich.

Study that cover again, Mr. Haussman. The batter is Joe DiMaggio.

Dear Editor: In your issue of July 27th, H. W. DeRuyter asks why John L. Lewis does not have his miners pay for their own hospitalization and care. Well, why not? Ninety thousand members of the International Typographical Union have never asked the public for a penny, yet they maintain a home for aged or disabled members, pay old-age pensions and provide mortuary benefits.

Will M. Maupin
Clay Center, Neb.

Dear Editor: In Kansas City a few days ago, when the thermometer registered 104, a Kansas City Star man found a dog, part German shepherd, seated in a drinking fountain in Gillham Park, cooling himself off. The question, Do animals think?, was raised, you recall, in The Week's Mail not long ago. Maybe that Kansas City dog didn't "think," but he was smart!

Florence Newman, R.N.
Belton, Mo.

Smart—and a cool customer.

Dear Editor: In 1911 one of the most distinguished engineers said, in my presence, "These aeroplanes—they'll never be anything but tricky, dangerous toys." I always recall that statement when I read your fascinating Wing Talk.

Leonidas Kentner
Havana, Cuba.

And in 1898 folks were opining that the automobile could never climb a hill.

Dear Editor: Fifty years ago my dad used to read with a chuckle the letters to the editor of the Springfield (Mass.) Republican. One letter would rake Mr. Bowles, the editor, over savagely, because the paper (so the author asserted) was Democratic, but sailing under Republican colors.

In the same mail another letter would lambaste him for being a Republican but hiding under a Democratic reputation.

E. F. Jackson
Los Angeles, Cal.

Dear Editor: Are you sure the girls on your All-American swimming team (August 3d issue) weren't picked largely because of their pulchritude? Good-looking? They're marvelous!

James B. Wheeler
Atlanta, Ga.

Here's one of them, Jeanne Wilson, breast-stroke expert. As the article stated, she and her teammates were chosen because they are champion swimmers.

Dear Editor: Please tell me how anyone can pick an All-American girls' swimming team and omit Miss Brenda Helser of Portland. To the people to whom you refer as "the aquatic experts of the Amateur Athletic Union"—Phooey!

Charles E. Kelso
Seattle, Wash.

Dear Editor: I note that you say Collier's doesn't agree with Ehrenburg's view of America. Why? There is nothing in the article with which even a good Republican couldn't agree. His remarks were exceedingly discerning and very pointed.

C. von der Lancken
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Editor: Mr. Ehrenburg is a powerful writer with a brilliant mind and keen powers of observation. It seems to me, though, that his article was full of misinterpretations.

F. S. P.
Philadelphia, Pa.

Dear Editor: What this country needs is a great leader—a combination of Plato, Aristotle, Justinian, Pericles, Caesar, Napoleon Bonaparte, Washington, Lincoln, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and Franklin D. Roosevelt. There *must* be someone like that hanging around somewhere.

Jennifer S. Swords
Denver, Colo.

Any applicants?

Dear Editor: Ernie Pyle would have been amused to hear that he was a "man from New Mexico," as Milton Lehman called him in Hoosier Holiday. He was born three miles from Dana, Indiana, and lived in his native state the greater part of his short life. I was older than Ernie, and I remember him only as a tow-headed kid from whom William Bales and I ran away to go rabbit hunting. I've had many a meal at the home of his Aunt Mary.

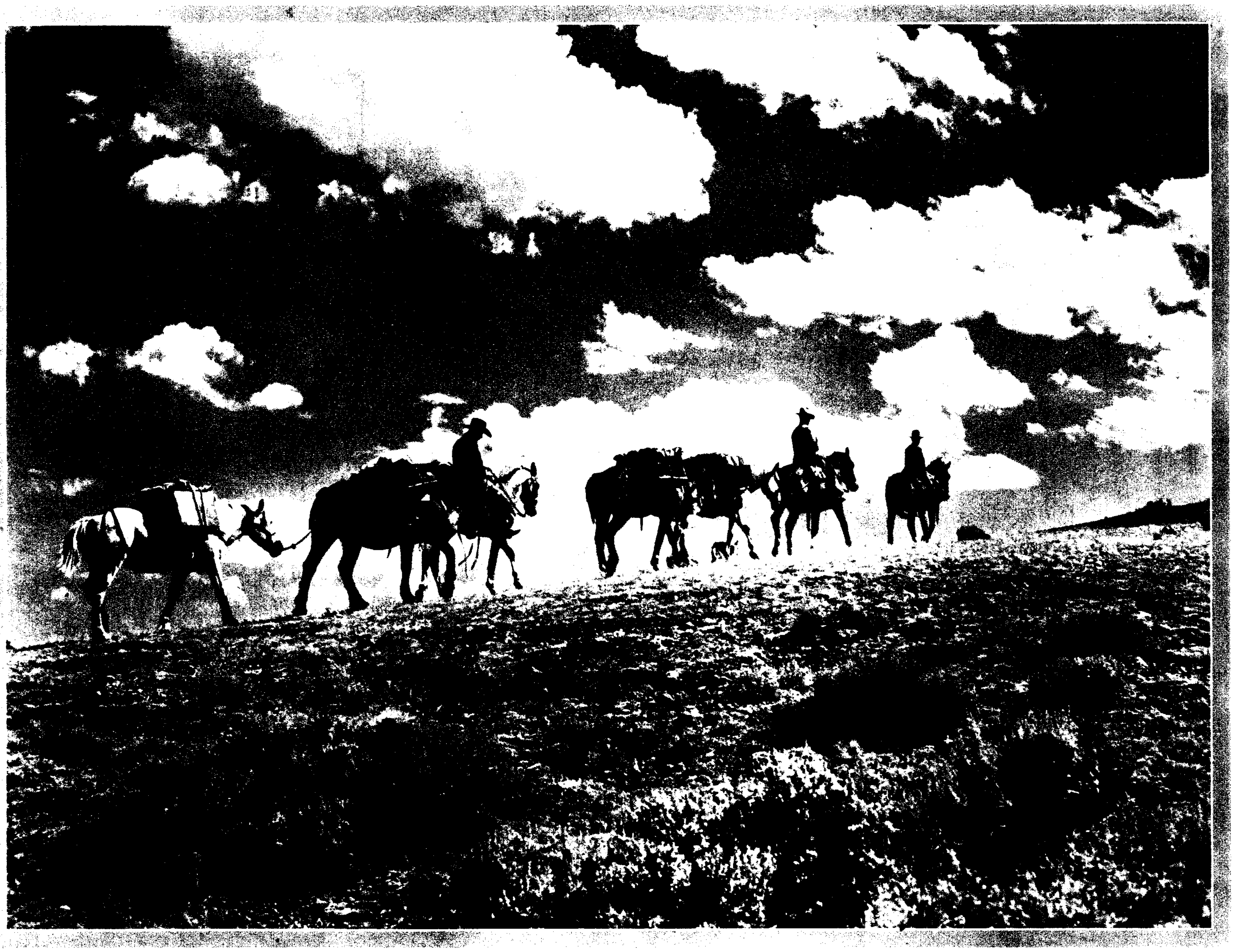
Louis Porter
Detroit, Mich.

Dear Editor: Can animals think? An outsider, observing the mental gymnastics of us Americans and their repercussions, as they affect vital legislation and other important matters, might well decide that, as between animals and the American people, the former would seem to possess all the advantages in the matter of thinking.

J. L. Simpson
Kansas City, Mo.

(Continued on page 33)

All-America Water Queens
BY C. L. SAWIN



A great picture– but do you know why?

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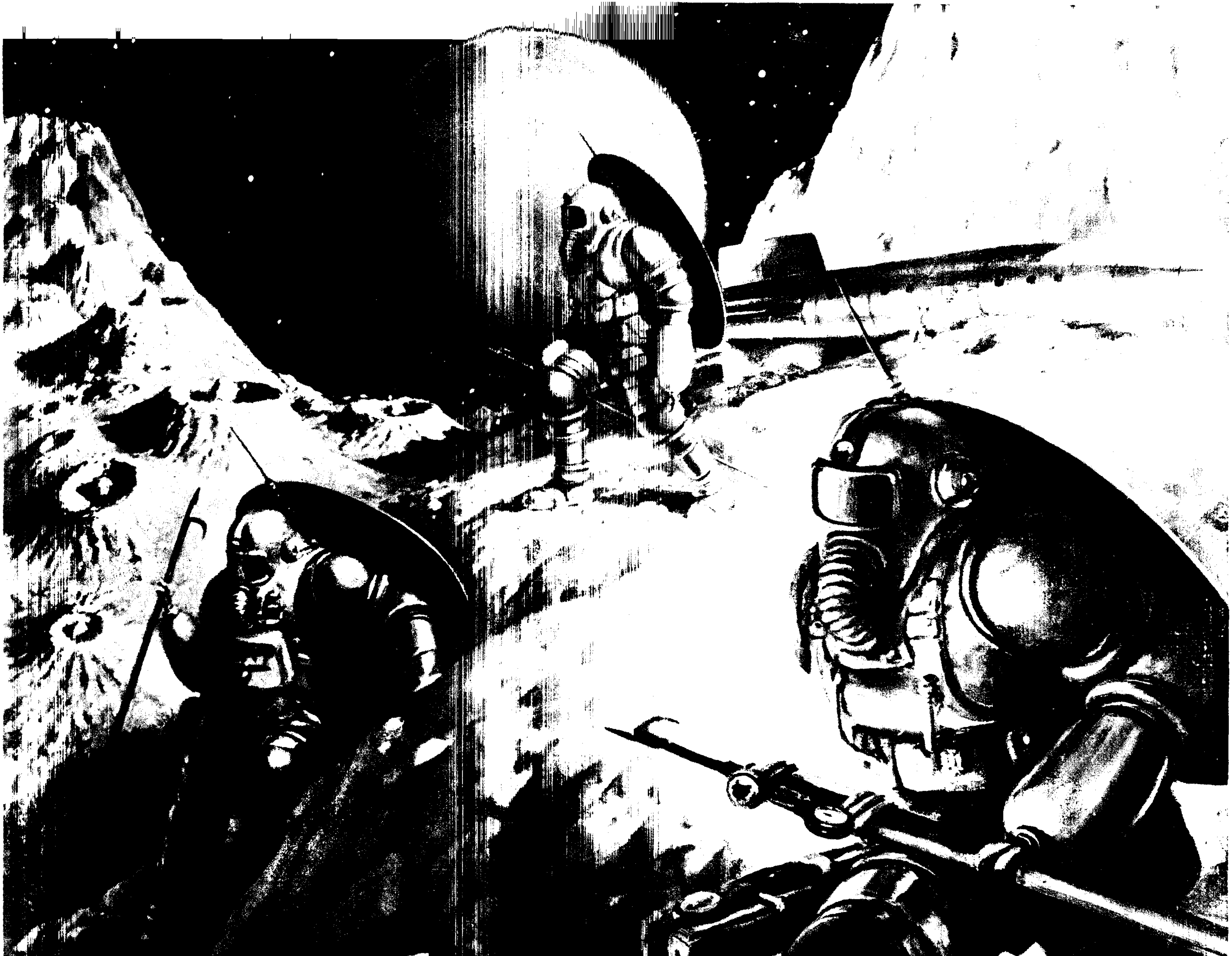

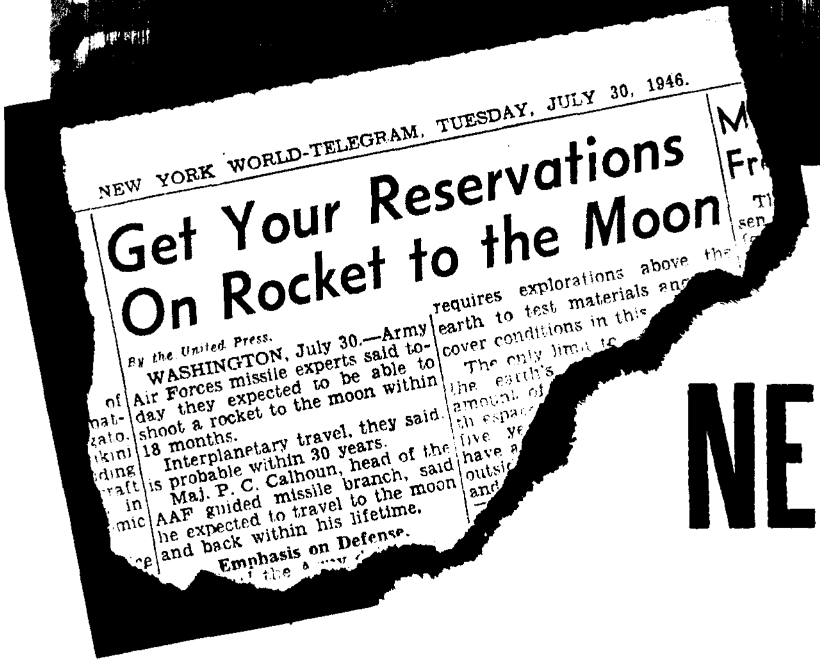

NEW YORK WORLD-TELEGRAM, TUESDAY, JULY 30, 1946.

Get Your Reservations On Rocket to the Moon

By the United Press.

WASHINGTON, July 30.—Army Air Forces missile experts said today they expected to be able to shoot a rocket to the moon within 18 months.

Interplanetary travel, they said, is probable within 30 years.

Maj. P. C. Calhoun, head of the AAF guided missile branch, said he expected to travel to the moon and back within his lifetime.

Emphasis on Defense.

requires explorations above the
earth to test materials an
cover conditions in this
The only limit to
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Explorers leaving the rocket will be encased in airtight, temperature- and pressure-controlled moon suits with facilities for light, power and communications. Power is generated by thermocouple effect as the sun shines on the large disks

NEXT STOP THE MOON

BY G. EDWARD PENDRAY

ILLUSTRATED BY A. LEYDENFROST

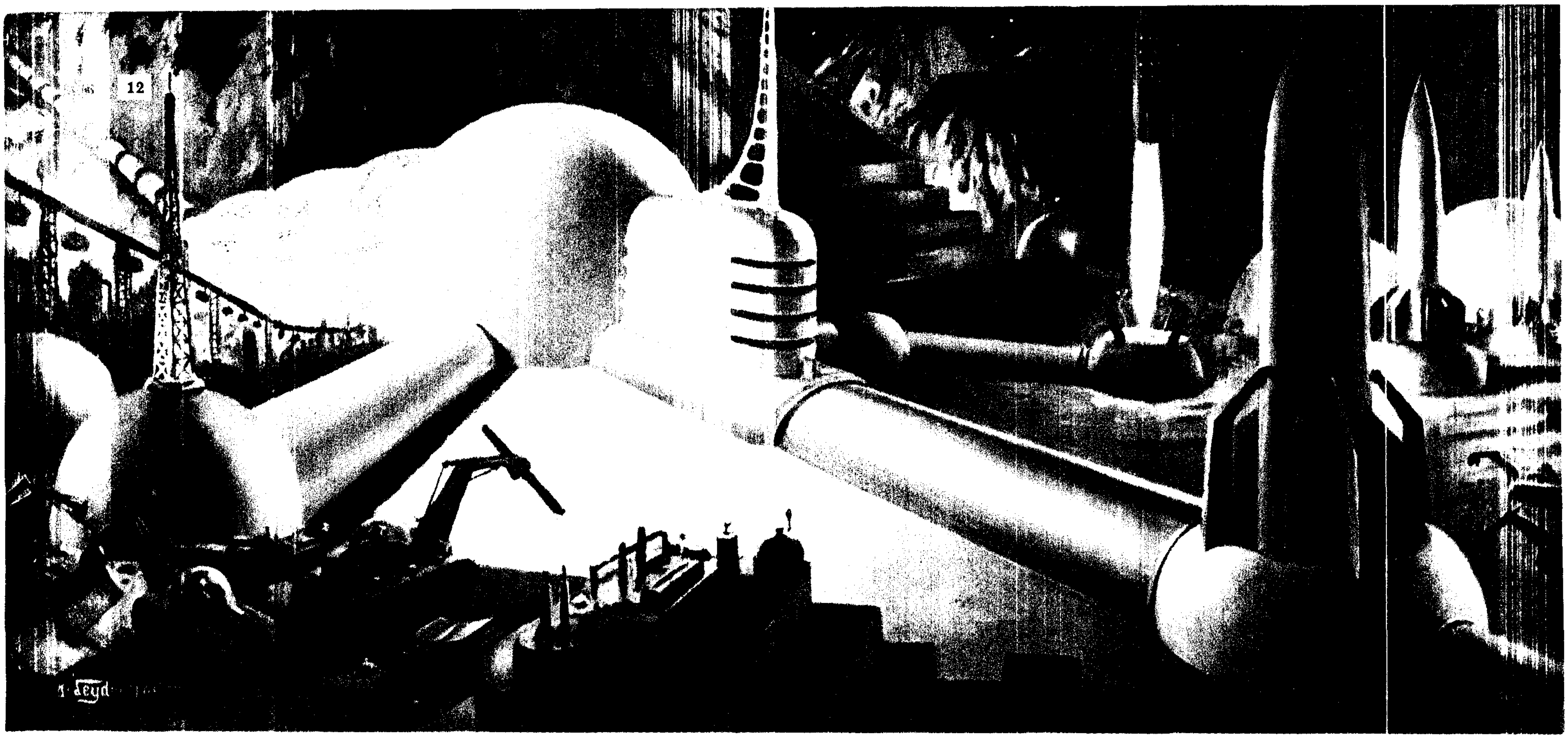
The day's not far distant when rockets may ply the run from earth to moon, and colonists, encased in weird moon suits, may establish our new frontier in space

THE conquest of space is now only a matter of time and engineering, and some of us will probably live to read the story of the exploration and colonization of the moon by visitors from the earth. The first trip is not going to be a Sunday-afternoon picnic. It will be physically arduous and it will cost a tremendous sum of money, perhaps so much that only a sizable national treasury can afford to sponsor it.

But this voyage will be more significant and more important than any other since the beginning of time. It will be watched breathlessly by the peoples of every nation, for after the conquest of space our world will never be the same again.

At present the moon seems very far away. Its average distance is about 240,000 miles, equivalent to ten trips around the earth at the equator. The closest the earth and moon can approach in their normal motions is 216,420 miles. At the speed of a space rocket it will take about 100 hours to fly that distance—about four days time, or the interval now required to cross the Atlantic by fast ocean liner.

To the unaided eye the full moon is merely a bright disk, mottled with darker patches—the face of the Man in the Moon. These are the surface indications



A moon city established near a uranium mine may look like this. The large domes are processing works and living quarters. The uranium is freighted to earth by rockets, one of which is shown just departing. Ducts at the base of the rocket carry away the gases. The radio masts enable dependable communications

of the satellite: deserts and plains, mountains and enormous lava flows, valleys and craters. Most of the earth's familiar features are there, but there are no lakes, oceans or living things.

The lunar surface has been carefully and accurately mapped, and astronomers know more about its pits, craters, valleys and plains than geographers know about some of the more out-of-the-way places on the earth.

Much is also known about conditions on the moon. The extremes of temperature from day to night are very great. In the lunar day, which lasts two earth weeks, the sun's rays strike directly to the surface without the intervention of a blanket of air such as we have on the earth. As a result, the rocks at midday get hot enough to boil water. Only in the shadows of caves or sheltered clefts, where darkness continues even in full day, could human beings survive for any length of time.

In the lunar night, which also lasts two weeks, the heat of the surface quickly escapes into space by radiation. The temperature may fall low enough then to freeze any known liquid. Human beings could exist under such conditions only with the aid of very special insulation and heating equipment.

Atmosphere a "Must" for Humans

More serious than either of these difficulties is the lack of atmosphere. A man transported from the earth and put down unprotected on the moon would simply explode from the pressure of the air inside his body, like some of the deep-sea fish when brought too rapidly to the surface.

To protect himself from these hazards—intense heat, extreme cold and powerful blasts of ultraviolet and other killing radiations from the sun and stars—the moon explorer will require very special equipment. He will need some kind of "moon suit," a highly developed, thoroughly planned, all-enclosing mobile shelter that will provide air at atmospheric pressure like a diver's suit; in addition it must supply other vital necessities for lunar existence, such as temperature control, mobility and electric power to manipulate large tools.

A ponderous suit of this kind would be impractical on earth, for it would weigh too much. However, the gravitational attraction on the lunar surface is only about one fifth of that on the earth. A 180-pound man would tip the scales at only 35 pounds on the moon. A suit weighing 700 pounds on the earth would weigh only 140 pounds on the moon. The suit, in addition to protecting the man, would serve as ballast, enabling him to maintain his balance and control his muscles.

This 700-pound suit could be of almost any size or shape. It would have to be strong enough to withstand an internal pressure of about 15 pounds to the square inch, yet flexible enough to permit the occupant to move about easily. It would require its own power plant—perhaps an electric generator operated by sun power for the lunar daytime, and a storage battery at night. Its air-conditioning plant should be capable of reprocessing continuously the precious air breathed by the occupant, putting it back into the circulating supply after enriching it with fresh oxygen. It would probably have to extract breathed and perspired moisture from the air, purifying it for reuse, for both water and air must be brought from the earth.

The moon suit would require an internal and external lighting system to permit operations in the lunar night; also heat insulation and heating and cooling equipment for night and day conditions; motors and controls for manipulating "arms," "fingers" and other external working members; radio and radar apparatus for communication, direction finding and charting, and food storage to permit lengthy exploring trips away from the base. Other items might also be required to provide for the comfort, health and work assignments of the occupant.

Granted that such suits could be constructed—and there seems to be no good reason why they could not be—resourceful and determined explorers would not only be able to live for short periods on the surface of the moon, but they could thoroughly explore and study it.

Rocket motors at least twice as efficient as the best now in existence will be required to make the trip to the moon. The space rocket will have to build up to the tremendous speed of about seven miles a second, which is known to physicists as the earth's "speed of liberation." That is, once the rocket has reached this speed, the motors can be shut off and the rocket will coast away from the earth by momentum alone. If its aim is good, it will hit the moon.

To attain this speed the gas molecules in the jet of such a rocket would have velocities of three miles a second or better. Even the most theoretical velocities of the most powerful rocket fuels in common use today—gasoline or alcohol combined with liquid oxygen—are considerably less than this. But so rapidly are rockets being developed, so promising are certain new secret fuels and improved methods, to say nothing of atomic power possibilities, that even Army engineers have begun to turn their eyes toward space. One of the projects being considered by military rocketers is the development of jet-driven projectiles capable of being shot completely away from the earth.

What Profit in Lunar Conquest?

Perhaps the foremost question now is: Why attempt a trip to the moon? What will the explorers be looking for?

When Columbus approached Queen Isabella about supporting his voyage to the New World, he had some rather tangible inducements to offer. There were the much-talked-of new trade routes for the spices and other products of the East. There was, of course, the possibility of new knowledge, prized by scholars. More appealing to sovereigns both then and now, there was also the promise of wealth and power.

The same inducements, though on a larger, more modern scale, beckon to the sponsors of a pioneering voyage across space's vast unknowns. There may be no spices on the moon, but as we shall see, the moon is a key point in future trade routes with the planets. Who knows what 21st century equivalents of rare spices will ultimately be discovered on them?

For the scholars, there will certainly be much new knowledge in the special venture. In fact, discovery of new knowledge must begin even before the journey starts. Lots of it will be required to build a vehicle to take explorers across the void.

Wealth? Gold isn't as much prized in these times as formerly, but uranium is now an even more precious metal and there are good—or at least interesting—arguments for the possibility of large deposits of uranium and other radioactive metals on the moon.

Power? Our satellite, by its position, size and other advantages, is the natural watchman of the crossroads of space. Its gravitational attraction is so small that rockets only a little faster than the German V-2s could bombard the earth from the moon. With the aid of suitable guiding devices, such rockets could hit any city on the globe with devastating effect. A return attack from the earth would require rockets many times more powerful to carry the same pay load of destruction; and they would, moreover, have to be launched under much more adverse conditions for hitting a small target, such as the moon colony.

So far as sovereign power is concerned, therefore, control of the moon in the interplanetary world of the atomic future could mean military control of our whole portion of the solar system. Its dominance could include not only the earth but also Mars and Venus, the two other possibly habitable planets.

Whether permanent colonies could be founded on the moon might depend on whether uranium or other practical sources of atomic energy are discovered. On the earth, uranium seems to be concentrated mostly in the outer crust. The moon, some astronomers believe, was once a part of that crust, having been thrown into space out of the pit where the Pacific Ocean now rolls, during a violent paroxysm in the earlier history of our globe.

It is possible, therefore, that our satellite, being composed entirely of earth's crustal materials, may be relatively rich in uranium. Should this turn out to be a fact, it would be simple to construct reacting atomic "piles" on the moon like those of the Manhattan Project, only bigger. These could produce heat for melting lunar sand into thick glass slabs, which would be employed for constructing an airtight roof over a crevice or one of the small craters. Atomic piles could furnish power to heat, light and air-condition a small city in such a sheltered place. The power might even enable chemists to extract oxygen, hydrogen and nitrogen from lunar minerals to create a water supply and an adequate atmosphere in the domed city.

Obviously establishing a moon colony will take some doing. It will not be accomplished by the first rocket ship to visit the premises. There will have to be at least four stages to the process of conquering the moon—each step probably consisting of several abortive trials before attaining success. Assuming rockets capable of shooting away from the earth, the four stages may be these:

1. *The Target Shots.* Unmanned instrument-carrying rockets will be sent first, to test out flight calculations and controls. They will carry self-operating radio-equipped instruments to provide preliminary information about the range of temperatures, radiation, gravitational influences and other conditions to be encountered on the journey and on the lunar surface. These instrument-carrying rockets will not be equipped to return. They will land on the moon and transmit continuous automatic messages back to earth as long as their power supply lasts.
2. *The Pilot Expedition* will be the first manned space rocket. It will carry a crew of perhaps five, with all necessary equipment. Its mission: to spend a lunar day and night—28 earth days—on the moon, gathering all data possible in the allowed period, then returning to the earth. The crew probably will consist of a pilot-navigator, a copilot and mechanic engineer, a medical man, a physicist-chemist who is also a radio and radiation expert, and a geologist-mineralogist. These five will be selected not only for unusual skill and proficiency in their several technical fields, but also for resourcefulness, physical hardiness, courage and ability to observe.
3. *The Moonhead Expedition* will be the first small group of pioneers assigned to a settlement on the moon. Its size, make-up and equipment will depend on what is learned by the Pilot Expedition, but may consist of perhaps ten men, supplied at regular intervals by additional cargo rockets, either unmanned and robot-controlled, or staffed with small crews. Regular two-way communication and supply connections may be started in this way between the earth and moon.
4. *Full Colonization,* the final phase. It will begin after the Moonhead Expedition has established a firm foothold. The original small settlement will be increased in size and conditions established for fairly normal life, considering the natural difficulties. A few especially courageous women may join their men in this phase, though it is not to be expected that anybody will remain on the moon for protracted periods. Colonists will probably take regular turns of service, alternating with periods of rest and recuperation at home on earth.

Failures Won't Daunt Brave Men

This sequence of events will probably cover several years, or several decades. The first Target shots in all likelihood will miss the mark entirely, even when they succeed in getting away from the earth. A few Pilot shots will undoubtedly fail, too, and the crews will be lost. But these uncertainties and dangers are not apt to deter resolute men from achieving ultimate success.

Judging by the rate at which the jet velocities of rocket motors are now being increased, the first unmanned rockets of the Target phase can probably be sent in the not-too-distant future. (The Army has revealed plans for launching a guided missile or rocket at the moon within the next eighteen months.) Doubling the present jet velocity—which might come within five to ten years—could mean that an unmanned rocket, constructed with two large additional "steps" or booster rockets, might actually be sent to the moon with 100 pounds or so of self-operating radio and instrumental equipment. Such a rocket would be only two or three times the size of the 14-ton German V-2 rockets of World War II.

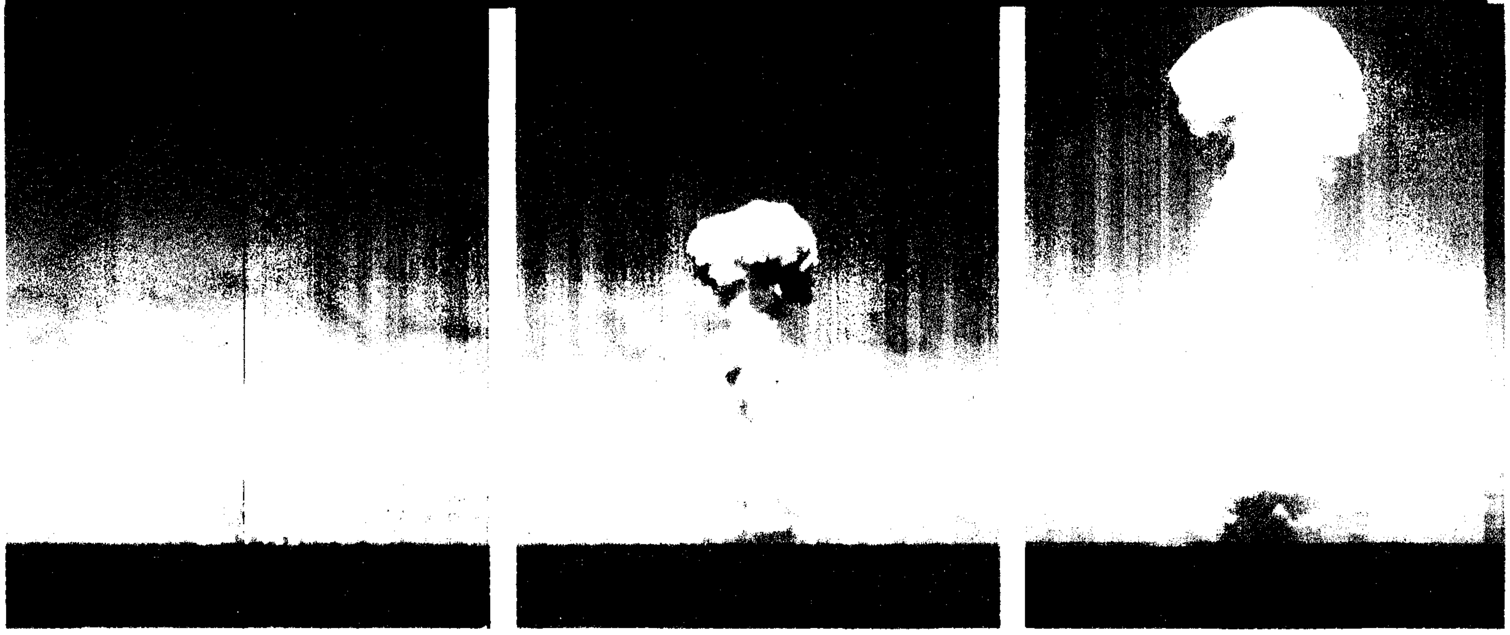
The Pilot Expedition phase, however,

(Continued on page 75)

CLOUD OF DOOM

BY FRANK D. MORRIS

Below is destruction at Bikini. The same atomic power, however, could be used constructively in ferrying humans to the moon



Aboard U.S.S. Appalachian, Bikini—A few seconds after the initial blast on Able Day, we saw the mushroomlike cloud peculiar to atomic-bomb serial explosions start to take definite shape (1). Captain Robert S. Quackenbush, U.S.N., who took these remarkable color photos, was in a more advantageous position aboard the U.S.S. Mt. McKinley some eight miles nearer the target array.

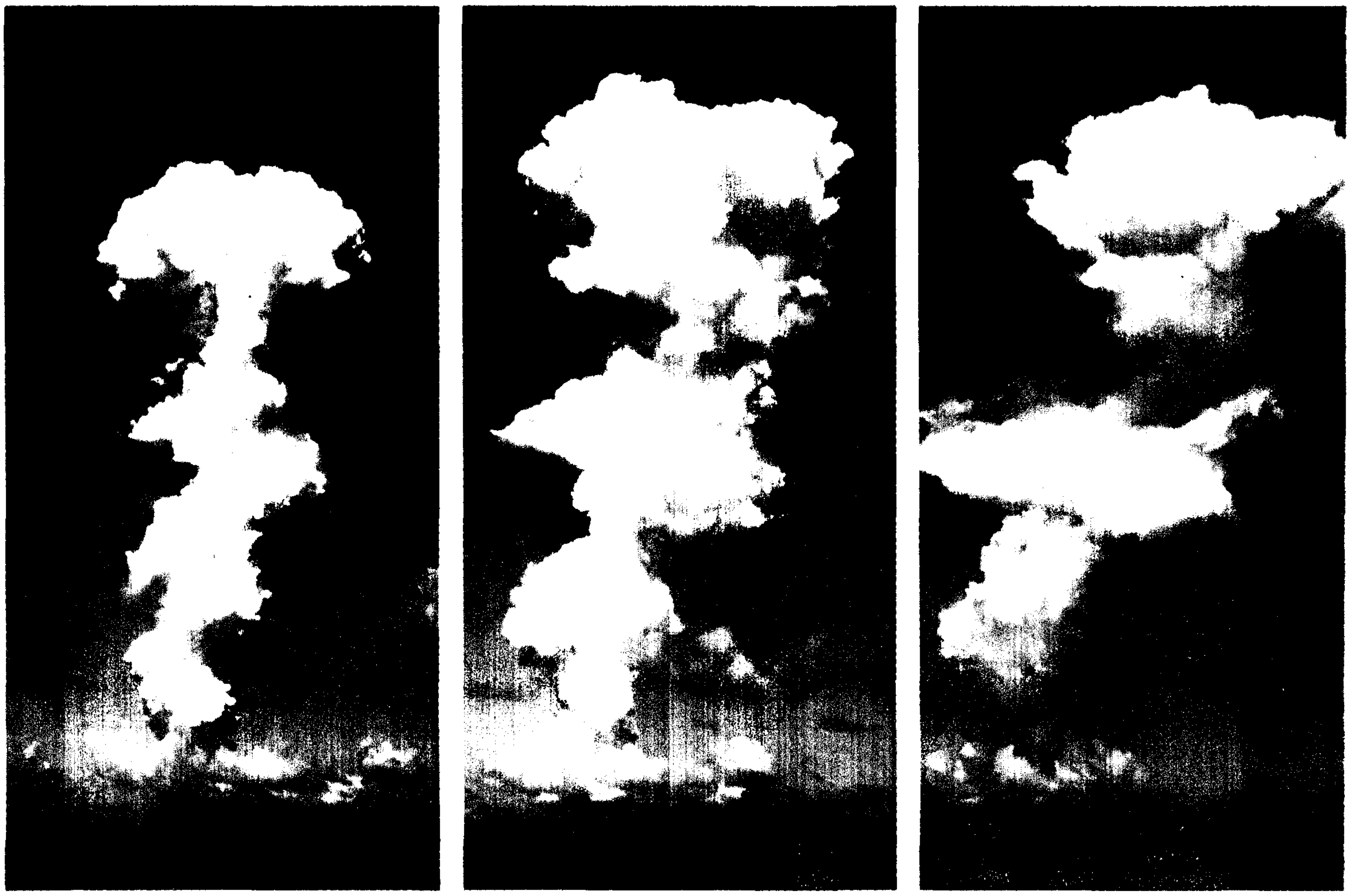
Pushing up rapidly (2), the atomic cloud lengthened its stem, and its variegated colors shifted frequently. Orange reds became muddy browns and we could see occasional flashes of crimson penetrate the boiling mass. A natural cumulus cloud partially obscured it as the column reached for the blue sky.

Midway in the shaft, another mushroom dome started to form (3). The entire cloud, we knew, was full of fission particles, gases and fumes exuding death-dealing radioactivity. A human being exposed directly to these rays couldn't survive. That's why there were laboratory animals "manning" the target ships.

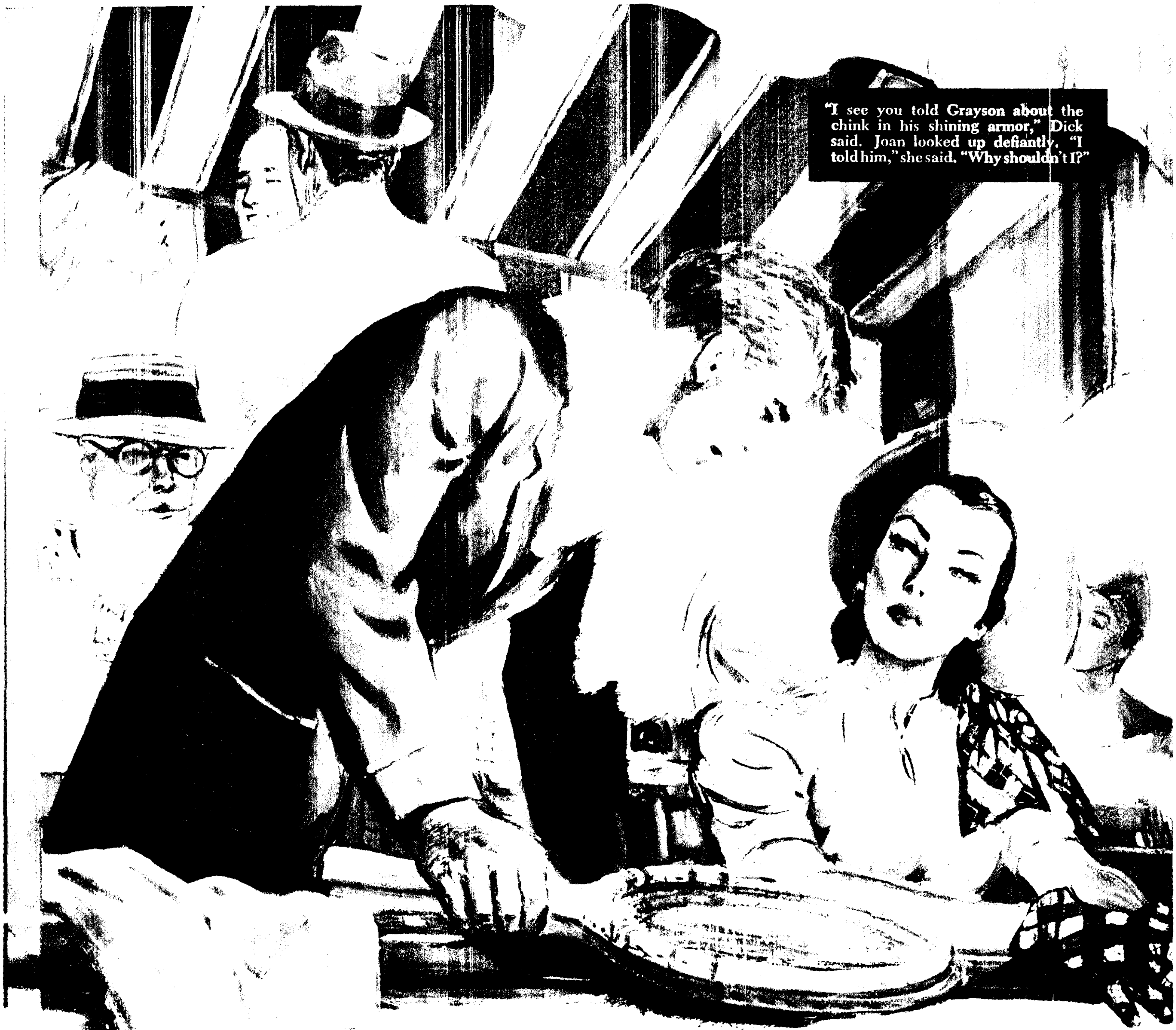
Again the cloud changed shape (4) and now it resembled the helical body of a giant screw. We could see pilotless drone planes approaching the cloud now. Guided by remote control from mother planes, they were to fly through the mass of radioactivity and collect scientific data on instruments, which would be studied later.

A leaning atomic tower eventually emerged (5) as prevailing winds pushed the cloud toward the southwest. When a rain squall sprang up, we aboard the press ship were apprehensive. Suppose that rain had originated in the radioactive cloud. Luckily, it came from a normal thunderhead.

Less than a half hour after the detonation of the bomb, the cloud began to disintegrate (6). By that time it had reached a height estimated at fifty-five thousand feet. Specially assigned planes followed its fragments throughout the day and night to record its course and speed. As an extra precaution, each plane carried a monitor equipped with a Geiger counter, detection meter, to warn the pilot whenever the plane approached too close to the lethal mass. ★★★



JOINT ARMY-NAVY TASK FORCE ONE PHOTOGRAPHS



"I see you told Grayson about the chink in his shining armor," Dick said. Joan looked up defiantly. "I told him," she said. "Why shouldn't I?"

You AMAZE ME

BY EUSTACE COCKRELL

Dick Gaines' girl startled him somewhat—but what he did to her and others was nothing short of astonishing

RICHARD GAINES put the head of his racket down on the base line and leaning over with both hands on the handle of his racket, tried to rest. New balls were thrown out and he picked up three of them. Straightened up and looked across the net at Harvey Grayson. Harvey grinned.

Richard Gaines hit his first service down the center line and watched Harvey block it back deep. The ball rose nicely to his racket and Richard Gaines, conscious that Harvey hadn't come in to the net, sliced to Harvey's backhand corner.

Harvey Grayson moved over to the ball, smoothly for all his size, and brought his racket back in that arc that the tennis writers grew lyrical about. The ball came off the ground, taking spin from the worn grass, and bounced low and sharply to the right. Harvey Grayson hurried his swing, hit weakly down the line. Gaines was waiting at the net and volleyed sharply cross-court for a placement. There was mild applause.

Gaines walked slowly back to the base line to serve, throwing a glance at the side lines as he walked. Joan was watching him, her face expressionless. Richard smiled wryly. "Did you notice that, baby?" he said to himself. "The guy doesn't like those screwy bounces to his backhand. He can't time those. You hit a slice to his backhand corner and go to the net on the right side of the court and you get a sitter. He can't hit a cross-court passing shot because he swings too late. If I were five years younger, in condition and weren't two sets down, I might take this Lochinvar out of the West."

Richard Gaines served a double fault.

IT WAS cool in the bar, and the big Tom Collins tasted fine. The tiredness was good now. Now when you were clean and cool. Dick Gaines looked across the table at Joan. "I feel swell," he said. "A lot of good exercise, a cold shower, a tall drink. A beautiful girl. I like this."

Joan Maurice looked across at him. "You forgot to add," she said distantly, "the delightful feeling of being runner-up in the Eastern Grass Court Championships."

Dick Gaines set his glass down. "Listen to me. Do not sniff at that. That's not bad. Here I am practically retired and I get to the finals. That Harvey is a tennis player. He's good. He's played a bunch of tournaments already and he's in shape. I didn't do bad at all. I took a set."

Joan said, still distantly, "Harvey Grayson is twenty-three years old. He learned to play on the public courts with a borrowed racket. And you boast of winning a set from him. I'm proud of you."

Dick Gaines took a swallow from his drink but it didn't taste so good. "He's making a business of it," he said at last. "He figures to win the National and turn pro. Then he'll pick up a good stake barnstorming for a few years and settle

(Continued on page 80)

ILLUSTRATED BY JAY HYDE BARNUM

THE CAULFIELD SYSTEM

BY JOHN FRANCHEY

THERE are, when you come right down to it, only two formulas for crashing pictures. Formula A is known in the trade as the Lana Turner system. All you do is amble into a Hollywood drugstore, order a milk shake, primp yourself casually, and wait patiently for a talent scout to walk in and tap you on the shoulder.

Formula B, or the Joan Caulfield system, is what is known poetically as "the hard way." You're going to school, when all of a sudden everything gets to be a bore, including French 12, standoffish seniors, and the piddling $5-a-week allowance which your mother refuses to stretch to $7.50. Then a chum suggests the modeling racket.

You give it a try, find it exciting (not to mention remunerative), and are going great guns when someone tells you that you were born for the stage. So you start making the rounds, catch a producer's eye, and wind up after a false start or two in the lead of a Broadway play, after which you are besieged by hordes of talent scouts waving contracts and tickets to Hollywood on the Super Chief—freight prepaid, naturally.

Both formulas pay off. Formula A vaulted Lana Turner into a contract with M-G-M, a weekly stipend currently hovering around $4,000 and the rarefied atmosphere of the top ten box-office attractions of the entire picture industry. Formula B landed Joan Caulfield a contract with Paramount, the lead in Miss Susie Slagle's—her first time out, no less—and an opportunity to consolidate her sizable beachhead via $6,000,000 worth of Paramount products, completed or in the works.

At this writing, she is hardly within hailing distance of the $4,000 stipend or the top ten at the box office, but once the fans get a load of her in Monsieur Beaucaire, Blue Skies, and/or Welcome Stranger, the afore-mentioned beatitudes can only be a matter of time.

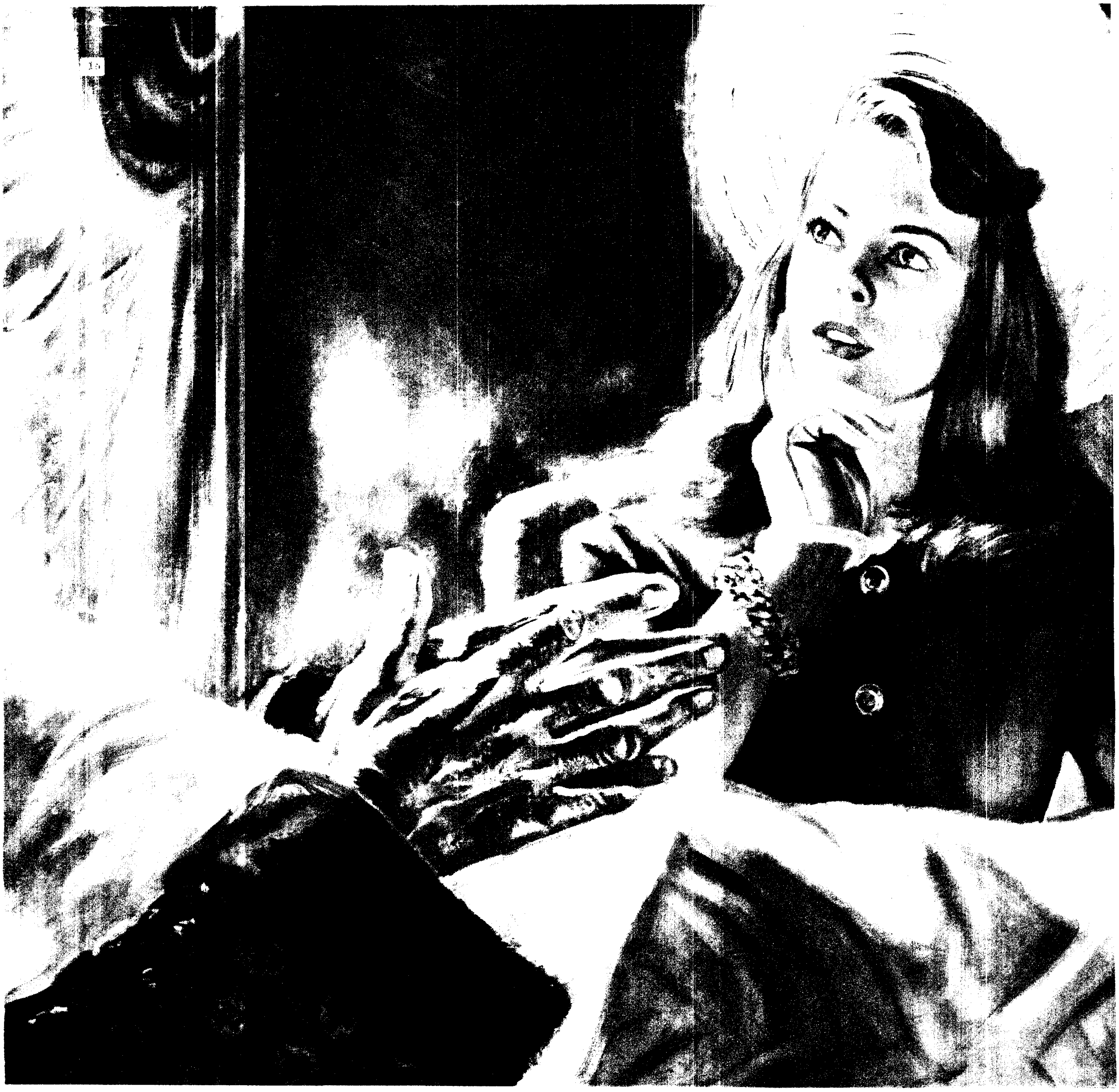
You get a fair idea of what the Caulfield girl has on the ball by inspecting her work sheet hurriedly. In Miss Susie Slagle's she was a demure but determined schoolgirl who knew what she wanted. In Monsieur Beaucaire, a gagged-up period piece, she is a saucy, seductive ex-scullery maid out to replace Madame Pompadour in the king's esteem but kept busy fending off the advances of a fumble-bum barber (Bob Hope). She is not too busy, however, to do three chanteys which come off this side of wonderful.

In Blue Skies she dances with Fred Astaire, romances with Bing Crosby—in Technicolor and to the strains of Irving Berlin. And in Welcome Stranger, she is thigh-deep in drama as a small-town schoolteacher who doubles as an

(Continued on page 60)

First time on Broadway, Joan Caulfield portrayed a refined tart. It strained family ties, but it landed her in Hollywood

PHOTOGRAPH FOR COLLIER'S
BY GEOFFREY MORRIS—FROM GUILLUMETTE



CAN YOU ON SKATES ?

BY LAWRENCE WILLIAMS

ILLUSTRATED BY RAY PROHASKA

Dorsey's great-uncle was a famous man. She knew what the world expected of him and she knew, too, that you mustn't let the world down

Dorsey tried to think of a trans[illegible] likely to stump a Nobel prize wi[illegible] got one," she said at last, and [illegible] her great-uncle to ask the first [illegible]

WHEN she got home from school in the afternoon, Dorsey found the telegram slipped under the front door and saw that it was addressed to her. She had never received a telegram before; she had always associated them vaguely in her mind with disasters of one kind or another, so she read it through hurriedly and with some misgiving. It said: YOUR GREAT-UNCLE CLEMENT DORSEY GRAVELY ILL IN NEW YORK. HE IS ASKING TO SEE YOU. STRONGLY URGE YOU FLY EAST AT ONCE. PLANE RESERVATION FOR YOU AT AIRPORT. WIRE REPLY CARE OF UNIVERSITY. SIGNED, A. W. AUSTIN, PRESIDENT.

Dorsey knew she should be sad at this news. But it was difficult to be sad, really sad, about a distant relative she remembered only as a misty presence from long ago, so she gave up trying and tried instead to think why the great Clement Dorsey should be asking to see her. If she had read in the newspaper that Professor Dorsey in a grave illness had asked to see Albert Einstein or George Bernard Shaw, or even both at once, that would have seemed quite natural and proper. It was with such rare and profound minds that he had lived in this world and might presumably wish to leave it. But that he should summon her, fourteen-year-old Dorsey Mitchell, even if she *was* going to be her junior high school class valedictorian, was very curious indeed.

She entered their half of the double house frowning thoughtfully, went directly to her bedroom and started packing a bag. There was no question in her mind that she would go, and she knew there would be none in her father's. She would be all ready by the time he got home from work.

As she packed hurriedly, Dorsey continued to puzzle over the curious summons. As a little girl she had actively disliked her celebrated relative on the uncomplicated grounds that she had been forced to carry around his surname, and "Dorsey" was, after all, an odd name for a girl. But later on, one year when all the newspapers had told about Professor Dorsey winning the Nobel prize for his monumental work on the history of philosophy, she had been proud of her name and she had been proud of it ever since. People, especially schoolteachers, were inclined to treat her opinions with more respect when they learned that she was related to Clement Dorsey, as though through her distant relationship with the distinguished man she had acquired some small measure of his wisdom. While this assumption was, of course, nonsense, it was not altogether unpleasant.

Dorsey heard the front door open, so she went into the living room and showed the telegram to her father. Mr. Mitchell pulled on his lower lip. "That's too bad," he said. "Of course you'll have to go, Dorsey. Do you think you'll be all right traveling alone?"

"Of course I will."

"Then what's the matter?" Mr. Mitchell knew his daughter's face extremely well.

"Oh, nothing," Dorsey said without much conviction.

"Sure there is. Why don't you tell me? Maybe we can fix it."

Dorsey understood the thing her father saw in her face, had known about it from the moment she opened the telegram, but she had tried to thrust it below the surface of her mind because, under the circumstances, it seemed a selfish thing. Now it came out. "It's my valedictory address at school," she said. "I . . . maybe I won't be back in time."

Mr. Mitchell looked at his daughter gravely, wishing there were something he could do to help her. He knew how lovingly Dorsey had labored over her address, erasing again and again until there were holes in the paper and looking up things in the encyclopedia, but of course no one could say whether or not she would be back in time for the graduation exercises. They were only two days off. He tried to make his voice sound reassuring. "Oh, you'll make it easily," he said. "It's only about seven hours to New York by plane. You'll be back before you know it. . . . And, Dorsey," he added after a moment, "you probably can't remember, but the old man loved your mother very much, perhaps as much as he ever loved anyone. You might think of it as . . . well, as though you were doing something for her, if that would help any."

THERE was only darkness around the rushing plane. After an hour Dorsey tired of looking out into it because she kept wishing it were daylight. She took her valedictory address and a pencil out of her pocketbook and spread the dog-eared pages on her lap. She read slowly, frowning to herself and chewing the end of her pencil. The address was titled simply, The Highway, and in some very elegant prose it speculated on the destiny of youth in the years ahead. While the general tenor of the sentiments expressed might have struck a more widely read person as reminiscent, there was about them as expressed by Dorsey an almost terrifying earnestness, the weighty solemnity of adolescence on encountering for the first time some of the more obvious burdens mankind is destined to bear. Still, the address ended on a distinctly hopeful note. "The shining sword of progress," it concluded, "passes on to youth. It will, as always, be taken up courageously in strong, young hands and held high in the great march forward down the highway, proud and unafraid!"

Dorsey scowled at this last and chewed the eraser on her pencil. She was not entirely satisfied with it. There was something too military-sounding about shining swords and marching. She looked out the window for a time, frowning at the night. Presently her face brightened and she erased "shining sword" and wrote "flaming torch." That was more like it. "The flaming torch of progress." She felt it had a nice, courageous sound without being too belligerent. Just the right note. Dorsey folded the pages carefully and put them back in her bag. It was a good feeling to have the address finally finished to her satisfaction.

DORSEY had no more than set her foot on the ground at the New York airport when she was approached by a middle-aged man in a derby hat who looked somehow familiar. He took off his derby. "Miss Mitchell," he said. It was a statement. "I'm Professor Austin from the university. You've been so very prompt I wanted to come myself to thank you personally."

"How do you do?" Dorsey said. She tried to smile politely, but it was difficult. She had just now identified Professor Austin with *the* Professor Austin who was called to Washington periodically to discuss economic matters with the President. She was not used to such formidable companions. The idea of massive intellect awed her.

Professor Austin led her quickly off the field to a chauffer-driven town car, and in a moment they were speeding toward the heart of the city. Things were happening quickly to Dorsey and she wanted to hold them all. She wanted very much to see the great city around her and she wanted to assimilate the sensations of her plane flight and the vast airport, but at the same time Professor Austin was talking and she knew she should be paying close attention to what he said. After all, the President paid attention to what he said. She turned obediently away from the city to listen.

"I think it's only fair that you should know, Miss Mitchell," he was saying, "that your uncle—your great-uncle—is very ill indeed. The doctors feel . . . Well, he's an old man. His body isn't as strong as it was once." The professor paused long enough to be sure he had made his meaning clear, then continued, "This is a rather extraordinary honor for you, you know," he said, smiling. "I don't want you to think I'm being patronizing but you *are* still rather young and you may not fully appreciate what your uncle's position has been in his world."

Dorsey frowned earnestly. "I know they gave him the Nobel prize," she said.

He seemed to shrug. "A public acknowledgment of eminence," said the professor airily.

This struck Dorsey as a remarkably offhand way of defining the Nobel prize, but since it was Professor Austin who said so, it was probably all right.

"But to those of us who have been privileged to live and work closely with Clement Dorsey," he continued, "he is more than an eminent man, a distinguished man. He's a great man, a great thinker. Perhaps one of the half-dozen only real thinkers in the world today. The world's loss would be . . ." Professor Austin smiled a little wryly. "Well, I just wanted you to know how I felt," he said.

Dorsey began to wish guiltily that she could be a more remarkable relative to so great a man. It would be nice today if she were Madame Curie or Greer Garson or somebody like that. "I . . . I don't know why he wants to see me—"

Professor Austin patted her arm. "You'll know in a moment," he said. "Here we are."

They got out of the car and the professor led her silently through the lobby

(Continued on page 40)

INTERNATIONAL

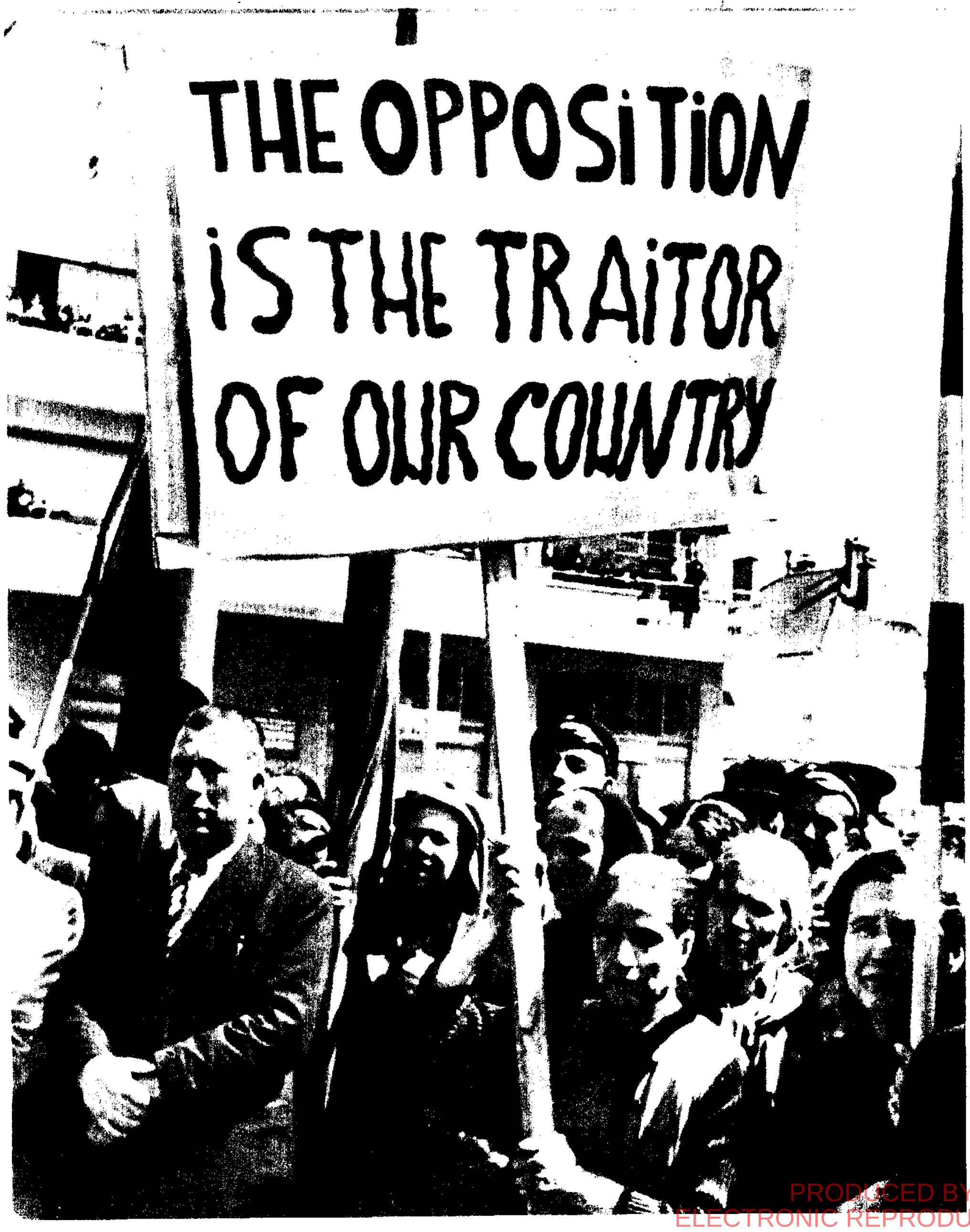
King Mihai lauds Russia at the unveiling of the monument, "The Soviet Soldier," in Bucharest. Soviet Field Marshal Tolbukin stands at the king's left

EUROPEAN

George Tatarescu is Rumania's Foreign Minister, though under King Carol he organized a Fascist dictatorship, persecuted the Jews and suppressed Communism

While a British Parliamentary delegation was present, demonstrators paraded this poster through the port of Varna, Bulgaria, during a government campaign

EUROPEAN



During a demonstration in Sofia, Bulgaria, a Soviet float parades through the streets carrying Russian soldiers supporting the likeness of Generalissimo Stalin

EUROPEAN

BULLIES IN THE BALKANS

BY REUBEN H. MARKHAM

Last June, Reuben Markham was expelled from Bulgaria and Rumania by the Russian military. Mr. Markham first went from Kansas to southeast Europe in 1912 as a missionary teacher. There he became editor of the religious weekly, Zornitsa, in Sofia, Bulgaria. After the violent Fascist revolution of 1923, he fell into disfavor with the new autocratic government because of his defense of the peasants and workers and was required to leave the mission, but remained temporarily in Bulgaria editing his own weekly. He became a foreign correspondent for the Christian Science Monitor in 1926. During the war, he was with OWI in Washington and in Europe as deputy director for the Balkans.

Last September, Mr. Markham flew back to the Balkans for the Christian Science Monitor and spent ten months observing what went on under the new governments. When he was ordered out in June, he went to Greece and radioed this story from Athens.

RADIOED FROM ATHENS

I FLEW over the so-called iron curtain the first day of last September and landed in Bulgaria. I am not new to southeast Europe; I have spent most of my adult life there. I was in Bulgaria in 1923 and was hated for my opposition to the autocratic government.

My earlier activity wasn't forgotten and when I returned to Sofia last September after five years' absence, a delegation of Communist women visited me with beautiful red carnations and told me about the grand new regime that Russia and their own Bulgarian heroes had established.

I had watched the brave Balkan men and women struggling for a better life and I wanted to tell the world that the common people had finally inaugurated a just regime in Bulgaria. But, after careful observation, that is just what I cannot write about either Bulgaria or Rumania.

I remained in Bulgaria two months, and observed many cases of terror, extortion, economic injustice and favoritism, which I reported. When the contents of my dispatches were broadcast back to Bulgaria by the New York shortwave radio, I was attacked by the government press. Threats were made against me and enmity toward me was broadcast over the state radio and at mass meetings and, later, the Russian Military Control Commission kicked me out.

Before being expelled, I traveled widely in Bulgaria and Rumania. Rumanians are milder than Bulgarians and do less killing. They show more national unity, love their nation more, fear Russia more and have fewer native Communists. Of four Communists exercising dictatorship over Rumania only one is of Rumanian origin.

In Rumania, I studied application of the Moscow Accord, under which Premier Groza had promised to establish civil liberties, hold free elections, provide a free press, freedom of meetings, a fair radio and just treatment of the opposition. My observations convinced me that all those promises were flagrantly broken.

On the basis of my observations, I believe Russia and the Communist agents in southeast Europe are attempting to destroy national resistance in that part of the world and to bring the nations under Soviet domination. To accomplish this they are trying to enable the regimes, which they have set up, to gain control over the local armies, courts, police, labor organizations and peasantry as well as to weaken or eliminate the larger landowners. Russia's agents in carrying out these plans often stir up enmity against America and the friends of America.

I have heard Rumanians say it is as dangerous to show friendship to America now as it was under the regime of Dictator Antonescu, who was an ally of Nazi Germany.

In both Rumania and Bulgaria the regimes are presented as "broad democratic coalitions." They do not live up to that description in the traditional Western view of democracy. In form they are coalitions; in reality they are instruments for Communist domination.

The Rumanian Cabinet was created under the direct supervision of Andrei Vishinsky, who flew from Moscow and who told young King Mihai just whom to appoint. The Prime Minister, Doctor Petru Groza, is a figurehead. He was the leader of a small peasant party, known as the Plowman's Front, which was never strong enough to send a single representative to Parliament or even to elect anyone to a county office. He is one of the richest men in Rumania and is not known to have made any noteworthy sacrifices for peasants. He is well-meaning, elegant-appearing and under the strictest control of the Secretary-General of his Ministry, Emil Bodnaras, a powerful and very able Communist, who has spent much time in Russia.

Crimes Against the Communists

The Foreign Minister, George Tatarescu, has committed practically every political crime that Communists the world over excoriate. In the past, he directed and subsidized pogroms against Jews, suppressed Peasant and Communist leaders, helped King Carol establish a dictatorship on a Fascist model and conducted Rumania's worst elections. He also concluded the first major agreement in the series of treaties delivering Rumania economically to Nazi Germany.

Rumania is actually run by the Russian ambassador in Bucharest, the Russian general heading the Allied Control Commission and four local Communists, three of whom came from Russia after Rumania turned against Hitler and joined the Allies.

The Bulgarian government is similar, though more directly and openly under Communist control, because the Communist party there is stronger. The most powerful figures are the former secretary of the Third International, George Dimitroff, Mrs. Tsola Dragoicheva, Vassil Kolaroff and a few other comrades who spent years in Russia. I believe they are among the most competent, experienced Communists in the world. Most have given many years to revolutionary activity.

They direct the affairs of Bulgaria through an organization called the Fatherland Front, which George Dimitroff created. At first it contained genuine non-Communist elements, especially Agrarians, but now, aside from the Communists, it contains only a few renegade Socialists, a number of Agrarians who left the Peasant party once made famous by Alexander Stambuliski, several castoffs of a former Radical party, and Zvenoites, who were for many years military conspirators.

The position of the Zveno (Link) group in this Cabinet is significant. For example, one of the slogans of the Bulgarian Communists is, "Remember June 9th; preserve September 9th." (September 9, 1944, was the bright date when the present Bulgarian Cabinet was formed in the Soviet legation in Sofia. June 9, 1923, is the black date on which a conspiracy of army officers and professors overthrew a Peasant government, after which they killed many Peasant party leaders and crushed the Communist party.) For more than twenty years Communists have rightly been fulminating against that classic date of Bulgarian reaction. Yet in the present Cabinet are some of the main authors of the Ninth of June. One of them, Prime Minister Kimon Gueorguieff, after another military revolution of 1934, was responsible for the execution of Communists. He can serve only as a tool. He would be doomed as a Fascist if he opposed the Communists today.

I do not mean that the Rumanian and Bulgarian regimes are Marxist, in the classical sense. Nor do I know how much Russia is interested in the spread of Marxism. In Danubia, Russia uses Marxism as an imperial instrument. It works through Communist dictators (though calling them democrats).

On a trip in Rumania, I witnessed one of the methods used in an effort to gain control over Balkan institutions and groups. On visiting the Bucovinian city of Suceava, to attend a meeting of the National-Peasant party, at which Peasant Leader Ion Mihalache was to speak, I spent the night as a guest in the home of the local party chief, Traian Tsaranu.

This typical small-town representative of the common people was moderate in his talk, restrained in his actions, neither committing violence nor inciting his associates to violence. But I saw his meeting broken up by organized shock troopers (described by local residents as Communists) in the presence of the police. Actually the attack was supported by some police. Later Tsaranu's life was threatened a number of times in writing, and during June, five men smashed the door of his house at midnight, entered, dragged him from his bed and killed him.

When Peasant Chief Mihalache, two of his companions and I returned from Suceava toward Bucharest we stopped in Moldavian Bacău, a small city with a number of factories, some of the workers in which are organized as shock troops to suppress opposition political activity.

On arriving at the main hotel we were met by the local National-Peasant chief and a few of his friends. They told us that a few days earlier a group of Communists coming from the principal factory had broken into the National-Peasant club, caused some damage and beaten a number of people. Not only had an appeal to the local police proved vain but at least one policeman was seen aiding the attackers.

Mihalache's local friends also said that some of the Communists were then in the vicinity of the hotel and they urgently advised the famous Peasant leader to eat supper in his room. Mihalache scornfully rejected that advice and at about 8 P.M. went to a small restaurant.

I went along and at our table in the rear of the room were ten or twelve persons. One was a big, well-built reserve colonel in his late fifties. As we were eating, a band of youths attacked the restaurant, smashing doors and shattering windows. They were momentarily checked by local friends of Mihalache, but steadily advanced toward our table, using bottles and chairs as weapons.

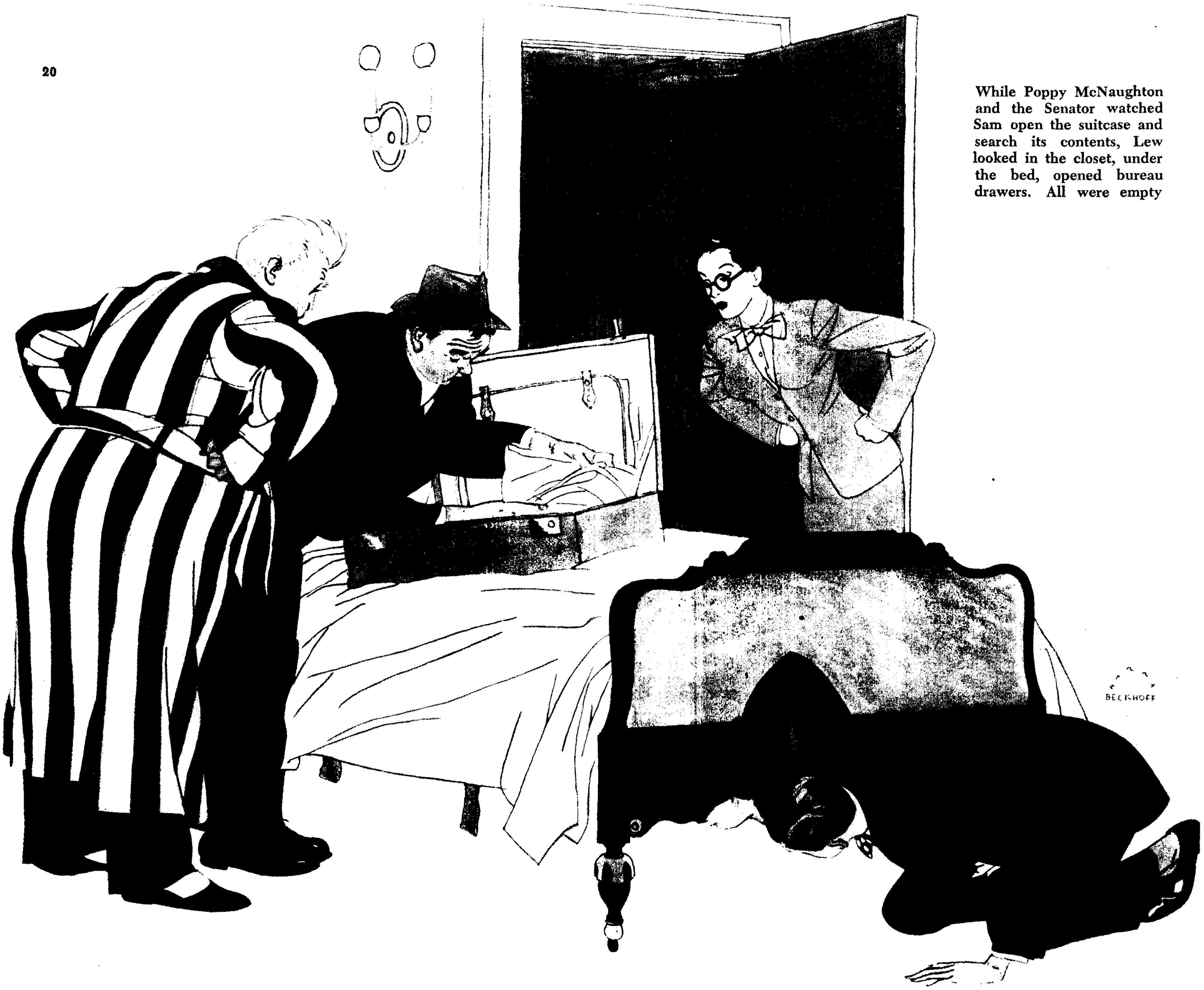
Mihalache and a number of us tried to make a getaway through the back yard, but found the back door guarded. So, guided by a local man who knew the vicinity we crawled over a rather high wall, made our way up a narrow, creaking back stairway, scrambled around a high partition between two upper balconies and sought refuge in the top story of a neighboring house. There we were besieged until almost dawn. Our colonel was caught by the attackers and so badly beaten that he had to be taken to a hospital.

No Use Asking Police Aid

Mihalache's local friends refused to call the local police and county governor because they said former appeals had been useless. And it was plain that the police could not be unaware of the noisy attack in the middle of town. Just before daylight the besiegers left. We found our car, which was at the home of a friend, and departed. A few weeks later, the Bacău Peasant party club was demolished by police-supported attackers.

After my return from Moldavia I went to Constanta on the Black Sea to attend a Peasant meeting. Just before the program was to begin, two to three hundred shock troopers armed with clubs, marching from the direction of Communist headquarters, broke into the theater, savagely attacked the meeting and severely beat many participants. At the time, Propaganda Minister Peter Constantinescu-Iasi was in a neighboring street.

(Continued on page 36)



While Poppy McNaughton and the Senator watched Sam open the suitcase and search its contents, Lew looked in the closet, under the bed, opened bureau drawers. All were empty

THE SENATOR WAS INDISCREET

BY EDWIN LANHAM

The Story:
Senator Tolbert Ashton's diary, containing secrets which might, if they were revealed, ruin the Senator's Vice-Presidential chances and create confusion in high political circles, has been stolen. It is up to Lew Gibson to find it. Lew is press agent for the Hotel Westbrook, where this theft occurred while the Senator was addressing a banquet. Lew has few clues, but many suspects. Poppy McNaughton, a newspaper reporter, is one. Her blond cousin Judy, who impersonated her in order to attend the banquet, is another. Valerie Shepherd, for whom, as a favor to a mutual friend named Bill Fisher, Lew has found a room at the hotel, might be another. So might the Senator's secretary, who has recently quit his job. So might Wanda Dupree, an aging movie star and former friend of the Senator, who, perhaps coincidentally, has the suite adjoining the Senator's own. And there is a little man with a mustache who keeps bobbing up in suspicious places. Sam Fuerst, the house detective, is stumped. Porter Fahnstock, the hotel manager, is frantic. The chase is suddenly renewed when Poppy, Judy, Lew and Fahnstock, dancing on the hotel's roof garden, catch sight of the mysterious man with the mustache. He flees, and Lew and Poppy rush to the elevators in hot pursuit. . . .

Conclusion

Lew drew away from Poppy McNaughton. "Excuse me," he said. "I'll be right back." He stepped into the waiting elevator, but Poppy followed him.

"Listen," Lew protested, but the elevator had already started down.

"What goes on?" Poppy asked.

"I've got a hunch," he said. He got out at the fourteenth floor, with a determined news reporter at his heels. He nodded to the floor clerk, and walked along the corridor to the Senator's suite. He rapped on the door.

In a mulberry dressing gown, his white hair untidy and his jowls sagging, Senator Ashton blinked in the light. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Gibson. Anything new?"

"I think so," Lew said. "Senator, I want to ask some questions about your former secretary."

"What about him?"

"What's his name?"

"Robert Oakes."

Lew picked up the Senator's telephone and called the room clerk and asked if Robert Oakes was registered. He was not.

"Then who has Room 1407?" Lew asked.

After a moment's wait, the clerk said, "Ralph Otis."

"Same initials," Lew said. "That's enough for me. Get hold of Sam Fuerst and send him up immediately to Senator Ashton's suite." He hung up. "Senator, let me describe your secretary. He's small and has a sallow complexion, a small black mustache. Right?"

"Yes, that would describe Robert," the Senator said.

"He also has the room across the hall."

Senator Ashton's eyes opened wide. He swore viciously under his breath and strode across the corridor, the mulberry dressing gown flapping. He knocked hard on the door of 1407. There was no response, and Lew said, "The house dick is on his way." He looked at Poppy. "Don't you want to run back up to that champagne?"

"No," Poppy said. Her eyes were bright. "I'm not thirsty."

Senator Ashton frowned. "You understand, young lady, that this is a confidential matter."

"Is it?" Poppy said. "Listen to me, Senator Ashton. I've been pretty generally abused tonight, and if this is going to turn up something that proves my innocence I have a right to be here and I'm *going* to be here."

Sam Fuerst was coming along the corridor and Lew went to meet him. Lew explained quickly and the detective opened the door of 1407 with a passkey.

There was a suitcase on the bed, closed but unlocked. Sam Fuerst opened it and began pulling clothing out of it. Lew looked in the closet; it was empty. He looked under the bed; empty. He

(Continued on page 51)

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

Few men have to seek and fight a nightmare—Burton's was a lion. It was a duel not between man and beast, but between their destinies

SURVIVAL

BY GEORGES CAROUSSO

ILLUSTRATED BY LYND WARD

BURTON dreamed that the lion padded softly into his tent, limped up to the cot where he lay and lifted one paw and dropped it on his shoulder. It was a huge paw, and as the lion lifted it high above the cot, Burton could see its soft pads and the curved tips of the retracted claws. The lion patted him on the shoulder, then looked down at him with cold, expressionless yellow eyes and patted him again. And each time the paw came down harder and the claws unsheathed a bit farther. He could feel them in his skin now, and he tried to turn and twist away from them, but his sleeping bag was a strait jacket around his body, and he could not escape. He turned and twisted, and the sweat broke out over his body, first hot, then shivering, chattering cold, running in frozen rivulets along his back and down his flanks and his legs. The curved claws began to dig him out of the sleeping bag. His flesh came away in painless, bloodless, frozen chunks. . . .

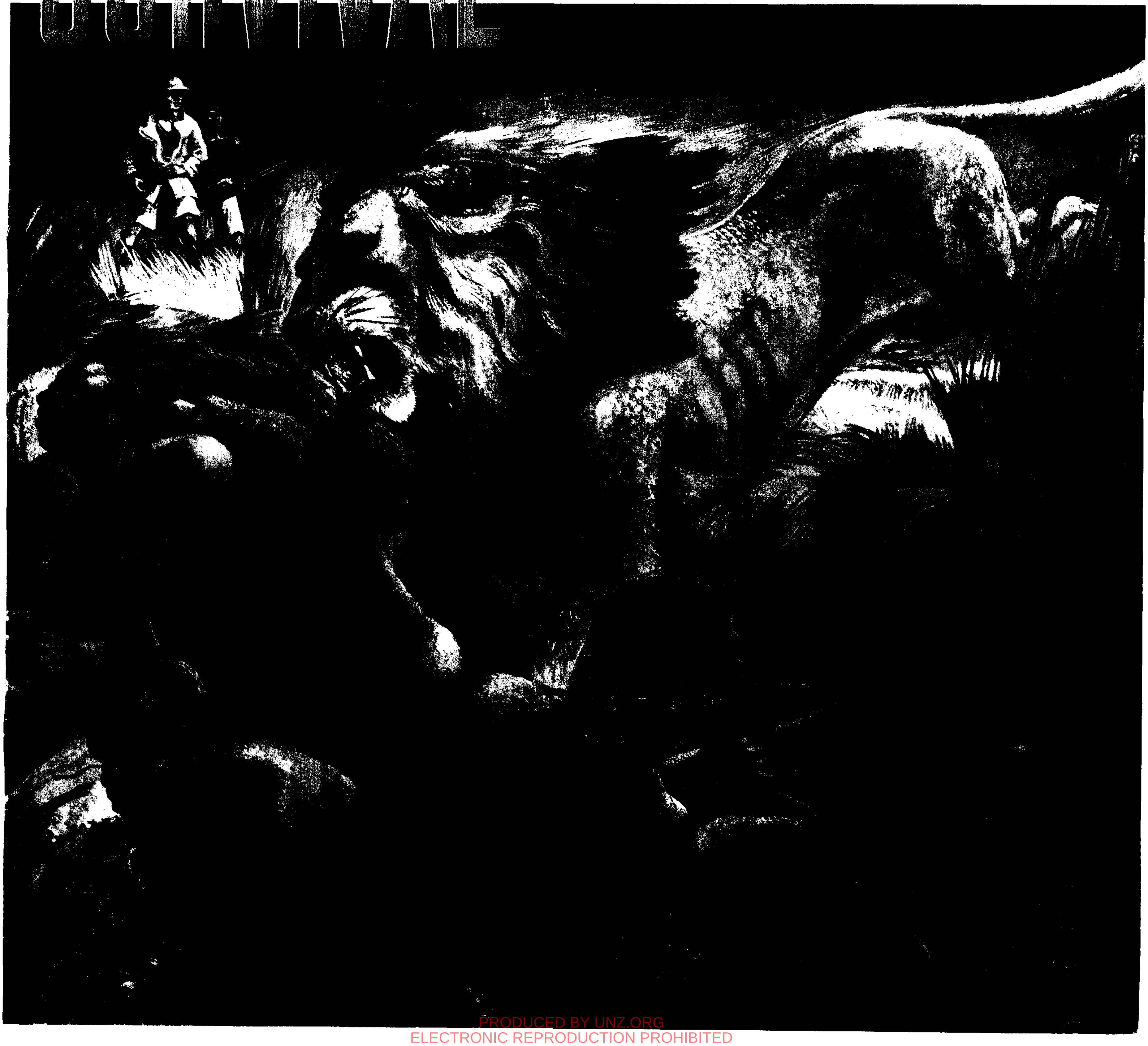
"Bwana . . . tsai. Tsai . . . bwana . . ."

He opened his eyes, and Sammar's teeth were white like the lion's teeth, only smaller and filed to points, and Sammar's eyes were expressionless, as the lion's eyes had always been cold and expressionless. Sammar's horny fingers were on his shoulder shaking him, and the motion sent the malaria chills darting over his body like frozen lightning. He unzipped the sleeping bag, and sat up and took the cup of tea. His fingers shook so that a few scalding drops spilled on his chest, but instead of burning, they sent new ice-cold waves coursing over his body.

"Quinine," he said, and Sammar brought him the squat bottle. He took one of the pills and held it in his mouth until the sugar coating melted and the bitterness spread through his mouth. Then he washed it down with the whole cup of scalding tea.

The lion. It was always the lion limping into his dreams to add his torment to the malaria nightmares. He never dreamed of the bridge, yet the bridge was as real as the lion. Or as much of a nightmare. He had to build the bridge in the specified contract time, and he couldn't do it because the lion killed his men. That made the bridge a nightmare, and it made the lion a nightmare, and it made the two of them very real, but only the lion came to torment his dreams as well as his waking hours.

(Continued on page 63)



The wounded lion charged straight for the group of terrified natives and his forepaws struck out twice

IN THE ZOO

BY AMY PORTER

PLAZA DE TOROS.

For 90 cents, the music-loving citizens of Cincinnati can hear the best in opera. The outdoor pavilion, which seats about 3,000, is flimsy and barnlike. But nobody seems to mind, so long as there are stars like Gladys Swarthout to give quality renditions of Carmen

The Young Friends of Opera give swimming-pool parties for visiting opera stars. Here Lily Djanel, fully clad, gives an unpaid performance of the dance of Salome for her admirers. The Metropolitan was never like this

Odd fact about the Cincinnati Summer Opera: It is staged in the Zoological Gardens. Odder fact: It is run by a union chief and by a conservative Republican

IT IS cool and green and lovely in the Zoological Gardens of Cincinnati, and that's where, of a summer evening, Cincinnatians go to listen to opera.

On a recent evening there, Gladys Swarthout sang of love, and her rich voice reached out through the night, blessing all within hearing range, even to the farthest park benches where couples held hands while they listened. The opera pavilion proper was dark except for the light from the stage. Now and then a firefly glowed overhead. Once or twice a nightbird joined in the song.

Cincinnati Summer Opera is a proud tradition in a city proud of its wealth of good music. This summer marked the celebration of the opera's silver jubilee, and party after party, dinners and picnics and luncheons took note of the occasion.

But the hero of the day is a nontraditional hero for the conservative city of Cincinnati. He is Oscar Hild, president of Cincinnati Local No. 1, American Federation of Musicians, A.F. of L.

The opera was about to die when Oscar Hild saved it. In gratitude, the city has forgiven him for being right-hand man and probable successor to that alleged villain among labor leaders, Caesar Petrillo, the national music czar.

Hild, as managing director of the Opera Association, has for his chief assistant Hulbert Taft, of all people. Taft, of the rich, right-wing Republican Tafts, publisher of the conservative Cincinnati Times-Star, assists Hild by serving as chairman of the executive committee of the Opera. Taft and Hild have become chummy, and when the Tafts have an opera party out at their country home, there is Hild, an honored guest, hobnobbing comfortably with the top-drawer society of Cincinnati.

In this peaches-and-cream atmosphere, opera has grown and thrived, the union has grown and thrived, and Cincinnati's social and financial leaders seem to smile benignly on one and all.

The quality of the opera is better than it ever was, and the city can claim the distinction of having "the only summer season of grand opera in the United States"—a season longer and more varied than any except the Metropolitan in New York. Its stars are the world's most renowned. Its regular patrons come not only from Cincinnati, but from Louisville, Indianapolis, Columbus and other comparatively faraway places.

The 1,600 union musicians of Cincinnati, meantime, have achieved more pay and better working conditions, not only at the opera, but on the radio, in night clubs and hotels, at the symphony.

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY GEORGE KARGER—PIX

For free and for love, young Cincinnati music students serve as supers in summer productions. These four are in toreador costume, awaiting their cue backstage. So far, Union Chief Oscar Hild hasn't protested free performances to Opera Director Oscar Hild

If it rains in Act II, Spartan opera enthusiasts simply hoist their umbrellas and continue to be enthralled. But if it rains before Act I, the box-office boys might as well play gin rummy

SANDWICHES

At intermission, Director Hild has a chat with Conductors George Sebastian and Paul Breisach. Hild and his musicians get along fine now, but there have been bad moments

OPERA
AT THE ZOO
8:15 NIGHTLY
SUNDAY
RIGOLETTO
TUESDAY
BOHEME
SAMSON
CARMEN

Outside the ropes, but still within hearing distance, refreshment-stand workers know the operas as well as they know bottled pop

Their total pay adds up to three fourths of all the money paid out to musicians in the entire state of Ohio.

It's a strange situation, in a way, putting Hild in a spot where he has to talk to himself. As union head he says to himself, "Hild, my men should get more money." As opera director, he answers himself back. "Now don't be greedy, Hild. After all, it's up to me to keep down opera expenses." The two Hild personalities *have* to be reasonable with each other about the opera.

But Hild also has wangled closed-shop contracts from private country clubs—which means that your Aunt Minnie can't sing at your daughter's wedding for free, but must give way to a union singer. Other unions, embracing caterers, dishwashers, hotel maintenance workers and so on, have benefited. Hild has on occasion interceded for unions not his own.

The Man They Don't Talk About

Hild and Taft, in spite of their close association, don't discuss politics. They don't talk about the way Hulbert's cousin, Senator Robert Taft, votes on labor bills or prices. They stick to neutral subjects. But Hulbert Taft says, "Oscar is a great fellow. He's got a fine sense of humor."

Oscar has had need of a sense of humor during his Cincinnati career. It was not all duck soup in the beginning.

An ex-clarinetist and tympanist, Hild had been president of his union for only a year, when in 1933 calamity threatened some of his musicians. The managers of the Summer Opera, which had been held at the zoo every year for 13 years, announced that opera would be discontinued. Two wealthy women who had always made up the opera deficit had died—Mrs. Mary Emery and Mrs. Charles P. Taft. (Mrs. Taft covered a $90,000 deficit one season.) The 1933 season, lacking this support, ran up a $130,000 deficit, and the remaining guarantors yelled that enough was enough, and please not to mention the word "opera" in their presence any more.

Hild watched the collapse of the opera, and said to his men, "There's only one thing we can do. We can take over the opera ourselves."

He quickly arranged for a combination symphony concert and abbreviated opera program. He asked for the use of the zoo outdoor pavilion, but the zoo management said no.

"That was when the good people of Cincinnati still treated me as if I had the itch," says Hild.

But one of the good people, Herbert French, finance director of Procter & Gamble, liked the sound of Hild and arranged for him to use the University of Cincinnati stadium.

There was, as usual, a deficit, which the union worked off with two winter concerts. By 1935, Hild and four other union men had incorporated as the Cincinnati Summer Opera Association, and they were back at the old stand in the zoo.

At first, the former opera patrons stayed away from this upstart union enterprise. But the little people who love music did what they could to help. The guarantor list grew from 50 to 100 to 500 people, each subscribing comparatively small amounts.

Fiddle Fingers Do Grips' Work

The first season, the union men themselves subscribed $7,000, and, besides playing for minimum wages, they helped with the chores. One report said, "Fiddlers, cellists and pianists forgot their delicate fingers and helped haul scenery, clean the auditorium and install hundreds of extra seats." Hild himself was busy, sandwiching in a job of painting or sweeping between his directorial negotiations.

The character of the opera itself changed. Hild now operated according to what he calls "the unexplored theory of box-office attraction." He stuck to grand opera, but he picked the more popular ones among them—Rigoletto, Aïda, Carmen, Romeo and Juliet—eschewing the long-haired numbers, such as The Magic Flute and Parsifal.

In the old days, the opera's pull was so tentative, it had a hard time competing with the ice show, another attraction at the zoo. As a compromise, the opera had a 45-minute intermission, during which the customers could go and see the ice show. Hild stopped that practice. From then on, if you wanted to hear opera you had to stay put and listen to it and not go wandering off to the animals' cages and the skating rink.

Hild pinched pennies on running expenses in order to splurge on big-name artists: Jeanette MacDonald, James Melton, Gladys Swarthout. The opera was getting to be fun.

Slowly, slowly, the town's society came back to the fold. After all, this had always been their opera, hadn't it? In 1939 the union incorporators elected an executive committee of prominent citizens, headed by Hulbert Taft. The mayor, James G. Stewart, became the Opera Association president, and Hild's title was managing director. But final control remains in the hands of Hild. A written agreement gave him complete control of the opera for ten years. He serves without pay, and he alone picks programs, employs orchestra, singers and conductor.

"We wanted to have the town's prominent people with us for two reasons," Hild explains. "First to take over the financial end, and second, to reassure the people who frown on a labor executive daring to operate opera. I wanted everybody to know and know for sure that I wasn't running some kind of a money racket of my own."

Hild's own musicians protested at first at the amount of time he put in on the

(Continued on page 70)

THE ROOSEVELT I KNEW – PART THREE

THE GREAT EXPERIMENTER

BY FRANCES PERKINS

INTERNATIONAL

President Roosevelt, just re-elected for the third term, drives to the White House with Henry Wallace, his personal selection for running mate

When a reporter asked Franklin Roosevelt what his philosophy was, he replied, "I am a Christian and a Democrat—that's all." But he was quite willing to break precedents. This chapter tells how he decided on the third term and his running mate, and how he developed the New Deal

THE boldest precedent-breaking venture that Franklin Roosevelt made was the third term, but it was made with profound reluctance and heart-searching.

Roosevelt has often been blamed for not coming out earlier and more frankly for the third term. Certainly he discussed the problem with many people. With me he was always negative.

If I said to him, "I recommend that next year you do this and that," he would laugh and say, "Don't you know I'm through in January, 1941?" or, "You will have to speak to the next President about that."

I never urged him, because I had some doubts about the wisdom of third terms as a matter of principle. However, the European war had already begun and Roosevelt was deeply aware of all the problems that seemed sure to engulf us, in the Pacific as well as in Europe. I felt that this was an emergency situation in which the wisdom of continuing him in office should be considered.

A strange light on this third term came one evening when I went with Daniel Tobin, president of the Teamsters Union, to see the President. The President, seated in his second-floor study, was in a relaxed mood.

As we sat prolonging our visit in a pleasant conversation, Dan said, "Mr. President, you just have to run for the third term, you know you do."

"No," said the President. "No, Dan. I just can't do it, Dan. I tell you I have been here a long time. I am tired. I really am. You don't know what it's like. And besides, I have to take care of myself. This sinus trouble I've got, the Washington climate makes it dreadful. I never had it until I came here. The doctors say I have to go into the hospital for a month of steady treatment. But I can't do that, you know.

"When a President does that, the bottom drops out of the stock market, the Japs take advantage of what they think is a serious illness, the Germans start propaganda that I am dying and that the United States is in a panic. No, I can't be President again. I want to go home to Hyde Park. I want to take care of my trees. I have a big planting there, Dan. I want to make the farm pay. I want to finish my little house on the hill. I want to write history. No, I just can't do it, Dan."

I have never been sure when Roosevelt made up his mind. Postmaster General Frank Walker and others responsible for the campaign knew, perhaps in March or April, that he would be willing to have a third term if it could be handled properly. They were pledged to keep it secret and the result was that a great many perfectly legitimate moves were started for different individuals as candidates for President.

This caused a great deal of heart-burning later because men who would not have attempted to win the nomination against Roosevelt felt they had been left out on a limb. The indignation began to be clear when we got to the convention.

Harry Hopkins, certainly not an old-line Democratic politician, was in charge of Roosevelt headquarters. His job was to make decisions and keep in touch with the politicians. This irked many of the old-line party men. They hate to see an "amateur" coming into the technical or professional side of politics.

Patronage-Hungry Politicians

The delegates were angry for other reasons, too. They were angry because of the patronage that had been denied them for eight years. They were angry about the purge, which had hurt some of them and some of their friends.

Another cause of distress was that there were so many candidates for Vice-President. John N. Garner had announced that he was not running for a third term, although there were some who thought he could be persuaded. But Roosevelt clearly did not want him.

Early in his Presidency, Roosevelt had had Garner sit in on Cabinet meetings. We all learned a lot from Garner—about politics, about the functioning of the government and the mind of Congress. But after a bit the President became convinced that Garner "leaked." First he told a few cronies, then others, what had been said in Cabinet meetings, and a change came over the Cabinet—a limitation on the free and vigorous expression of opinion.

Since Cabinet members didn't want uncompleted programs and ideas spread before they were ready, they got into the habit of staying behind, during the latter years of Roosevelt's second term, to talk privately to the President. Garner called the practice, "Staying for prayer meeting."

At the Chicago convention, everybody wanted to know whom Roosevelt wanted to replace Garner. Harry Hopkins didn't know, nor did Roosevelt's closest advisers in the Cabinet. I had talked about it with him and asked whether he wanted Henry Wallace. Did he think Wallace would make a good running mate? He had a following among farmers and among the liberal thinkers of the country. He might strengthen the ticket.

"Yes," the President had replied, "he might strengthen it politically, and—one has to think of it—he would be a good man if something happened to the President. He is no isolationist. He knows what we are up against in this war that is so rapidly engulfing the world." However he did not commit himself.

I did not expect to be the messenger on the choice of Wallace. However, in

Chicago I was disturbed by the bad feeling. It seemed to me unfortunate for Roosevelt to enter a campaign for a third term with a burden of ill will. Not that I doubted he would be nominated. But feeling was sour.

A number of reporters spoke to me about it, as did personal friends of Roosevelt.

Early one morning I was awakened by a telephone call from a young man who was so excited he neglected to tell me his name until I pulled it out of him. It was Bob Allen, then of the "Washington Merry-Go-Round" team. He had a good deal to say to me.

The gist of it was: The situation was terrible. It might end in a riot. It would certainly end in a terrific increase of Roosevelt haters in the Democratic Party. Something must be done. The people who were representing Roosevelt were not making friends for him.

"I have called you, Miss Perkins," Allen said, "because I think Roosevelt will listen to you, if you tell him he must come out here. I think you have the nerve to tell him that he ought to come out here."

A Columnist's Twofold Motive

I learned later that Allen had predicted in his column that Roosevelt would come to Chicago. I suppose he liked to have his "inside dope" proved right. However, I do not question that he was honestly concerned and was trying to give good advice.

I decided to call Roosevelt. He wanted to know how things were going. I said he would be renominated. Then I told him about the bitterness of the delegates, about the difficulties, confusion and the near fights. I told him that if he would come out to Chicago it would be a wonderful thing.

"No, no, I have given it full consideration," he said. "I thought it all through both ways. I know I am right, Frances. It will be worse if I go. People will get promises out of me that I ought not to make. If I don't make promises, I will make new enemies. If I do make promises, they'll be mistakes. I'll be pinned down on things I just don't want to be pinned down on *now*. I am sure that it is better not to go."

"Can't you suggest something?" I said.

"Well," he said, "how would it be if Eleanor went?"

"I think it would make an excellent impression."

"You know Eleanor always makes people feel right," he said. "She has a fine way with her. I'll speak to her but you telephone her too so that she will know I am not sending her on my own hunch, but that some of the rest of you want her. Talk to one or two others before you speak to her." He paused. "How is the Vice-Presidential fracas coming on?"

I mentioned the great number of candidates and said the lines were getting tense.

"Haven't you made up your mind yet?" I said. "If you can possibly say today whom you would like, I believe it would ease the tension."

"Well," he said, "I really haven't made up my mind. What do you think about Henry Wallace?"

I said, and I hoped he remembered, that I had always thought extremely well of Wallace.

"How do you think he will go at the convention?"

"Well," I said, "I don't think he would lift a finger if he thought it would embarrass you or if he thought you didn't want him. So there is no sign of a Wallace campaign, and one cannot gauge the effect. He has a following and he is making friends all the time."

"I think Wallace is good," said Roosevelt. "I like him. He is the kind of man I like to have around. He is good to work with and he knows a lot; you can trust his information. He digs to the bottom of things and gets the facts. He is honest as the day is long. He thinks right. He has the general ideas we have. He is the kind of man who can do something in politics. He can help the people with their political thinking. Yes, I think it had better be Wallace."

I said, "Are you making up your mind?"

"Yes," he said. "It's Wallace, I guess. Yes, it will be Wallace. I think I'll stick to that."

"All right," I said. "That's fine. What shall I do?"

"Would you mind going over to tell Harry Hopkins? Probably someone is listening in on Harry's wires, so you'd better go over yourself and tell him—that I have decided on Wallace."

"All right, Mr. President."

Harry was somewhat surprised, though by no means in disagreement. He had had no indication; in fact, the previous night he had called the President and could get no answer out of him.

The First Lady Sounds a Keynote

Hopkins called the President for verification. Then he told the newspapermen that the Vice-Presidential candidate was likely to be Wallace. I don't remember whether anybody thought to tell Wallace. I then proceeded to make the preliminary arrangements for Mrs. Roosevelt to come out. She did sweeten the convention. She made friends, shook hands with thousands of people and made a pleasant, spirited and high-minded speech which put the political tone where it ought to be—on patriotism and leadership rather than on patronage.

Roosevelt felt bad when Jim Farley parted company with him on the grounds of the third term. There isn't any question that Jim's conviction in the issue was sincere. He thought that for political and constitutional reasons, the third term was bad. He once told me that a party is built up and kept in line by expectations. Everybody thinks that sometime or other he is going to have a place in government; that is an incentive for the people who do the work and hold the party together between campaigns. If you have three terms, people get discouraged. They will feel out of it.

It is true that so long as one man remains in the Presidency the people underneath are not likely to be changed in great numbers. Another President in the same party would bring in a new crowd, and more Democrats would take part in government. Perhaps Farley had more serious reasons. Having expounded them to the President and been disagreed with, he decided to part company. Farley's decision to part with him was deeply painful to Roosevelt. He was fond of Farley and, I dare say, expected political friendship to endure through anything.

When Farley later retired as Chairman of the New York State Democratic Committee, some of his friends decided to give a dinner in his honor. I accepted the invitation, and then it occurred to me that perhaps I ought to speak to the President.

"I am planning to go," I told him. "Any objections? Will it embarrass you in any way?"

"No," Roosevelt replied, "not at all. It is a good idea. Say something nice about him. He is a good scout, you know."

Roosevelt was entirely willing to try experiments—in both politics and economics. Yet he was no radical. A young reporter once said to him in my presence, "Mr. President, are you a Communist?"

"No."

"Are you a capitalist?" the reporter asked.

"No."

"Are you a socialist?"

"No," the President said, with a look of surprise.

The young man said, "Well, what is your philosophy, then?"

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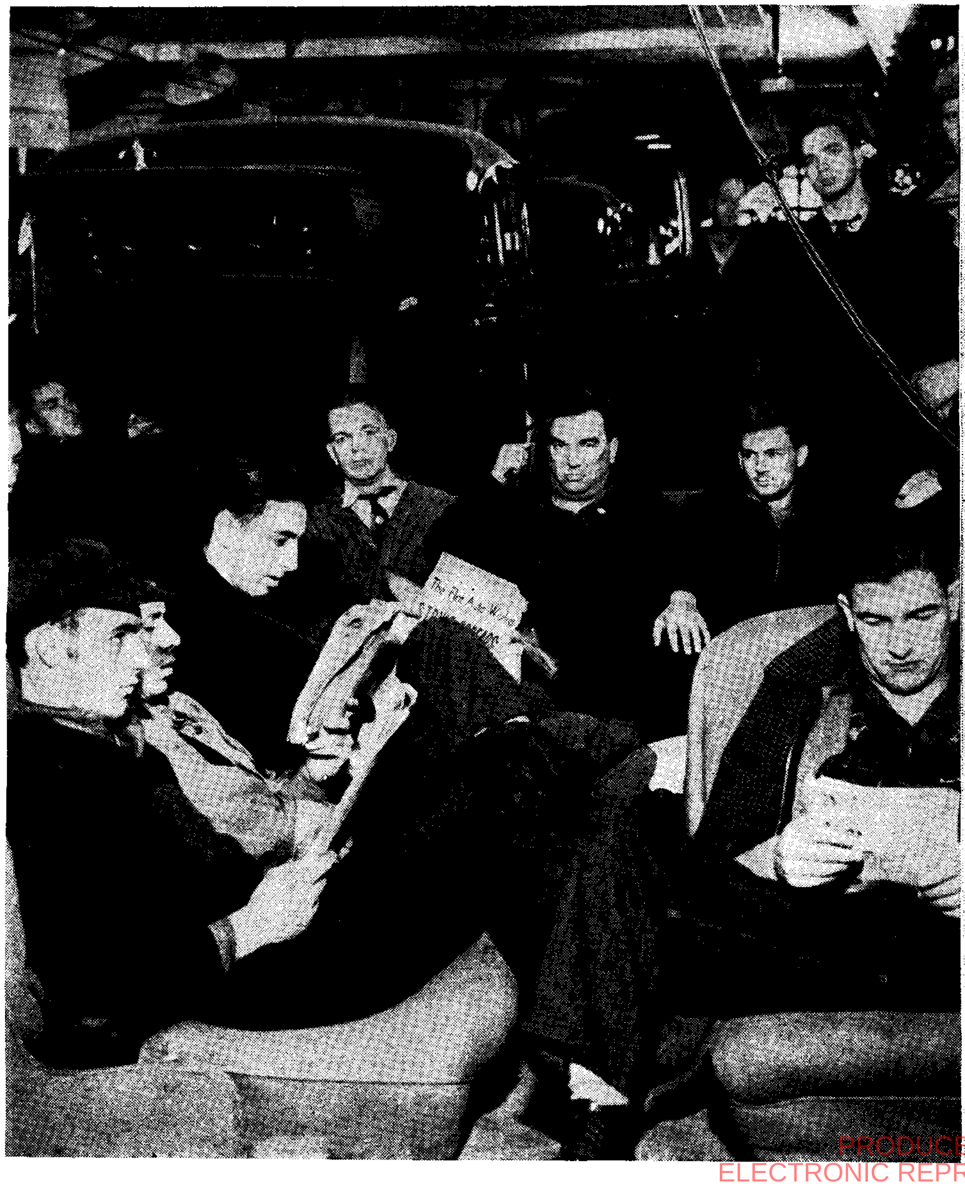
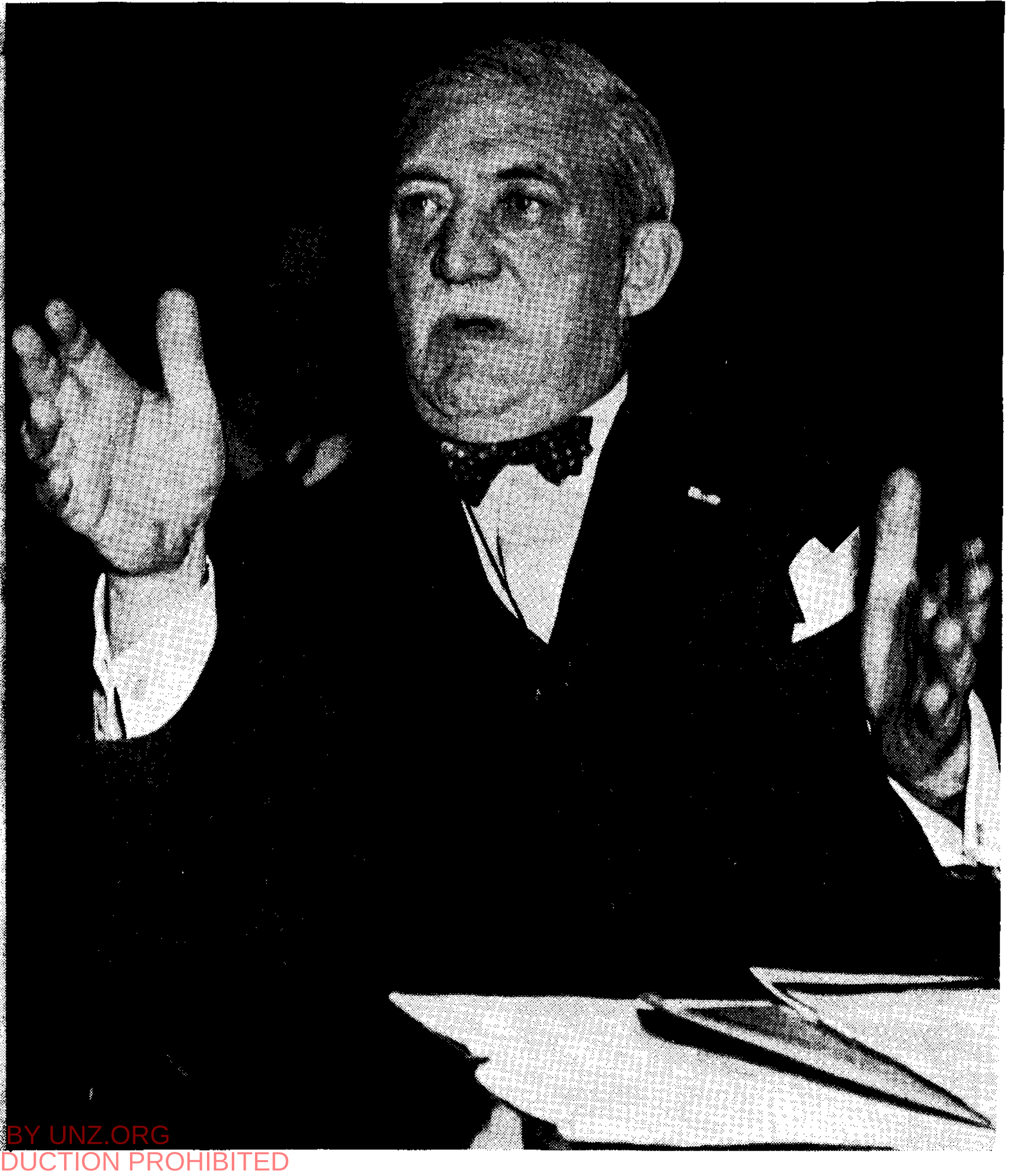


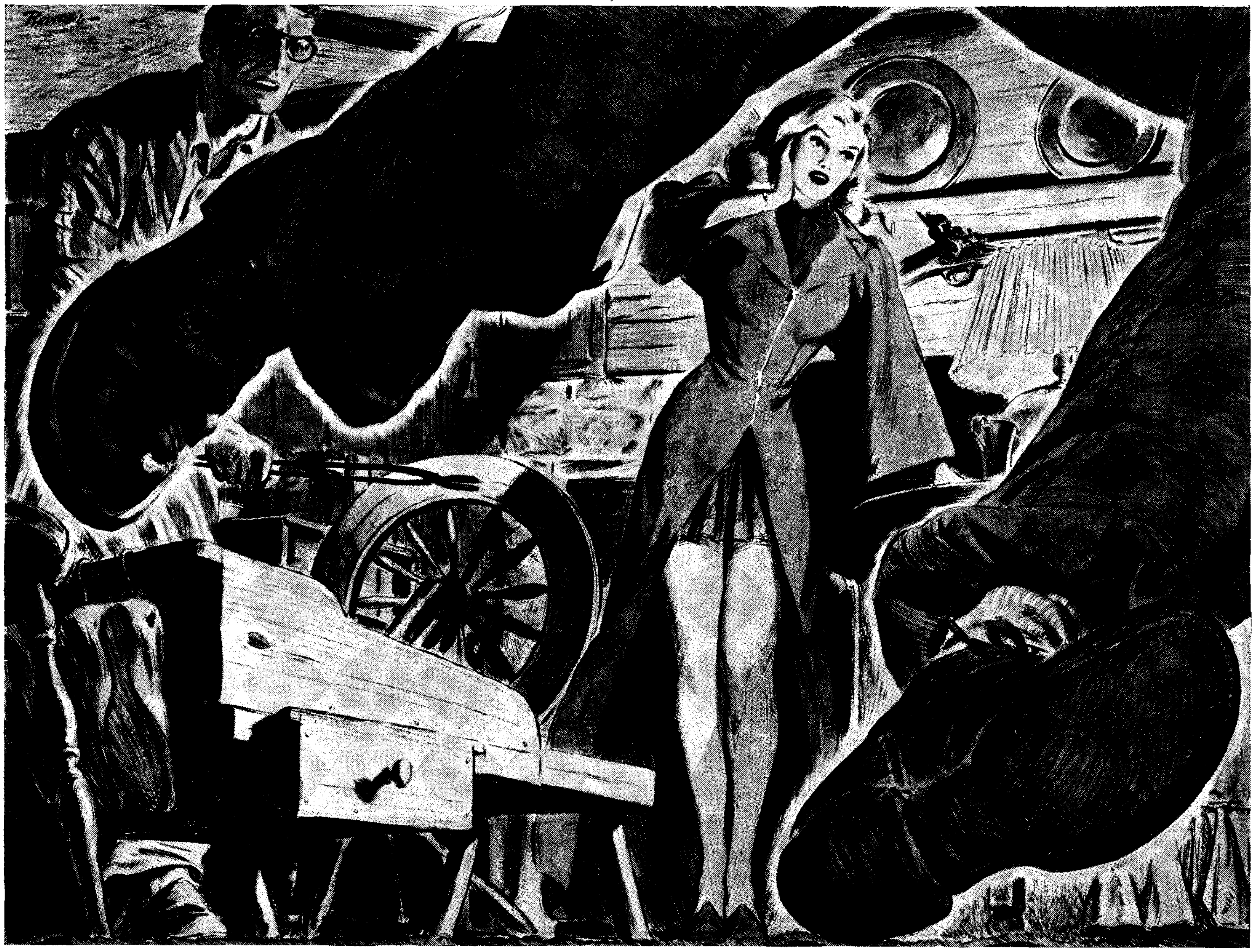
"Roosevelt had little sympathy with the sit-down strikes which—starting with the General Motors plant at Flint, Michigan—swept the country"

ACME



William Knudsen, president of General Motors, who agreed to confer with the sit-down strikers when the President appealed personally to him

INTERNATIONAL



A funny look was coming into Mr. Omar's eyes. "This is just the weapon I need for a murder," he says, hefting the pincers. This is when I left

GUYS from ANZIO

BY D. H. JOHNSON

What khaki camouflages best is the irrepressible civilian hidden beneath it. How Updike found this out shouldn't happen to an ex-sergeant

McGETTRICK:

I am leaving this note on the cash register and hope you will find it when you come on duty tonight—and I sometimes wonder if you really do, judging by the amount of gas you don't sell. Anyway, what I want you to do is look around the station and see if you can find that old pair of blacksmith's pincers I had hanging on the grease rack. I have had those pincers since before I went in the service, and there is not another pair like them in Hollywood and I need them for a special job tomorrow A.M. The 6 to midnight man and the day help say they have not touched them, so if you have liberated them you better produce.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Dear Sarge:

I found your note about the blacksmith pincers as the 6 to midnight man called my attention to same when I came on and would say I am surprised about you getting your tail in a knot about the gas sales.

You have said yourself there is not enough traffic on this part of Hollywood Blvd to keep a dog alive after midnight and you know yourself you can not sell a car any gas unless they drive in unfortunately. I am right on my toes every car that drives in and if you think I am goldbricking would say I am doing all I can in this line and if you have got any better ideas you better tell me.

While on this subject would say I would like a ten ($10) dollar advance as there is a domestic situation at home with my wife which I am sweating out and I would like to buy her some flowers and oblige.

J. McGettrick.

P. S. Guess who drove in tonight. It was a stranger that wanted five ethyl which as I was wiping his windshield off I happened to notice he had a ruptured duck and one word led to another and pretty soon we got talking. It turned out he was at Anzio the same time as me and you and had a bottle with him and we had quite a reunion. He will come in some day to pay for the five ethyl as he did not have any dough with him and be sure and talk to him as he is quite a guy.

J. McG.

P. S. You mentioned something about those blacksmith pincers. Would say same are not here as I gave them to a customer that wanted them for good will last night and there is no use for you to do a burn as she said there is no possible use for blacksmith pincers around a service station which she is absolutely right so forget it. She is a movie actress named Maya Omar and oh boy.

Joe.

McGettrick:

The day man gave me your greasy note when I came in this A.M., and in the first place, muck up those mitts. It is no wonder you don't get any business.

In the second place, I have told you before not to give strangers credit. I don't care if the guy was at Anzio. You carried me out of a bad spot there and I brought you home with me and gave you a job to show you how I felt about it, but that does not mean I am putting out to every guy that hit that beach.

In the third place, you had no business giving those blacksmith's pincers

(Continued on page 28)

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Guys from Anzio

Continued from page 26

away, even if some movie dame did want them, and I would like to know what for. You will always be a Brooklyn boy and you will never find out that movie stars are a dime a dozen around this town, but you ought to know that when I have a special tool there is a reason for it. I need those pincers to replace a battery on a Hedgely.

A Hedgely, as another thing you probably don't know, is a foreign car designed by some jerk that put the battery in the middle of the chassis and then built the body over it. There is a small hole to put in water, but there are only two ways to get the battery out. One is to take off the entire body, about a fifty-dollar job. The other is to reach in through this hole with a tool that is just the right size and shape to pull the cables off of the posts, then drop the battery out from underneath.

I found out when I was in business here before the war that my dad's old blacksmith pincers were the only tool in the world that would do this job. That is why I have always kept them handy, as there are a lot of those crates around Hollywood but if there are any other blacksmith pincers the joes that own them have got them pretty well dispersed.

I am stalling my customer off another day on this, but I can not keep him waiting any longer as his old battery is so low that he has got to shove his car to get it started. So get those pincers back.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Dear Sarge:

I found your note about the blacksmith pincers and would say I am surprised at the part where you did not say anything about the ten ($10) I asked for. Same is a tough situation for me as my wife is sore about a certain thing which she about ready to tear my head off and throw it in my face, so leave it where I can find it and oblige.

Also would say you can stop with that griping about that guy from Anzio. He drove in tonight and paid for the five ethyl like I knew he would almost. He had another bottle with him and we had quite a reunion and he will come in again and pay for the ten ethyl he took tonight so you can see how I am building up a nice repeat trade.

Now about the blacksmith pincers which you say to get back. This would be hard to do as it is impossible and I will write out how this happened . . .

I was sitting here in the station night before last on my toes as usual and I heard a horn blow outside which when I opened my eyes I thought I was still dreaming on account of how cute this babe was sitting in her red convertible with her top down. I think you will probably remember that one on that five day pass in Rome that time I am sure. This one looks just like her only blonde and talks American and the minute I saw her it did not take me long to remember where I saw her before which was in movies and you will never guess who it was. Maya Omar. Oh boy.

After this I went out and picked myself up on account of the air hose which I had fell over and I says, "What can I serve you with?" like it was anybody.

"Would you look at my water?"

So I lifted up her hood and looked at her water which was low like anybody in the same circumstances. I started in filling it up and she kind of smiled at me and I kind of gave her a smile back and then she says, "Do you always fill radiators with gasoline?"

This was on account of I had made a slight mistake and I was putting gas in the radiator.

So I told her not to worry and I would drain it right out as the customer is always right around this station. While I was doing this she went in to powder her nose and it was when she was coming out that she saw your blacksmith pincers hanging on the grease rack.

"Oh, how darling," she says.

"Miss Omar," I says, "what you are looking at are just an old pair of blacksmith pincers."

"I want them," she says. "I have just done my living room over in Early American and they are just the touch I want above my fireplace. Do you think the manager would let me have them?"

So I started in to tell her I was kind of the night manager but I did not own the blacksmith pincers which I did not get to finish. This was on account of she had them by this time and she was standing so close to me I could have touched her only she was a famous movie actress and this was the furthest thing from my mind.

"What could a great big handsome man like you with a great big service station want with an old pair of pincers?" she says. "Please. Pretty please with butter on it."

John Jarvis

"Certainly I'm glad I got married! I'd do it again if I had the chance!"

COLLIER'S JOHN JARVIS

So I saw her point and I says, "They are yours with the compliments of the management." When I said this she kind of squealed and gave me a hug and jumped in her car with the pincers and drove off before I could think to hug her back unfortunately.

So from the above you can see there is no use of you yapping about the pincers. You would do the same in my shoes if a babe like Maya Omar asked you for them and they were just the touch she wanted above her fireplace. Besides which it is a little gesture like that that creates good will and she will drive in again when she wants something probably.

And anyway I do not know how to reach her even if I wanted to which I do not as I am a married man and there is no use dreaming, so clam up.

Would say about the customer with that Hedgely I have got an idea. If it is going to cost all that jack to take his body off and get his battery out I would say go ahead and do it and charge him. Anybody that can afford one of those kind of cars is not going to miss it.

J. McGettrick.

P. S. Leave us not forget again about that advance I asked for which I would not be in this spot with my wife if I was not trying to create good will for the station by giving Miss Omar the pincers.

My wife is a great movie fan and she has about spent all her time since she got here from Brooklyn looking for movie stars and buying those maps that show where their houses are at. When I told her about meeting Maya Omar I was the greatest guy in the world up to the point where I let it slip out she had hugged me. This was when she went off like a land mine and no matter how much I talk to her now we are not speaking. However some flowers will fix it as you know how they are so do not forget about the ten ($10) spot and oblige.

Joe.

McGettrick:

I have read your note and I see you are still the same joe that tried to get that general's jeep out of a mudhole by tossing a grenade under it. Now smarten up and try to get a couple of things into that jug head.

First, if that guy from Anzio comes in again, get the money for the ten gallons you gave him last night and do not put another gallon of gas in his car. That is an order.

Second, get those pincers back. You say I ought to lift off the body and charge the customer. This will come as a surprise to you, but I thought of that myself. It won't work.

The trouble is that the first time the guy brought his Hedgely in I took the $12.65 the battery costs, gave him a receipt, and promised to put the battery in the next day, as I thought I would have the pincers by that time and the job would be a cinch. The next day I stalled him off again by saying the battery hadn't come from the wholesale house, but today I broke the news that I would have to charge him $50 extra for installation and you could have heard him yell in Cucamonga.

It seems like the guy is tired of being hijacked by mechanics. He says that batteries are always installed without extra charge and he is holding my receipt as evidence. If I don't install the battery by tomorrow, I am going to have my stern in a sling in Small Claims Court.

So get those pincers back. I don't know how you are going to do it, but I watched you scrounge for three years and you can work out something. That is an order.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Dear Sarge:

Leave us not forget we are not in a fox hole now. I have not got to take those kind of remarks about being a jug head any more only I am a dope enough to know you were born that way and forget it slightly.

Also would say I can see your position on the pincers so I will try and help you out like a pal.

The plan which I have thought out in my mind for above will take a little time so I am shutting up the station while I do same. This will not make much difference as it is 12:30 in the A.M. now and there has not been anybody in only that guy from Anzio which I followed out your orders. He paid for the ten ethyl and I did not put another gallon in his car. This is on account of he does not drive a car. It is a truck. He had another bottle with him and we had a very short reunion as he is on his way up to Salinas to try and get a load. When he gets back he will pay for the thirty I put in this time.

Am shutting up now and would say I am quite sure you will find the pincers here in the A.M. practically.

J. McGettrick.

P.S. Later. It is 3 in the A.M. now and I have just got back from getting the blacksmith pincers. As you will want to know how come I did not get them I will write out same.

The first thing I did after leaving here was to go buy some flowers for my wife which has been on my mind lately so I borrowed the car of a customer that you had left standing on the hoist. Would say that if you have ever tried to find flowers at midnight do not try it. I finally found an all night market that was still open after driving all over Hollywood but the flower shop was shut up and no dice until I flashed my sawbuck in the guy in the vegetable department's face.

You will probably wonder how I got a sawbuck as you will remember you forgot to leave same. Leave us remember there is such a thing as a cash register and at a time like this anything is expendable.

Anyhow the guy in the vegetables opened up the flower shop but all he could find was a kind of a wreath so I took it anyway and drove home. My wife was asleep but I put it on her chest so she could not miss it and started looking at her map that shows where movie stars live at and just then I heard a noise like an .88 coming.

This was on account of my wife had woke up and turned the light on to see what she had on her chest. The wreath says, "Rest In Peace" as this was all I could get, and as soon as she read it she thought she was dead.

When she stopped screaming and found out she was alive she got mad about it as she could smell a little of the reunion with that guy from Anzio on my breath yet and jumped to a wrong conclusion. It did not do any good to try and explain this as I let it get out that I was looking at her map to try and find Maya Omar and the situation got slightly snafu so I stepped outdoors quietly to save the breakage of the vases she was throwing which is the only way I know of to win an argument with a woman.

After this I drove out to Coldwater Canyon where the map says Miss Omar lived and I found it all right as there was her red convertible in the garage and some other kind of car so I went up and

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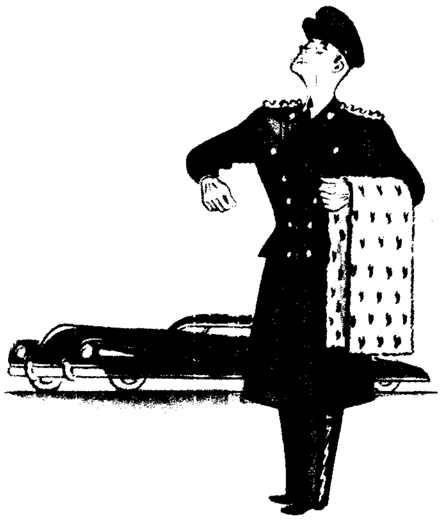

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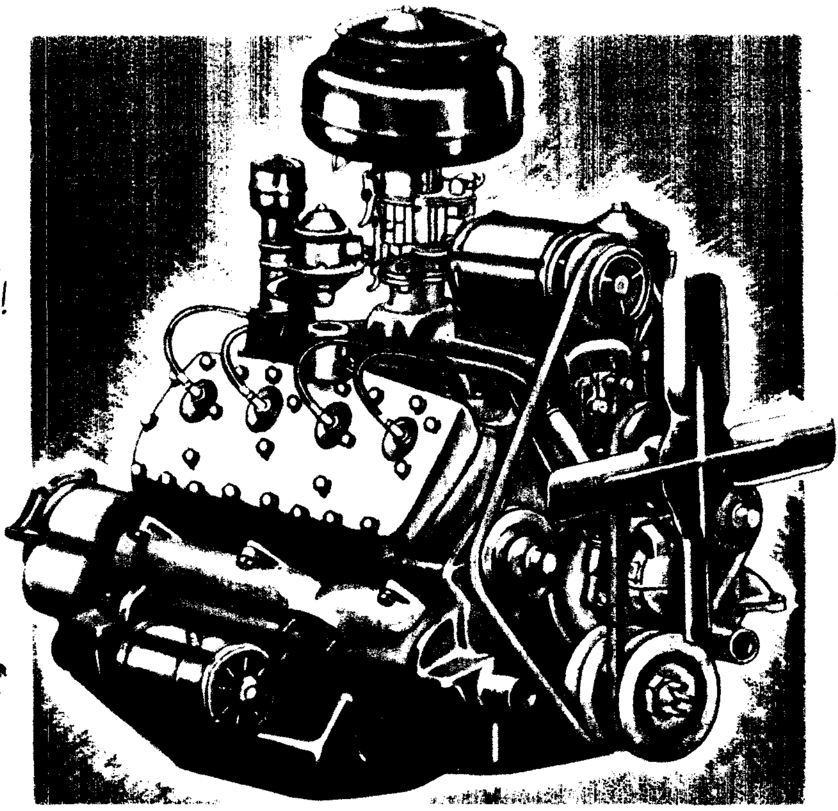

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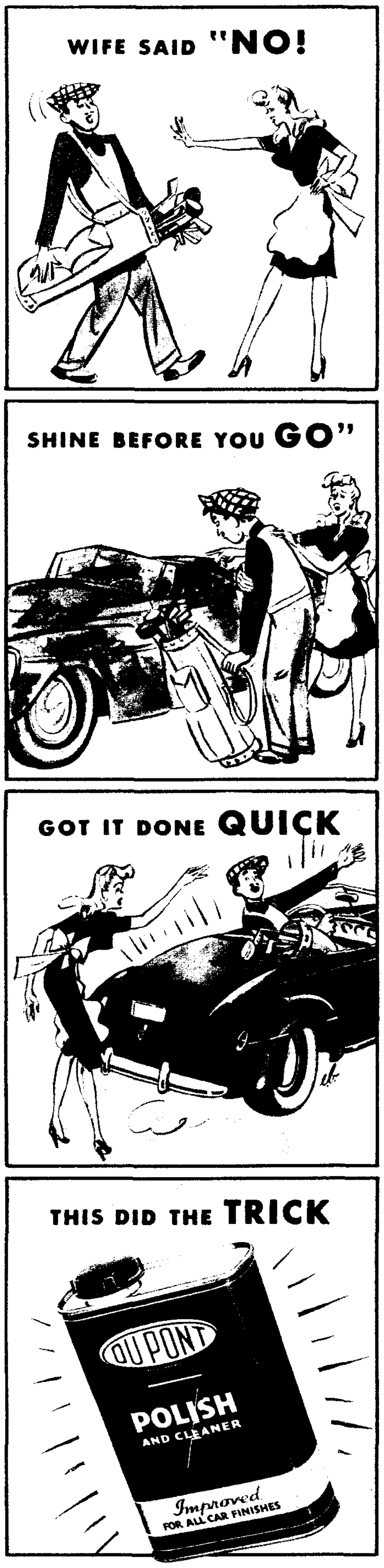

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knocked. I could hear a typewriter going upstairs and then the door opened and it was Maya Omar herself just like anybody.

"Miss Omar," I says, "I have got to see you on a matter of life or death."

"Why," she says, "it is that nice man from the service station. Come in."

So I did the above and would say she has got a front room like nobody else ever had and you can have it. There is an old broken down spinning wheel and a cobbler bench and old guns hanging on the wall and your old pincers over the fireplace and everything is old and broken down except Maya Omar and she is as cute as a pair of lace pants with her red robe and slippers.

"Miss Omar," I says, on account of I was trying to keep my mind on the situation, "I have got to have back those old pair of blacksmith pincers. I know you gave me a hug when I let you have them," I says, "but I have come prepared to make a complete refund."

Just then I noticed the typewriter had stopped running upstairs and somebody was coming down.

It was a guy about six-three and 200 pounds with glasses on.

"Oh," Maya Omar says, "I want you to meet my husband."

This was a slight surprise to me as I did not know that anybody named Miss could have a husband but I decided to stand my ground only a little closer to the door.

"What is this?" Mr. Omar says.

"He wants his pincers—"

"Pincers?" he says. At this point I happened to notice he was taking them down from over the fireplace and a funny look was coming into his eyes as he was hefting them up and down in his hand. "Terrific," he says. "This is just the weapon I need for a murder."

This was when I left as I did not see any use of me wasting time there with nobody here to take care of the station. And anyway I have never been a type that would come between man and wife if the man was there talking murder. Besides which I could not defend myself anyhow as you can not hit a man that is wearing glasses legally.

So the last I saw of Mr. Omar he was waving the pincers and saying for me to come back and he would let me have it, and would say if you want them under those conditions that is your problem. I have got other things on my mind like a mad wife.

J. McG.

P. S. About that car of the customer that I borrowed off of the hoist. You have got a nice chance to sell him a radiator flush job. It boils like St. Vesuvius.

Joe.

McGettrick:

You are through. When you have read this note, close up and go home. Come in tomorrow morning and I will pay you off, plus transportation for yourself and wife back to Brooklyn.

I have been trying to tell myself you are a good joe and you saved my life once, but a guy can only take so much. Maybe I could forget about you robbing the till. Maybe I could pass up you giving away gas to that gyp from Anzio. I might even be able to forget that you have put me in a spot where I am going to have to call up that guy with the Hedgely and tell him I am going to do a $50 battery installation job on his car for free. But when you requisitioned that customer's car off the hoist last night, you fouled yourself up good.

For your information, that car was in the middle of a lube job. The oil had been drained out. You drove it up Coldwater Canyon and back as dry as a bone. I now have got to give that customer a rebore and new bearings out of my own pocket.

From where I sit, there is only one thing I can say to you. McGettrick, get the hell out of Hollywood before I kill you.

Fred Updike, Prop.

Dear Sarge:

Herewith find your blacksmith pincers which I went to a lot of grief to get same for you as you can tell from how sticky they are. This is lemon juice. As we will not want to say much when I come in for my pay tomorrow probably I will tell you what happened and you will see how you stand with me anyway.

After I read your note which you fired me I thought I would make one more try to get the pincers as I would like to part friends. So I took that Luger that you always keep in the drawer here and hopped a bus out Sunset and walked up Coldwater and when I got to the house I could hear the typewriter upstairs again. It stopped when I knocked and the door opened and it was Mr. Omar in his pajamas personally. This was on account of I found out after that Miss Omar was at the studio on retakes.

Anyway I stuck the Luger at him and I says, "I want my pincers." I could see he was as white as some sheets but he did not try anything funny. "Sure," he says. "Help yourself."

So I went over to the fireplace and took down the pincers and I turned around and here was this musket barrel in my face which he had hauled down off the wall while my back was turned.

"Drop that gun," he says. I decided to do this and he picked it up and opened up the magazine which was empty. He gave it back to me and hung his musket up on the wall again and he says, "I see we both use the same kind of ammo. You have got a discharge button there. What theater were you in?"

"Italy," I says.

"I was at Anzio," he says.

"Me too," I says.

"What do you know," he says. "Have a drink."

So we had a drink and we got bulling and he is quite a guy and it turned out he was not going to murder me last night at all. "I write books," he says. This is something I ought to have known anyway as I remember now of seeing the name Omar on a book my aunt had with poetry in it once. "When I saw those pincers," he says, "it gave me a great idea for a murder mystery."

So we had another drink and I told him why I need the pincers which was on account of my old sarge needing them for this job on a Hedgely and he was very interested and we had a drink to you on account of being at Anzio and then we had a drink to us on account of being at Anzio and then we had a drink to everybody that was at Anzio and then he says he will drive me down to Hollywood so we had a drink for the road.

After this we went out to the garage and the red convertible was not there but there was this other car I told you about. However there is something fouled up about it and you have got to shove it to get it started.

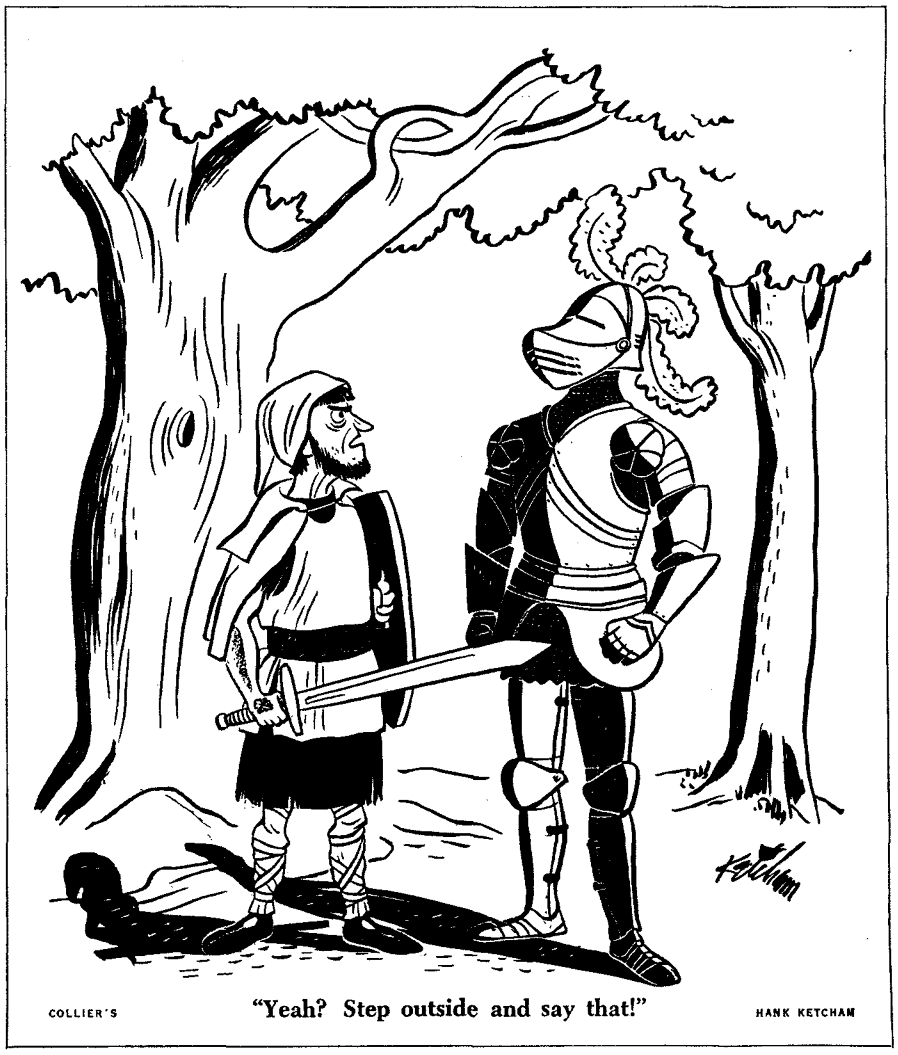
So he shoved from the back and I shoved from the side and all at once it started and there was only one thing to do which I did. I jumped in and took the wheel as Mr. Omar had happened to fall down.

I would say at this point that the guy that made the Hedgely you told me about was the same guy that made this car as there is a clutch and a brake but no matter what you put your feet on it turns out to be the gas pedal. In a minute I could not hear Mr. Omar yelling any more and here was this dogleg turn coming up in front of me.

Maybe you know that dogleg on Coldwater. If you do not remember it there is a lemon grove right below it. If you still do not remember it you will know it next time as there is now a car in the middle of it that is full of lemons.

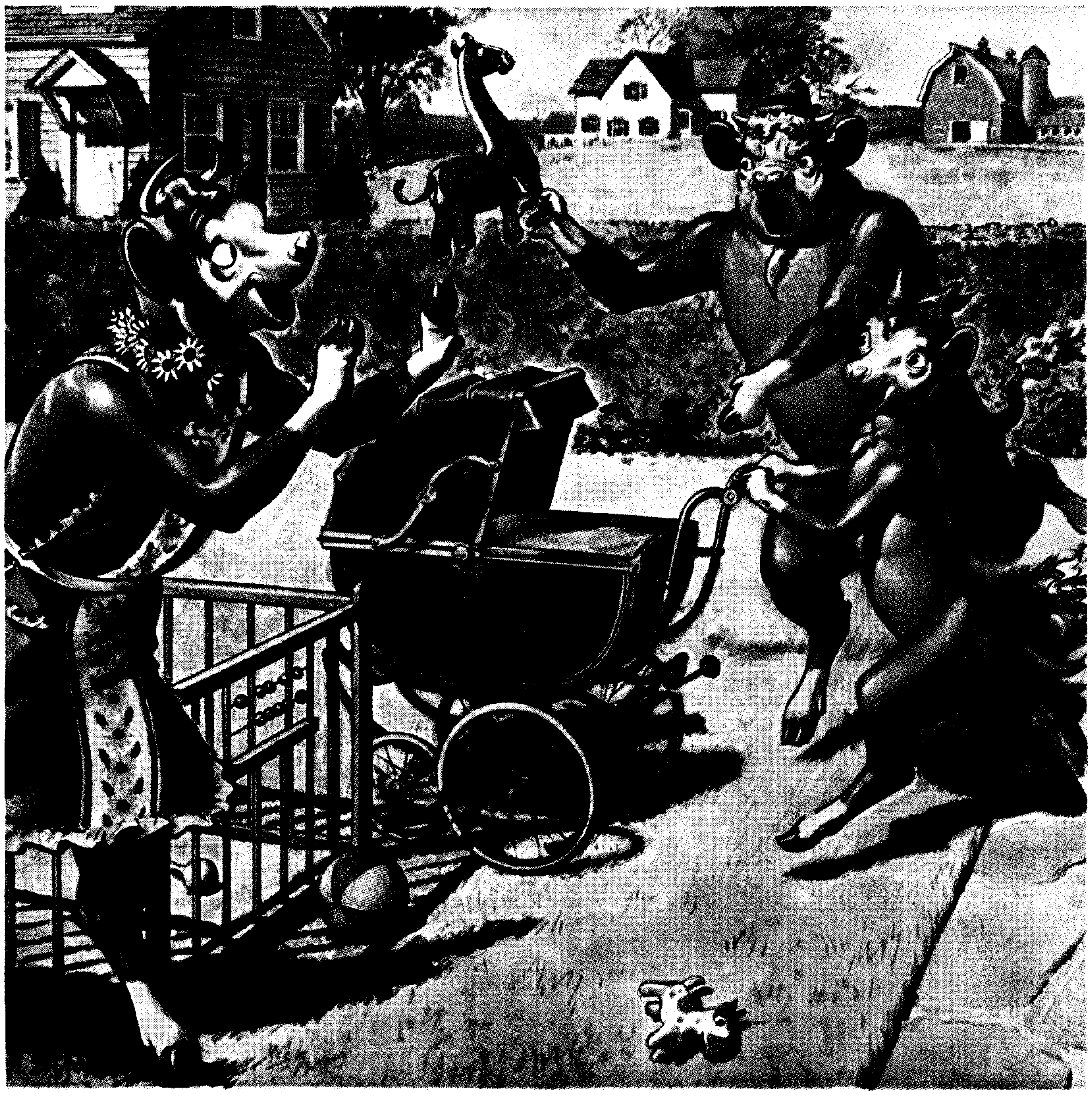
After a while Mr. Omar came along running in his pajamas and when he found out I was not hurt he was a very white guy and said to skip it which is more than I can say for some people when you do a little damage to a car. So I dug out the pincers from under the lemons and we shook hands and here they are.

I am now going home and tell my wife



COLLIER'S "Yeah? Step outside and say that!" HANK KETCHAM

"Don't explode, dear—it isn't ours!" laughed Elsie



"WHAT IN thunderation is going on around here?" bellowed Elmer, the bull. "Toys all over the blooming place! And *what's* that in the buggy Beulah's dragging over my new lawn?"

"It's a darling little baby, dear," answered Elsie, the Borden Cow, "and it belongs to the folks upstairs."

"What folks?" demanded Elmer. "Up what stairs?"

"Oh, very nice young folks," answered Elsie brightly, "up *our* stairs. You see, they couldn't find a place to live, and we have more room than we need, so—"

BABIES THRIVE ON BORDEN'S EVAPORATED MILK

Borden's
MILK

"So, little Mrs. Fix-it-all jumped at the chance to get herself a brand new audience for her Borden lectures," sneered Elmer.

"Not at all, dear," smiled Elsie. "The young woman upstairs knows all about Borden's fine foods. She's bringing up her baby on *Borden's Evaporated Milk.* And *is* he thriving!"

"Quit stalling, woman!" boomed Elmer. "And tell me just *why* you rented part of a man's castle from under him?"

"Why, angel," said Elsie, wide-eyed, "to help the housing situation. The government tells us that if everybody tries to buy or build houses at the same time, prices are bound to go up."

"If the government's so doggoned smart," argued Elmer, "why didn't they build houses for the fellows *before* they came home?"

BORDEN'S FINE CHEESES PROVIDE COMPLETE-PROTEIN NOURISHMENT

Borden's
CREAM CHEESE

"Because, dear," explained Elsie, "building materials were needed for war. If you'll think back a short time, you'll recall all kinds of shortages, including some of America's favorite foods like *Borden's Fine Cheeses.* Which reminds me, I must tell our new tenant about Borden's creamiest of cream cheeses. It comes in a special tight-sealed wrapper that protects its freshness!"

"Yap! Yap! Yap!" groaned Elmer. "Woman, you wear a person down till he hasn't an ounce of pep left to defend himself."

"If it's pep you're after," suggested Elsie, "you'll get a delightful *lift* from a glass of delicious *milk-chocolaty Hemo.* It's *loaded* with vitamins and minerals."

GET YOUR VITAMINS IN MILK-CHOCOLATE HEMO

Borden
Hemo

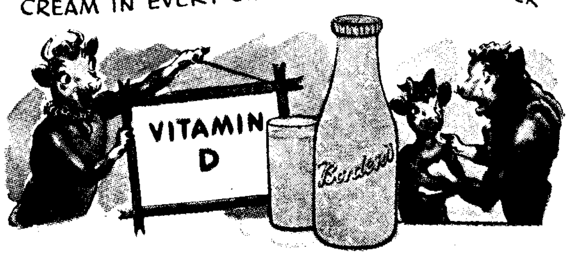
"Stow the vitamin palaver," commanded Elmer, "and tell me just how long these upstairs folks are going to clutter up the house."

"Why, dear," said Elsie, "I hope they stay until they find the right house. And *when* they do find it, I want them to take time to get expert advice on what shape it's in and how much it's worth before they invest their savings. That's smart, isn't it?"

BORDEN'S ICE CREAM IS A DELICIOUS PICK-ME-UP

"Ye-es," conceded Elmer, "but I still say you might consult the master of the house before you do things. I don't like surprises."

"But, angel," protested Elsie, "everybody likes surprises. And if you doubt it, just surprise your friends with big dishes of dreamy, creamy *Borden's Ice Cream.* Grandest treat ever met up with a spoon. *And* mighty nourishing."



CREAM IN EVERY SIP OF HOMOGENIZED MILK

"Aw!" snorted Elmer, "nobody cares about nourishment if the taste is right."

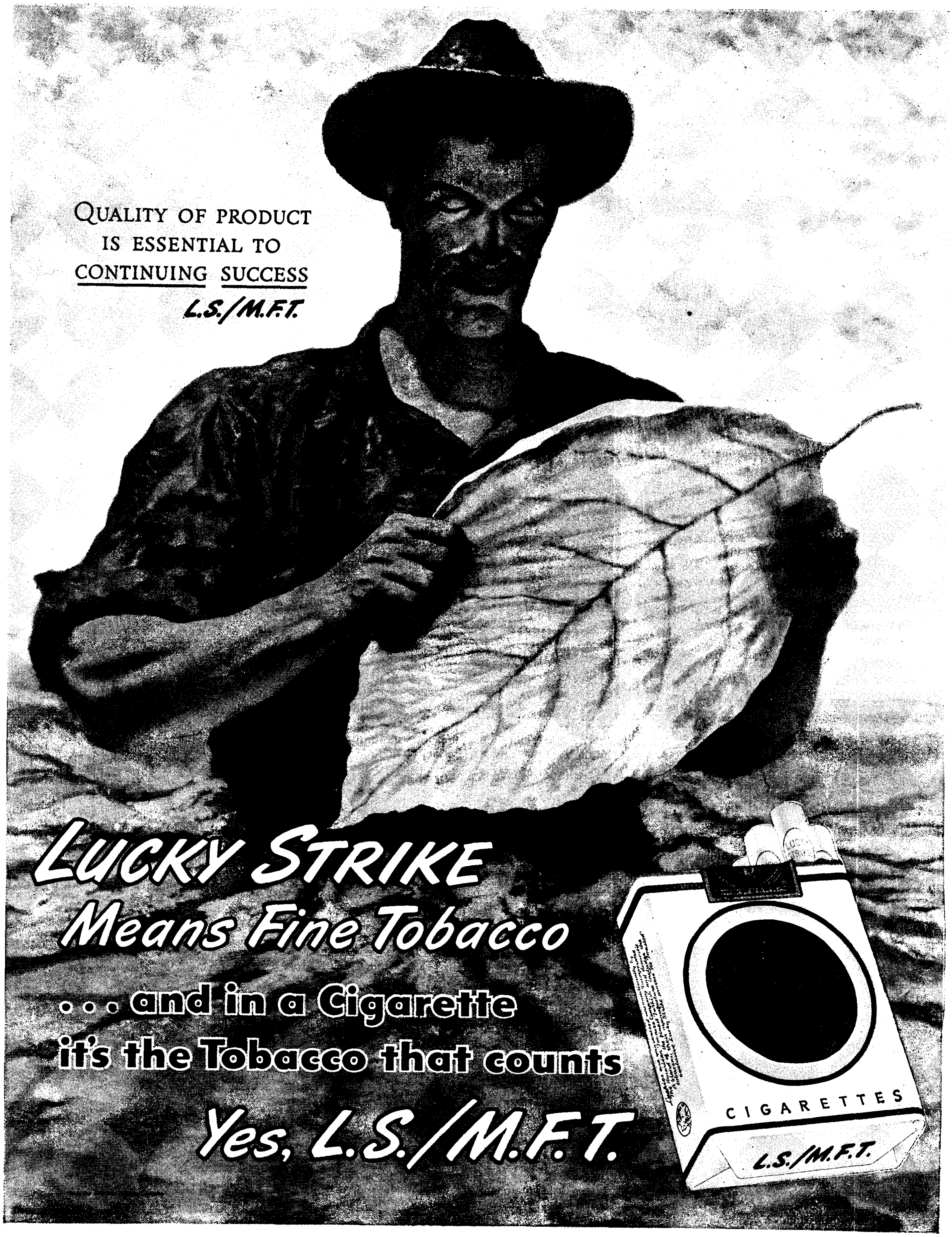
"But *everybody* will eat more nourishing foods if they taste good," countered Elsie. "That's why young folks, and old folks, too, *love* to drink our grand *Borden's Homogenized Milk.* It's got lovely cream in every sip. And vitamin D to boot! Like all Borden's—"

"*Please,* Elsie!" begged Elmer. "Let's stop just one conversation without your saying *if it's Borden's, it's GOT to be good!*"

"Certainly, dear," laughed Elsie. "You say it so much louder—and funnier!"

– if it's Borden's,
it's got to be good!
FOR RENT
APP

© The Borden Company


QUALITY OF PRODUCT
IS ESSENTIAL TO
CONTINUING SUCCESS
L.S./M.F.T.
LUCKY STRIKE
Means Fine Tobacco
. . . and in a Cigarette
it's the Tobacco that counts
Yes, L.S./M.F.T.
CIGARETTES
L.S./M.F.T.

we are going back to Brooklyn which will be hard as she will not let me in the house to talk to her any more. I will come in tomorrow A. M. for my pay.

J. McGettrick.

P. S. I have not heard any more of that guy from Anzio with the truck. I guess you had better take the thirty gallons out of my pay maybe.

Joe.

Dear Friend Joe:

I thought I would see you when you came in this A. M., but some things have come up and I am going home for the day. You will not find your pay with this note, as you will stay on and get your pay every Saturday from now on. This is an order.

My Hedgely customer called up this morning and I am not going to have to take the body off to get his battery out after all. The body is already off. If I was not as dumb as you are, I would have known he is the same joe you keep calling Mr. Omar. His right name is Murdock and it is his Hedgely you cracked up in the lemons. Furthermore, you told him I was at Anzio and he wants me to do the repair job, and from the way he describes it it is going to run into a nice piece of change.

Also a guy in a truck drove in and it is your other friend from Anzio. He has been up to Salinas and met some big lettuce grower and this joe has given him a contract to haul all his lettuce to market. Also he has put up the jack to buy your friend a fleet of trucks and he has made a deal to buy all his gas here. This is going to run into a couple of hundred a week, but don't think you had anything to do with it. I am the guy that got his name on the dotted line. I will say he is quite a guy. He had a bottle with him and we had a reunion and that is why I am going home.

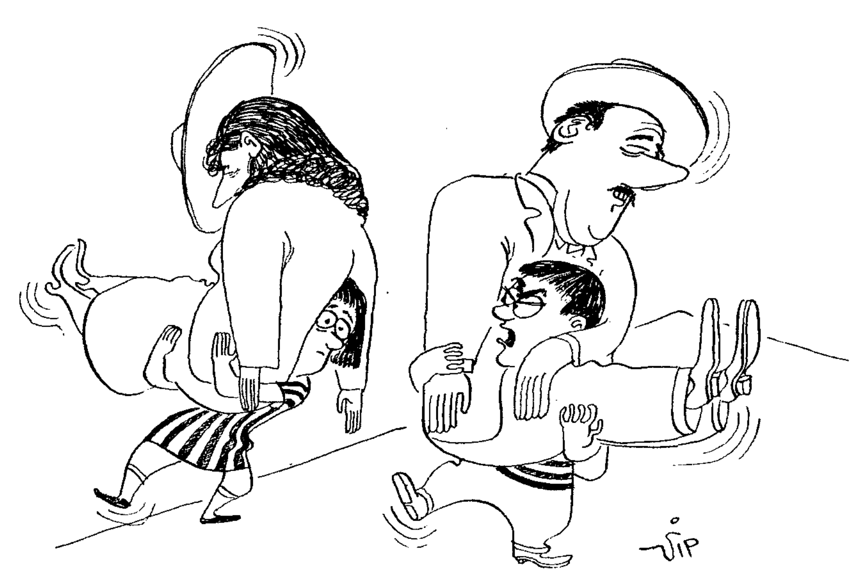
That leaves just one thing I want to take up with you. Any guy that would leave a pair of pincers all mucked up with lemon juice ought to be liquidated. When you come to work tonight, get some gas and clean them up or I will come down there and beat your brains out one by one.

Fred Updike, Prop.

P. S. I called up your wife and gave her a verification on your story. She is still sore, but I think some flowers will fix it. Take what you need out of the till. Us guys from Anzio have got to stick together.

Fred.

THE END



COLLIER'S "This is the last time we take them to a late movie" VIRGIL PARTCH

The Week's Mail

Continued from page 8

DEAR EDITOR: In a letter in your July 20th issue, S. W. Adams says, "The way to handle Junior is to make him work and beat the tar out of him when he raises Cain." I think the world will get more work and less Cain out of Junior if he is reared in an atmosphere of honesty, sincerity, tolerance, trust and love.

JOAN BERRELL

Vancouver, B. C.

DEAR EDITOR: Lately, several of your readers have referred to the length of time they have been reading Collier's. I began in 1892, and have missed only a few issues since. You have erred occasionally, during that 54-year period.

R. C. BUCHANAN

St. Louis, Mo.

In 1892 what is now Collier's was Once A Week. The name was changed in 1898.

DEAR EDITOR: I have enjoyed your articles on Henry Kaiser. As electrical expediter for the Fontana steel mill, I was sent from Oakland, California, to Pittsburgh in 1942. The mere mention of Mr. Kaiser's name among production workers seemed to spur them to greater efforts. When you painted the words, Kaiser Job, on a piece of equipment, the boys did a little better. . . .

H. D. DEARDORF

East Pittsburgh, Pa.

DEAR EDITOR: In your The Week's Mail, issue of July 13th, Ruth Gift of Kneeland, California, said that Chester Bowles had too much power and that she didn't believe he did a good job of price control. Now, I would like to see this lady's purse and bank account if there had been no OPA and no Chester Bowles!

GENE HARRIS

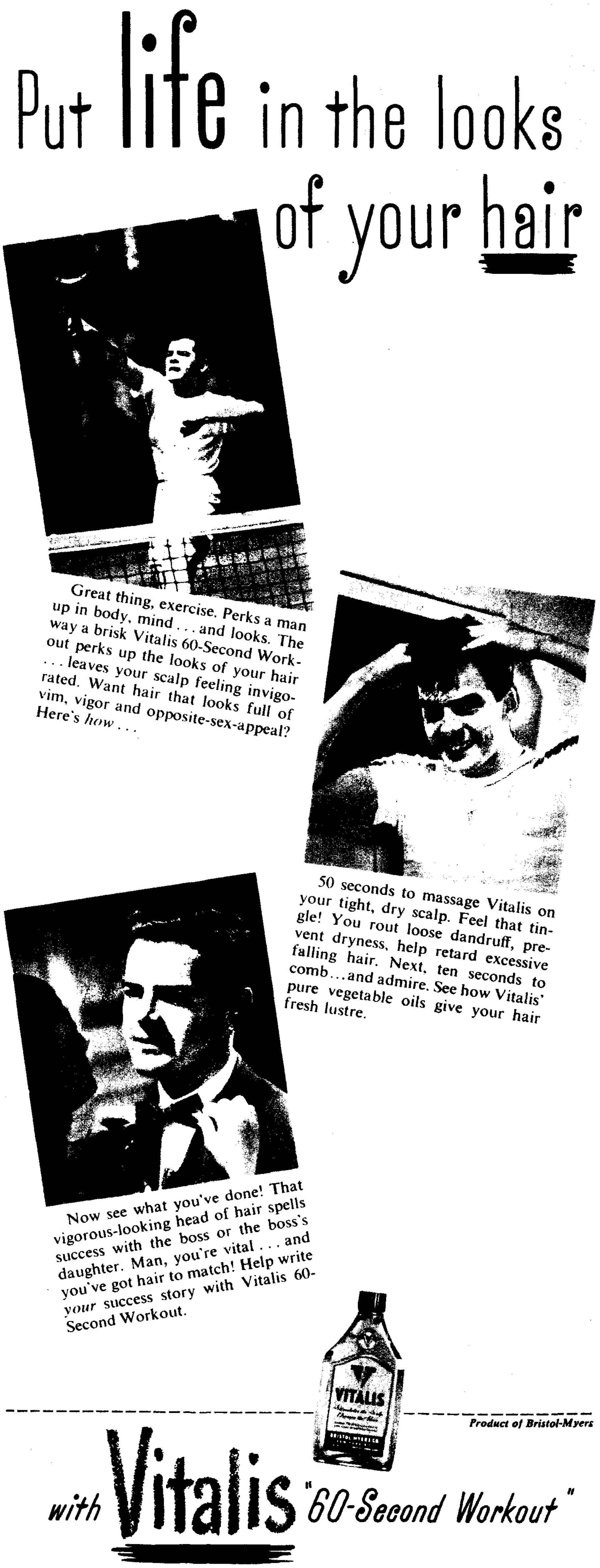
Montgomery, Ala.

DEAR EDITOR: In his article, Cheesecake At the Ball Park, Mr. Stanley Frank slurs women who go to ball games.

Maybe the women in New York cheer any and everything on Ladies' Day, but here in Boston, the Ladies' Day women most certainly do not—often they know more about what's going on than the men do. Mr. Frank seems to think that all female fans are morons. They're not!

TED WILLIAMS

Boston, Mass.



Put life in the looks of your hair

Great thing, exercise. Perks a man up in body, mind . . . and looks. The way a brisk Vitalis 60-Second Workout perks up the looks of your hair . . . leaves your scalp feeling invigorated. Want hair that looks full of vim, vigor and opposite-sex-appeal? Here's *how* . . .

50 seconds to massage Vitalis on your tight, dry scalp. Feel that tingle! You rout loose dandruff, prevent dryness, help retard excessive falling hair. Next, ten seconds to comb . . . and admire. See how Vitalis' pure vegetable oils give your hair fresh lustre.

Now see what you've done! That vigorous-looking head of hair spells success with the boss or the boss's daughter. Man, you're vital . . . and you've got hair to match! Help write *your* success story with Vitalis 60-Second Workout.

Product of Bristol-Myers

with Vitalis "60-Second Workout"

The Love Story of Catherine Hayes

BY WILLIAM A. KRAUSS

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN HOLMGREN

I KNEW the three youngsters who had, each in his separate year, meant a great deal to her.

She came back to Cuba five years ago, in '41, when she was twenty. She had been born in Cuba, in the hot, bright little sugar town of Ciego, where her father managed the Lejos *central;* but her family had packed her off to school in the States when she was a stringy kid of ten. She spent her summers on Cape Cod or in the North Carolina mountains, her Christmases with one of her father's five sisters. She made her debut in Philadelphia, modestly, under the wing of a Main Line aunt. She was graduated from college—and she came home to Cuba.

There were half a dozen American families in Ciego, all involved in sugar making, but my wife said when Catherine Hayes came back, "She'll be lonely. There's no one anywhere near her age for her to run with. We're all either too immensely old—from her point of view—or too young." It looked like a pretty lonely prospect for Cathie.

She was a tall girl, warmly and softly molded, with good hands and bright brown hair. She swam well, rode expertly; her mind was as active as her smile, and she had a large capacity to nourish and sustain herself from within. She was, I think, vibrantly excited by her return to Cuba, by the strangeness and beauty of the white-walled old town. Loneliness had not yet penetrated her when, abruptly, our airfield was dumped in our laps.

The field, three miles outside Ciego, was ostensibly the project of a Cuban airline; actually, U.S. Army engineers arrived in our midst in impressive numbers one hot morning in what passes for autumn in Cuba, and proceeded to lay out the field and stack up buildings at a breathless pace. That was in late '41. That was when Eddie Joyce came.

Eddie Joyce was a Hollywood producer's notion of a brash Army kid with wings. He was lovable, all right; and he flew, as they said then, hot. Twenty-one or -two, unruly golden hair, a grin that warmed you. He'd been assigned to the Ciego field to assist in training Cuban army pilots. Most of the Americans on the sugar estates had him in for dinner, and, of course, he met Catherine Hayes.

My wife said to me, "Golly! Young love! Isn't it sweet? I don't think I can stand it!" It was sweet, no doubt about that—tender and wide-eyed. Cathie and Eddie Joyce clicked instantly, like flint and steel, and the sparks got in the eyes of every American wife in the community. The romance was very plainly headed (I'd have said) for deep, enduring seriousness. Then it was Sunday afternoon, December 7, 1941. . . .

A week later Lieutenant Joyce had orders which, we were told, meant the Pacific. He came round to say *hasta luego* to all of us. He drove Cathie back to the field with him, kissed her once, hard, and went away fast. She stood on the strip until he was altogether gone from sight. I saw the pale startled look in her eyes, and I told myself I knew how she felt—but I don't believe I did. . . .

In August of 1942, Lieutenant John Campbell was, with a flock of others, assigned to Ciego to fly submarine patrol. It was dirty, dangerous work, with inadequate equipment. Johnny Campbell, a stocky, quiet boy, Vermonter, three years of Harvard behind him when he'd joined up, was the precise opposite of Eddie Joyce—reserved, thoughtful, careful. And perhaps it was this contrast that drew Catherine Hayes to him. Because when he fell in love with her (you could recognize it a block away) she came out of her shell, and after a while began laughing again.

My wife woke me up one night out of sound sleep and said, "I wonder if he'll marry Cathie before he's transferred. If he gets an assignment in the States she could go with him—"

"Sure," I said. "Only why don't you let *them* work it out? Go to sleep."

Johnny Campbell's orders arrived in the second week of November, with an inside tip that he'd be in North Africa before he was many days older. My wife and I went down to the field to see him off for Puerto Rico. Cathie had come out in her father's car, alone. We expected her to be pretty disturbed, the way anybody would be at this kind of leave-taking—but she seemed not to be. Except that, to me, her face looked brittle, almost hard. She stood with her back straight and her hands firm at her sides. Johnny talked with her quietly for a few minutes, beyond our hearing, then patted her shoulder with his big hand, bent to kiss her cheek, and got in the ATC plane without looking back.

Then all of a sudden the girl was crying, wet and hard and completely, like a baby does. But only for a minute.

AT THIS point it appeared to me that Hayes would be well advised to send Cathie off to the States, maybe to get a job or something. But he didn't, and in January of '43 Tim Beecher turned up at Ciego to operate a desk in the control room, wearing new captain's bars and a faraway look. We were told he'd been to remote places, flying fighters. He never said much. We gathered he'd been hurt rather badly by things he'd seen. He was all alone, really alone (I mean that in a roomful of people he was nakedly alone), until Catherine took hold of him.

She made him fall in love with her. With all the old art of womankind, she drew him to herself. I've never known anything more deliberate.

This is the rebound, I told myself, with a world of sympathy for Cathie; *she's been hurt, too, and badly, and she can't help what she's doing. But it's sort of a dirty trick on the Beecher kid—because she's not thinking of him, not seeing him at all. She's thinking of Eddie Joyce, and maybe a little of Johnny Campbell. But she's not actually aware Tim Beecher's alive. He's a symbol—*

I watched them swimming on Sunday afternoons in the Hayes' tiled pool under the high palms; and I met them riding hell-for-leather down the white coral roads, the laughter surging from their throats. One day I noticed that the flat, distant gaze was gone from Tim Beecher's eyes.

Inevitably, after a while his orders came too. I'd liked him a whole lot—big guy homely as a woolly dog and twice as appealing—so of course I was at the field to give him *adiós* the morning he shoved off for wherever he was going. Cathie stood beside him with her hand tight in his, and his eyes were on her face, and I saw what I hadn't see before—that her own eyes were shining as though they'd been lacquered.

They weren't aware of me at all. "I love you, Cathie," Tim said; and she said, soft, "I know you do. I'm glad."

"I'll be back," he said. "I've got a horseshoe around my neck, I'll be back. I want you to tell me you'll be here, Cathie."

"I'll be here," Cathie said, hardly above a whisper.

Then he was gone in a roar of engines, and Cathie took my arm silently and we walked toward our cars. At the edge of the field she stopped and looked up at me. "Did I do right?" she said.

"I don't know what you mean."

"That isn't true," she said. Her voice lifted. "You do know. Father didn't see, none of the others saw, but you saw. I wanted to help him. You know that I did it deliberately, that I don't love him—"

"No, Cathie," I said. "It started like that. But it isn't like that now." . . .

A couple of weeks later Cathie went up to Havana and took a job as stenographer in the American Embassy. About once every two months she came home to Ciego for a week end, and several times she showed me newsy, affectionate letters from Johnny Campbell and Tim Beecher. I got the impression there'd never been a letter from Eddie Joyce—

When the war ended, Cathie resigned and returned to Ciego.

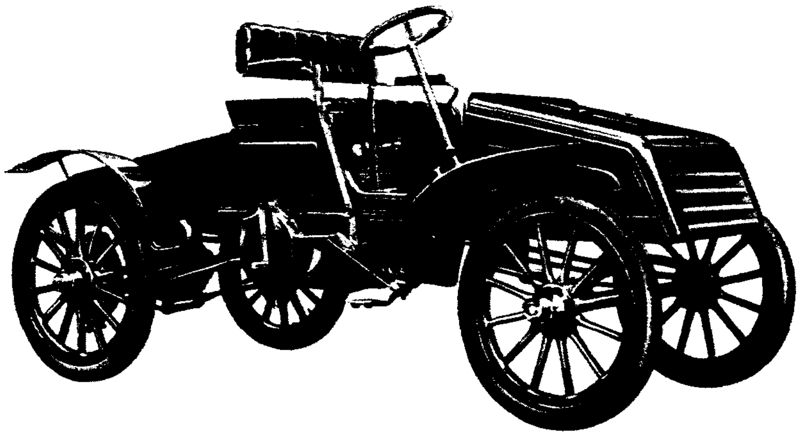
She told me, one afternoon at her pool, that Tim Beecher was out of the Army and working in an airline office in San Francisco. I asked about Johnny Campbell. He was back in the States too, finishing up at Harvard. He was, Cathie said, engaged to a girl in England.

She said nothing about Eddie Joyce. Probably there wasn't any word of him.

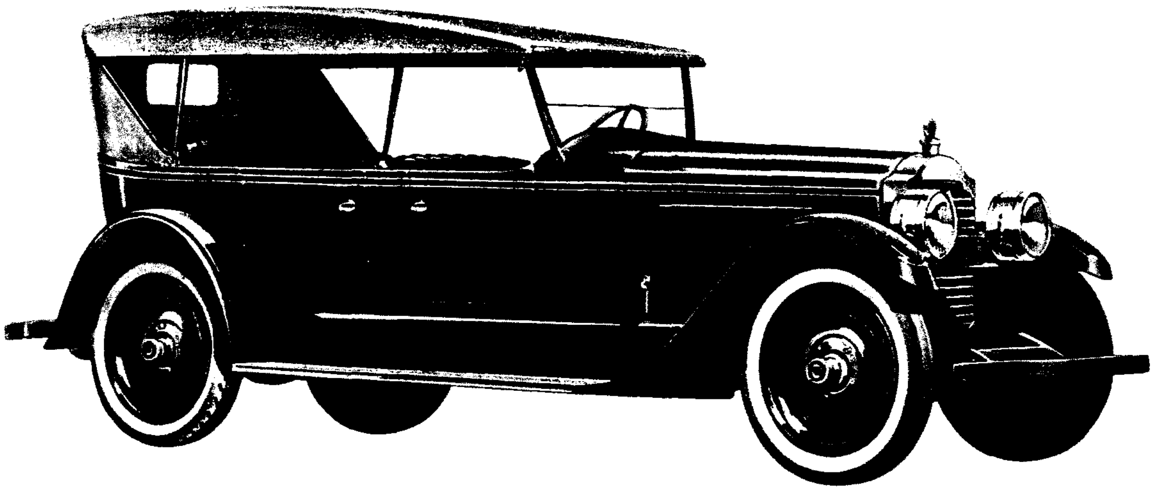
EARLY in April this year Cathie married a sugar chemist named Charles Ulrich, an industrious, pleasant-faced fellow, about forty, who came to Ciego from New Orleans in '44 to work at the Boca mill. She expects a baby next February. She is, I think, wonderfully happy. I was best man at their wedding, and, along about the middle of the service, I found myself suddenly understanding the deep, quiet happiness in Cathie's eyes. Ulrich adored her. Ulrich quite literally worshiped her. And, watching her, I realized that this time—for the first time—Cathie Hayes was receiving more than she gave.

Cathie waited until Eddie was altogether gone from sight. I thought I knew how she felt—but I don't believe I did

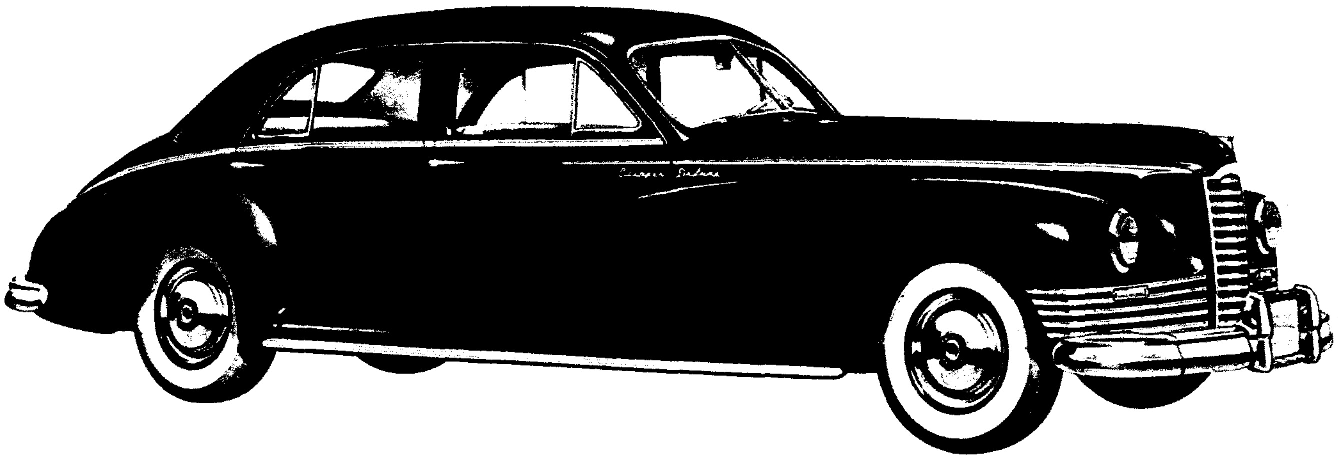
a short short story complete on this page



When the Packard company was 3 years old, a 1902 Packard, "Old Pacific," made its trail-blazing coast-to-coast run, and motorists began to "Ask the man who owns one."

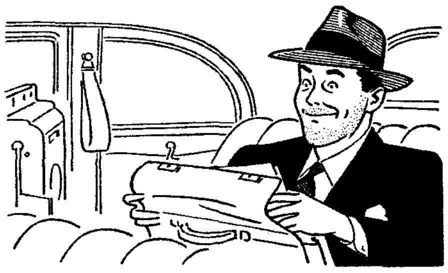


In 1923 when Packard brought out the first production car powered with a straight-eight engine, it had long since become an American habit to "Ask the man who owns one."



Today's stunning new Packard Clipper is the most recent and breath-taking reason why more and more people, year after year after year, have found it pays to "Ask the man who owns one."

WHEN YOU'RE ALL SET TO PUT OVER A BIG DEAL...



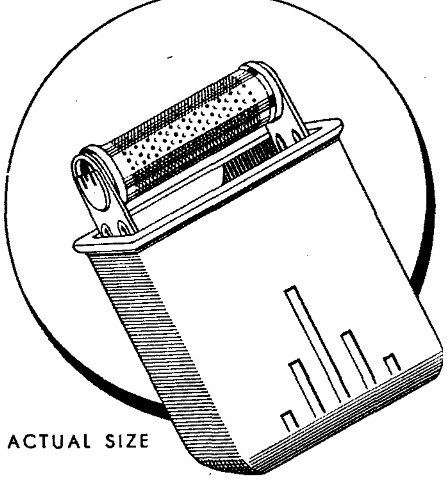
AND YOUR WHISKERS ARE SPROUTING LIKE CROCUSES IN APRIL....

DON'T GET THE BRUSH OFF...

BE SMOOTH—USE VESTPOK

VESTPOK*

dry shaver by WARD



ACTUAL SIZE

Vestpok dry-shaver is the greatest invention since the face! Small as a match folder, you can carry it in your vest pocket; keep it in your desk drawer; use it *any* time, *any* place for a quick, comfortable shave. Vestpok can't scrape, nick or burn. Needs:

- **NO ELECTRICITY**
- **NO SOAP OR WATER**
- **NO MIRROR**

Vestpok is priced to retail at $3.00, including 10 blades of the finest razor steel. If you can't find Vestpok, write us direct. We are working day and night to meet the enormous demand. If stores in your town do not yet have Vestpok, *please be patient*...we expect to supply them soon. Vestpok Division, Ward Machine Co., Inc., Brockton 64, Massachusetts.

*Reg. U.S. Pat. Off. Patented & Patents Applied For.

Bullies in the Balkans

Continued from page 19

I saw the wreckage in the hall and watched the attackers burn opposition papers in the street.

Two days later I visited the town of Rosiori-de-Vede, where I found that Russian soldiers had broken up a Peasant meeting by firing shots over the heads of the public and speakers. The Russian general called my report of this outrage an offense to the Red Army.

The intimidation that comes from such violence is increased by expropriation, extortion and economic pressure. Russia and Russia's agents take property in the form of war booty, upkeep of the Red Army, reparations, requisitioning and commercial profits.

Here are some of the forms of requisitioning that have come to my personal attention: Movie theaters are taken in Bulgaria and turned over to the local Communist organizations which from then on get all the profit. The owners are simply dispossessed. Coffee houses are taken to be used as centers for Communist youth societies. Printing offices are seized for the Communist press. Many of the best houses and stores throughout the Balkans are taken for Communist clubs or centers. One sees them in every city. In the villages they are called clubs of the Plowman's Front, but usually a red flag with hammer and sickle flies from their windows.

Many apartments are taken with everything in them, especially in Bulgaria. In such cases, the proprietor may be described as a Fascist or traitor or reactionary, but the accusation often follows the seizing of the desired dwelling.

Another practice in Bulgaria is forced party contributions, for which receipts are often given. I have seen some of them, bearing signatures and the party stamp. The sums are allegedly given for such noble purposes as a new swimming pool or a hospital which never materializes. For decades, revolutionists have taken such "contributions" in the Balkans, but rarely have contributors been visited by such powerful collectors as during the last two years.

Organized Extortion Rackets

In Rumania the contributions are taken more frequently as bribes. The system is so notorious that even governmental papers have mentioned it. Economic inspectors go from firm to firm, find or invent irregularities and threaten to have the inspected person arrested for "economic sabotage." In most cases arrest is averted by a bribe.

In other cases the goods are confiscated and taken to the police station where a part of them may be divided among friends. I learned of such instances from a Bucharest prosecuting attorney, who assured me it was a common practice. In the most famous case of this kind, the economic police arrested Bucharest's most popular maker "of elegant shoes," whose shop was on the main boulevard, Calea Victoriei, for sabotage. They also confiscated his goods. The court after a long trial acquitted the merchant. The Minister of Justice suspended the judges and prosecutor. The confiscated and distributed goods, of course, have not been given back. The merchant, Nelu Mihailescu, was still in jail when I was there.

The Russians themselves do not practice these meaner forms of expropriation, but they take much wealth out of southeast Europe, especially Rumania. No Rumanian contests that the Russians had a right to take German property as war booty, but many Rumanians complain the Russians have taken millions of dollars worth of property belonging to individual Rumanians. Most of Rumania's textile factories work on Russian cotton to make material for Russia. Many poorly clad Rumanians have given Premier Groza the nickname, "Petru Cotton."

Recently formed Russian-Rumanian stock companies, known as Sovroms, for oil, transportation, timber and banking, give Russia a hold on most of Rumania's chief sources of wealth. Rumanian economic specialists on the basis of figures which they say are official or semiofficial claim that by the beginning of January this year Russia had taken from Rumania goods worth more than twice the total sum of reparations, as stipulated in the armistice convention, namely $300,000,000. Naturally, a Rumanian government imposed by Russia cannot offer much resistance to Russian demands.

The People's courts in Rumania have been fairly free from criticism, but in Bulgaria they were a device for legalizing execution of many persons whom government supporters had already murdered. In accordance with the revolutionary law creating the People's courts, the judges chosen were persons who had personal griefs or grievances, such as the loss of relatives at the hands of Fascists. Also in many cases they were appointed by local self-created Fatherland Front committees.

One of the judges on the most important People's court in Sofia was the Communist sister of Communist Leader Dimitroff. Her name is Mrs. Stephan Baramova. In Bulgaria's political fights she had lost a son and brother. I am glad to say that in her particular case vengeance did not play a leading role. But there existed a general passion for vengeance in the first days after the war ended.

As the trials were going on in the various cities, "black widows," elderly women dressed in black, marched past the courtrooms shouting for vengeance. Long columns of workers and civil servants paraded up and down crying for death. I saw such Rumanian parades, both in the capital and in Transylvanian Cluj, crying for the death of Antonescu. Many participants both in Rumania and Bulgaria showed me written orders obliging them to demonstrate on pain of losing their jobs.

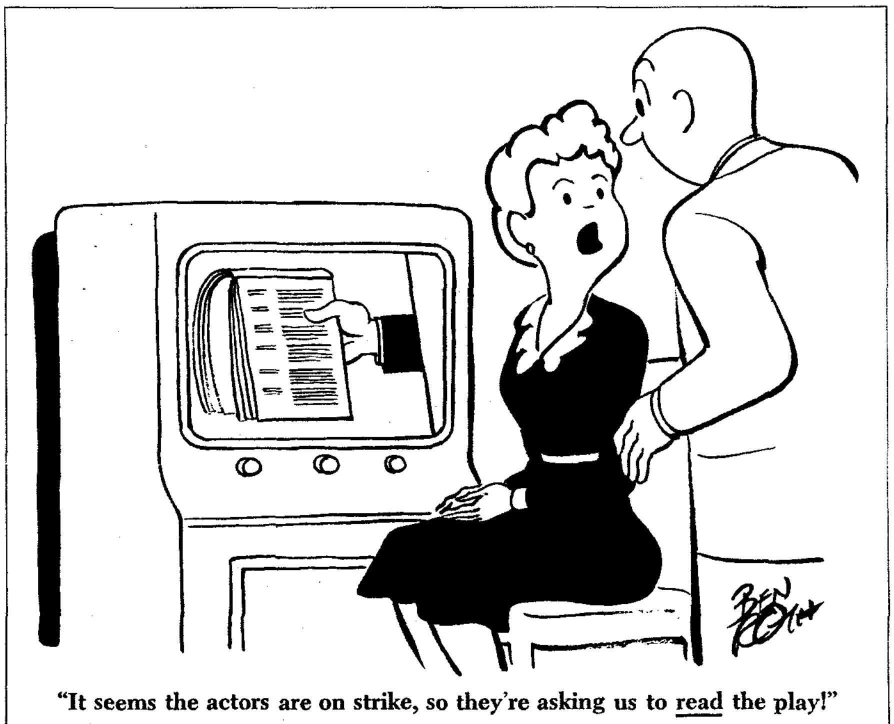
But the situation of ordinary jurisprudence is more vital than the activity of People's courts, which are temporary. Few judges dare pronounce sentences against Communists and most prosecutors refuse to oppose the orders of Communist leaders because their jobs are at stake. Sweeping purges in all the countries are taking place and any judge may be removed. In Rumania and Bulgaria most of the old Fascist laws are retained. Men and even women are constantly sent to prison in Bucharest on the basis of Dictator Antonescu's worst laws. And the Rumanian Ministers, themselves, can make any new law they wish.

The main Balkan army chiefs are Communists; some of those in Bulgaria came from the Red Army. Advancement is reserved for those who openly show they favor Communism. Political commissars teach Communism in the armies, and in Bulgaria their rank is equal to that of the other officers.

Indoctrination of Prisoners

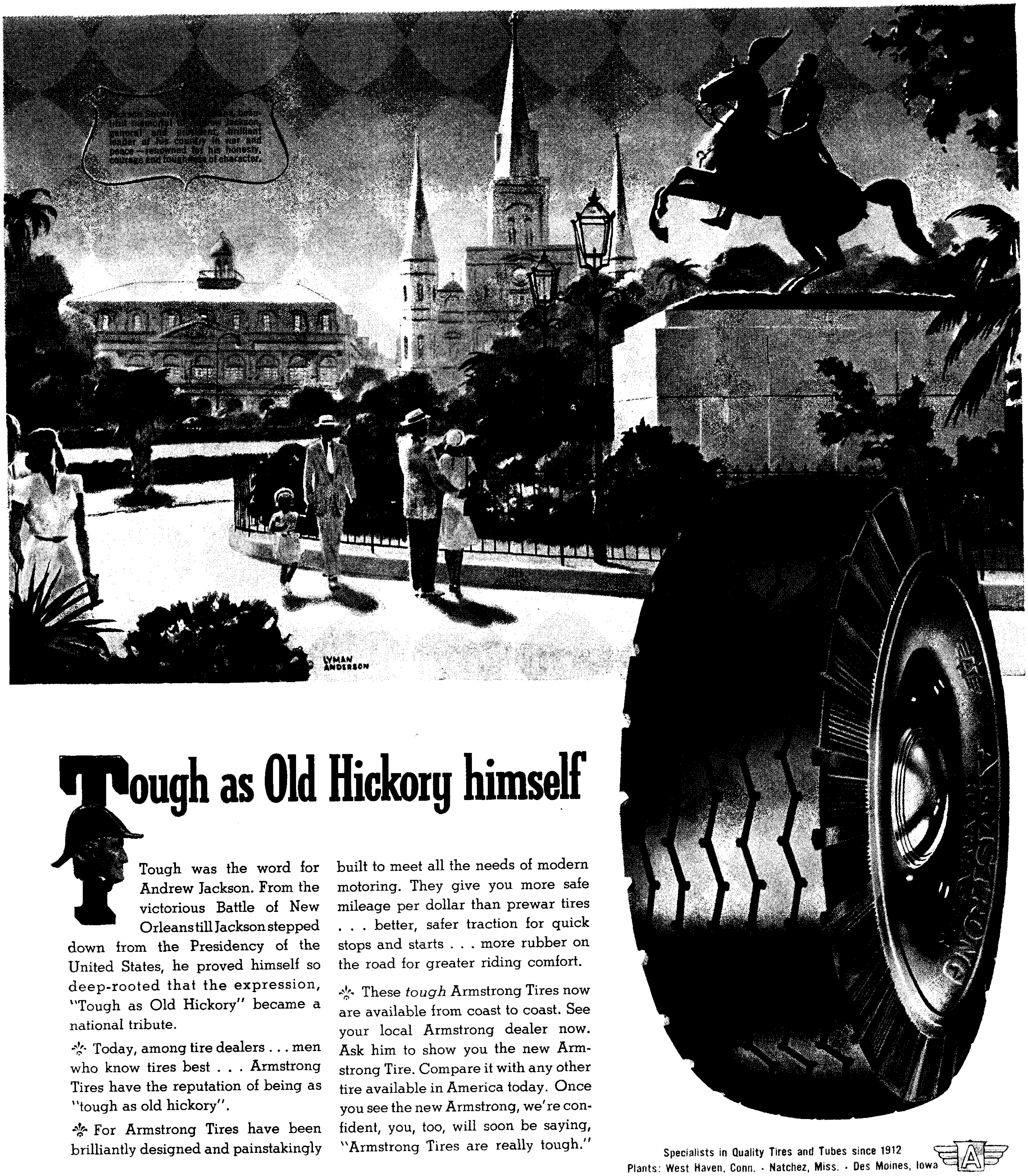
At least 6,000 Rumanian officers and probably not far from 180,000 men were still held early this summer in Russia as war prisoners. This is interesting because other soldier prisoners who came back shortly after Rumania joined the Allies have shown themselves the main support of the Groza government. They had been organized in a new Rumanian regiment bearing the name of a Rumanian revolutionist of a century ago, Tudor Vladimirescu, and were thoroughly indoctrinated by Russian Communists. In June of this year 500 other Rumanian officers were allowed to return. On reaching Rumanian soil, some of them, including their leader, made warm declarations in favor of the present regime.

Naturally, special attention is given to workers. Often painful attention, as in the case of Vasile Bleanca. During February, one of his friends secretly made contact with me and invited me to go to see him. I found Vasile lying abed with his head bandaged. There had been elections for the factory committee in Vasile's textile mill and Vasile had insisted upon secret voting, inviting all who agreed to gather on one side of the factory hall. Most of the workers did, for they too were against open voting accompanied by terror. The Communist minority forced the postponement of elections. That evening,



"It seems the actors are on strike, so they're asking us to read the play!"

COLLIER'S BEN ROTH



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Vasile was taken for a ride, shot and left on the roadside for dead. A Communist factory committee was imposed, and Vasile found himself jobless.

There aren't half a million industrial workers in all Rumania, and most of them oppose Groza's "labor" government, but the Communist minority is well organized.

The peasants of the Balkans are the most important element. They constitute from two thirds to three fourths of the population in each country and represent the principal bulwark of independence. The Soviets realize that they cannot break Balkan resistance until they subdue the villages, and that they are trying to do.

One device is land distribution. First, it weakens and threatens to extinguish the small groups of larger farmers who provided some countries with a fair proportion of their leaders. Much more important, the land for redistribution was confiscated outright. The conception of the inviolability of property was undermined.

The land was given out in a haphazard way. Groza confiscated property and used it to attract followers. A peasant stood a poor chance of receiving anything unless he joined Groza's Plowman's Front, whose membership soon jumped from a few thousand to a million and a half. But the peasants received inadequate amounts, under five acres each, with no machinery, stock or credit.

Also hundreds of thousands still remain without land, because there isn't enough to go around. The larger farms that were once well cultivated are now broken up into little pieces which are poorly cultivated; production has fallen and the peasantry as a whole is poorer than ever. No basic problem has been solved, peasant poverty remains, dissatisfaction mounts and eventually the autocratic leaders must resort to some drastic reform measure.

That has already begun in Bulgaria, where the Communists in many villages are gathering the peasants' fields into big "blocks," wiping out landmarks and obliterating all outward signs of private property. The peasants, while theoretical owners, are formed into work brigades, directed by brigade bosses. That will increase production, but it places each "peasant co-operator" at the mercy of the boss, who controls the machinery, the animals and the food. Many Bulgarian villagers complained to me bitterly about this.

In Rumania, Communist development has not yet reached the point of land collectivization, and Groza spends much time assuring Rumanians that they need not worry about such things. But the governments of eastern Europe are trying to destroy the genuine peasant parties. They've created a single anti-peasant front from the Baltic Sea to the borders of Greece and by arrests, beatings, economic discrimination, rigging of elections, suppression of a free peasant press, breaking up of meetings, creating phony peasant parties and smearing or eliminating real peasant leaders, are trying to sweep away the old peasant organizations.

Men in Bad Favor with Moscow

Practically the whole Rumanian nation admires and supports the president of the National-Peasant party, Juliu Maniu, one of the outstanding democrats in the Balkans. Yet it is he whom the eastern European Communists, in a chorus led from Moscow, attack most furiously, picturing him as a supreme Fascist enemy. And in Bulgaria most of the venom of the Communist-dominated government is directed against the head of the Peasant party, Nicholas Petkoff. In government parades, tanks went down Sofia's boulevards bearing signs "Death to Nicholas Petkoff." The other outstanding Bulgarian Peasant chief, Dr. G. M. Dimitroff (no relation to the Communist) was saved from death only by American intervention.

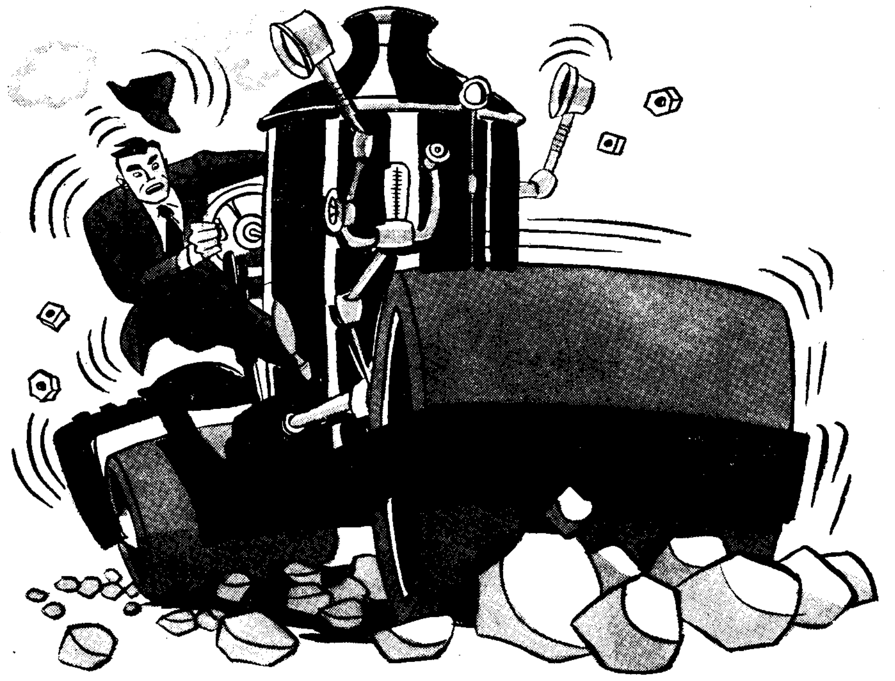
Rumanians who actively show their sympathy for America also are in danger. One, for example, who worked for the American Military Mission was kidnaped. The vice-president of a Rumanian-American Society in Cluj was arrested and held for more than a week without his family even knowing where he was. A rented Y.M.C.A. building, built with American money, was taken and work stopped.

The Russians recently refused to permit a leading American oilman and an American Y.W.C.A. secretary to enter Rumania, although one American secretary was permitted to visit Rumania during the winter. The Rumanian Adventists can't send delegates to visit Adventists in America. To prevent Rumanian help at the American Mission from being arrested, the Mission has kept them on extraterritorial property. In Sofia, for a time, some Bulgarians working for the American Mission were not given rationed products. They were told to get such things "from their Fascist friends."

THE END

Bill O'Malley

COLLIER'S "How's he getting along, Doctor?" BILL O'MALLEY



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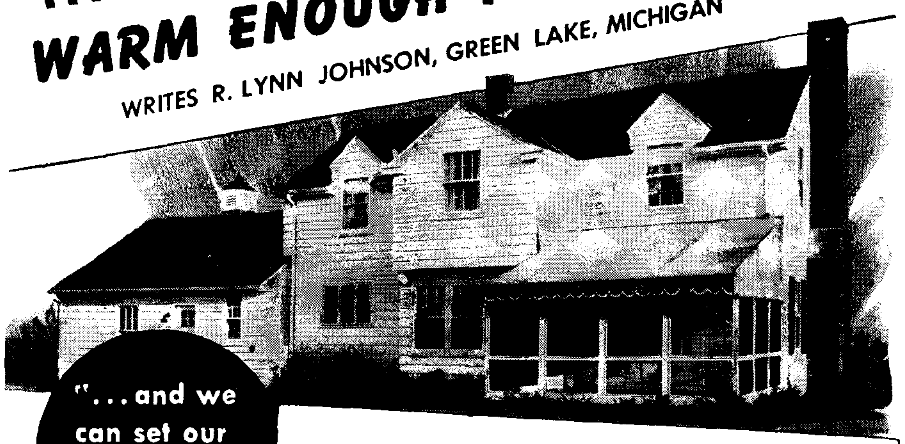

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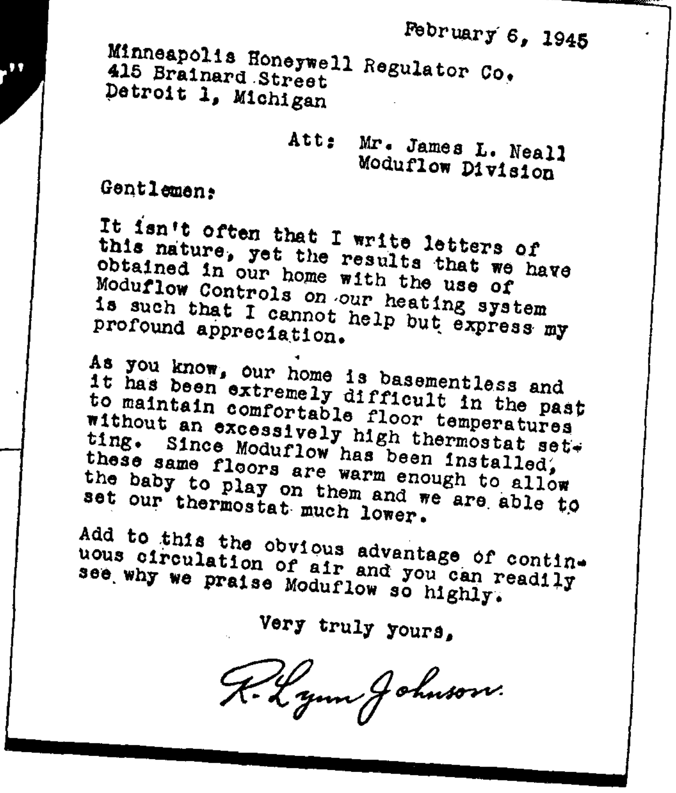

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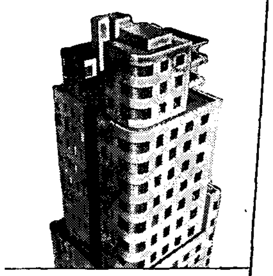

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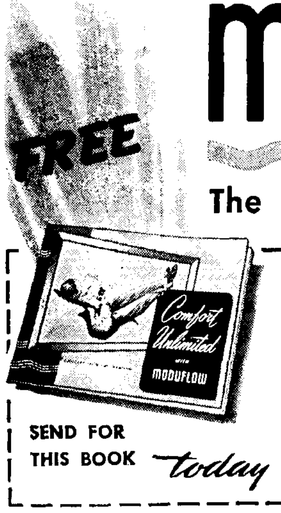

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Can You Coffeepot on Skates?

Continued from page 17

of a large apartment house and into the elevator. In a moment they stood in Clement Dorsey's library and Dorsey looked about her. She was astonished at what she saw. For some reason she had expected an atmosphere of serenity and solitude in this house of crucial illness, but there was no such atmosphere. The room milled with people, swarmed and surged with them. They sat and stood in couples and in groups, whispering and solemnly nodding their heads. As Dorsey entered the library with Professor Austin every face turned toward her, dozens of eyes rested on her, studying her curiously, expectantly. At first Dorsey thought these people must be doctors, but they couldn't *all* be doctors.

In a blurred instant, four familiar faces came to her out of the crowd, faces she could not help but recognize. They belonged respectively to a famous European refugee author, a United States senator, a celebrated lady political columnist and radio commentator, and a man who had given his name to an internationally studied philosophy of thought. There were other faces here and there in the room, which Dorsey knew, faces which any newspaper-reading American would know.

She heard Professor Austin's voice as though he spoke from inside a locked closet. "This young lady is Professor Dorsey's great-niece, Dorsey Mitchell," he said. "I think we had better forego more formal introductions for the time being." Everyone looked at her sympathetically. The famous refugee bowed. The lady journalist smiled encouragingly.

A man with a notebook and a pencil approached her, but Professor Austin frowned at him, muttered, "Later," and the man retreated. She saw that the white-clad figure of a nurse had appeared in the doorway. As if it were a signal, the professor took her by the arm, guided her across the library and along a hallway and then through a door where he gave her arm a little squeeze and left her alone. Dorsey saw that she stood in a half-darkened room. She looked about her uncertainly.

AT LAST she heard her name spoken quietly from out of the twilight. "I'm over here, Dorsey, by the window," the voice said. "I'm sorry it's so dark, but they make me keep it this way."

Dorsey moved toward the window and as her eyes grew accustomed to the gloom, she saw the old man half propped up in an enormous bed. He was smiling at her and beckoning with his hand. She was startled and saddened by the frail little man whose pathetic body barely disturbed the smoothness of the white coverlet. Only in the kind, keen eyes, burned low by sickness now, could she remember a man from long ago.

"Hello, Uncle Clem," she said. "I'm sorry you're sick."

He continued to smile at her, studying her eagerly. "You needn't be sorry, Dorsey. I don't mind . . . being sick." The phrase seemed to amuse him. "You were very kind to come. It's a long way, I know, but I wanted to see you a great deal. Won't you sit down?"

Dorsey drew a chair close to the bedside and sat down, returning the old man's smile. Her apprehension of her interview with her eminent relative, her trepidation over encountering the great folk in the library, was spilling out of her as effortlessly as water spills out of an overturned cup. It happened without her even knowing it was happening. It was Clement Dorsey's gift, an unconscious secret. He was so completely lacking in any kind of pretension, so imbued with a native graciousness that people felt at once that he was a simple man, and they were at ease with him. That they might know in their hearts that he was far from a simple man, as the word is commonly used, did not seem to matter. For this reason Clement Dorsey had no enemies, which is to say no one feared him.

"You're very like your mother, Dorsey," he said, when she had made herself comfortable. "Astonishingly like her. It's like seeing her all over again. That's what I'd hoped."

"You were fond of Mother, weren't you, Uncle Clem?"

He nodded. "Yes," he said, "yes. I was in that fortunate position of an uncle who can have all the pleasure of spoiling his sister's child without undertaking any of the pain of discipline. It's a fine way to have children. We used to play good games together." The old man paused for a moment, then added thoughtfully, "Of course, you know, Dorsey, this is all a lie. Your mother wasn't really spoiled in the least. I tried to spoil her but she had too much good sense to let me. Was I terribly selfish to make you travel so far just to look at you?"

"Oh, no, of course you weren't," she said.

"Anyway, Dorsey, it wasn't just to look at you and talk to you. . . . Well, yes, it was, but I have another excuse, not a very good one. I want to give you something, or 'leave' you something, as people say. Some money."

DORSEY looked embarrassed because talk of worldly possessions with those about to discard them is always embarrassing. It is instinctive, although senseless, to reject such conversations. "Oh, you mustn't do that!" Dorsey said.

He looked at her blankly. "Why not?"

"Well, I . . . you must have someone. . . . I mean, you mustn't . . ."

"Oh," said Professor Dorsey. "I thought for a minute you might have some real reason."

"Well, it doesn't seem . . ."

"No, Dorsey," he continued, and he seemed to be chuckling silently. "Money sounds valuable to you because there is presumably something you'd like to buy with it. Now, there isn't anything in the world I would like to buy, so you see it really isn't much of a gift coming from me. As some anonymous sage rather unnecessarily pointed out, 'You can't take it with you.' I knew a man once whose answer to that was, 'If I can't take it with me I won't go.' But he went anyhow, thereby denying himself the fun of giving something away and at the same time causing his heirs a frightful amount of trouble straightening out the mess."

Dorsey's voice sounded very little. "Well, if it would really make you feel better, Uncle Clem," she said. "I mean, thank you very much." She looked forlornly at the coverlet.

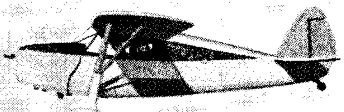
Instantly the old man's face was filled with concern. "My goodness!" he said. "I'm depressing you, aren't I? Forgive me, Dorsey. I don't see many young people and I'm afraid I'd forgotten how sad dying sounds to them. It was stupid of me. We won't talk about it any more. Would you like to play a game?"

"Yes, a word game." He leaned forward eagerly on his pillows. "I used to play word games with your mother when she was about your age. We had some fine games. Would you like to, Dorsey?"

Dorsey gestured vaguely toward the door. "But . . . but all those people," she said, "they're waiting to see you. They're here because . . . because you're sick. Aren't they?"

"I suppose they are," he said, and for the first time he seemed troubled. "But—how can I explain it to you?—they would all be solemn and profound and they would expect me to be solemn and

REPUBLIC SEABEE



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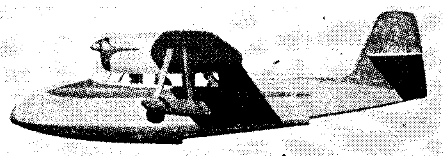
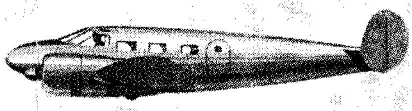


GRUMMAN WIDGEON

CULVER MODEL "V"

AERONCA CHAMPION



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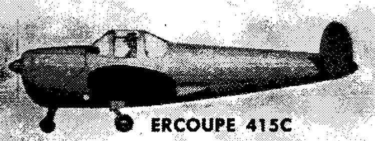
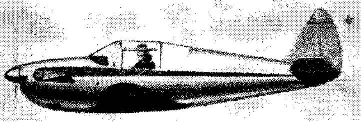
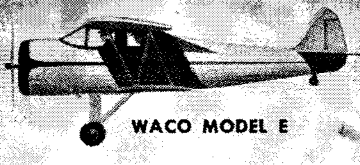


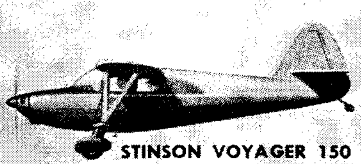
ERCOUPE 415C



GLOBE SWIFT



WACO MODEL E



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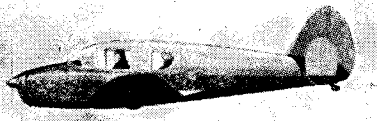
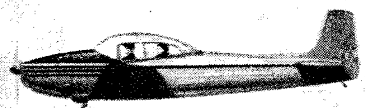


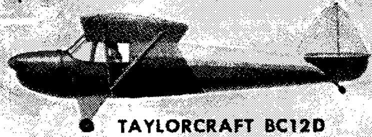
BELLANCA CRUISAIR SENIOR



NORTH AMERICAN NAVION

HOCKADAY COMET

LUSCOMBE SILVAIRE



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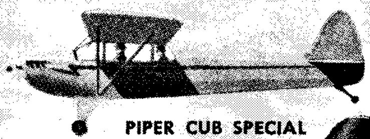

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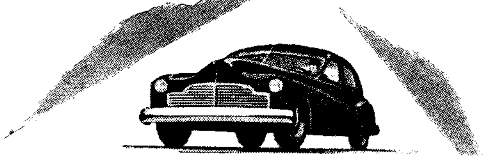

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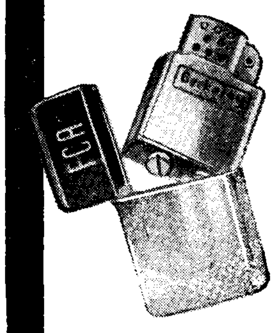

ASBESTOS WICK—lasts for years.

ONE-PIECE FLAME GUARD—nothing to break.

SECRET COMPARTMENT—holds extra flint.

DOUBLE-SEALED—DOUBLY PROTECTED—the inside mechanism is a complete lighter in itself—sealed at bottom, too, to prevent fluid evaporation.

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profound. Not that they're not all good people; some of them are even wise people. But, Dorsey, I'm tired. I've worked hard for a long time." He looked up at her almost wistfully. "Couldn't we play just one game?"

She drew her chair closer to the bed and leaned forward. "I'd like it," she said. "I just thought you wanted to see the other people."

"Fine!" He frowned in concentration. "What shall we play? Have you ever played Coffeepot?"

"I've played Teakettle."

He nodded professionally. "Just a corruption of the same game," he said. "You pick a verb and I'll ask you questions, only I say Coffeepot instead of the verb. Isn't that right?"

"Right."

"Good, go ahead. Tell me when you've got one."

Dorsey scowled and chewed her lip, trying to think of a transitive verb likely to stump a Nobel prize winner in a game of Coffeepot. Presently she came up with the infinitive "to dance," selected on the premise that dancing was probably a good deal closer to her own sphere of living than to her uncle's. "I've got one," she said.

Professor Dorsey touched the ends of his fingers together and studied them carefully. "Can both men and women Coffeepot?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Do you like to Coffeepot?"

"Oh, sure."

"Do I?"

Dorsey hesitated, thinking. "Well, I don't know," she said at last. "Yes, I guess you did . . . do. I should think you'd be the kind of man who would like Coffeepotting."

Professor Dorsey's eyes sparkled, and he smiled to himself. "The question was unfair; I withdraw it," he said. "Can you Coffeepot out of doors?"

"Well . . . you can, but that's not the best place for it."

"Oh, it isn't. Well, do you Coffeepot in church?"

"Oh, no."

"In bed?" Professor Dorsey asked.

Dorsey laughed delightedly. "Not only you don't, but you couldn't even if you tried."

He smiled back at her, watching her laughter, enjoying the game. His next question was a long time in coming and he spoke it slowly, spacing the words. "Can you," he asked, "Coffeepot . . . on skates?"

"Well, you *can*," Dorsey said thoughtfully, "but you have to be pretty good. Most people can't Coffeepot on skates, no." She waited for his next question, and after a moment, she said, "Go ahead, Uncle Clem. Ask me another."

He didn't answer, and looking closer, Dorsey saw that he lay easily back against his pillows, his eyes closed, an amused little smile on his lips.

"Uncle Clem," she said again, but even as she spoke she knew the little old man was dead.

SHE rose slowly from her chair and looked for a moment at the peaceful old face. Then she crossed the room and opened the door. The nurse, who must have been waiting just outside, slipped into the room. Dorsey crossed the hall and as she stood in the library doorway, there was no need for her to speak; from her face the others knew what had happened.

A doctor hurried past her; he returned in a moment and nodded his head solemnly.

A long time seemed to pass in a haze of inaction, and presently Dorsey became aware that everyone was looking at her, watching her, apparently waiting for her to speak. Then the famous refugee author and the senator advanced a step toward her.

"Tell us, my dear," said the author gently, "what were his final words? Did he speak just at the last?"

"Yes, we were talking," Dorsey said mechanically. "We were . . ." She broke off abruptly, seized with a wild, desperate panic. Across her mind had just flashed a gaudy warning signal. Only then did she remember the last words of the great man in the other room, the mighty thinker, the colossus of his world.

The words had been. "Can you Coffeepot on skates?"

Dorsey was horrified, tongue-tied. The eminent folk about her were listening, waiting in courteous silence to hear how Clement Dorsey had met death. But what did they expect to hear? Something pretty fine, certainly. Something more deeply profound, surely, more nobly inspired than the interrogation, "Can you Coffeepot on skates?" Dorsey could not, would not bring herself to utter the offensive words.

THE kind old man in the next room deserved something better. He had wanted to help her, had helped her by making easier the years ahead. Now she would help him.

A terrible calm came over her and she threw back her head as though she were about to address an assembly ten times the size of the one in the library. "He said," she began, and the room fell into an instant hush, "he said, 'The flaming torch of progress passes on to youth. It will, as always, be taken up courageously in strong, young hands and held high in the great march forward down the highway, proud and unafraid!' " Dorsey finished, swallowed hard and glanced about her apprehensively.

The room was deadly silent for what seemed ten minutes, then the illustrious philosopher addressed the senator, his face visibly affected by emotion. "We have lost a great heart," he said quietly. Several heads in the room nodded grave agreement, and the eyes of the lady journalist grew momentarily misty.

Suddenly, the man with the pad and pencil who had approached Dorsey earlier jammed on his hat and darted out of the room; four others darted after him, and the silent hush of the room was broken forever.

"Come with me, my dear," said a quiet voice at Dorsey's elbow, and when she turned around she was relieved to see that it was Professor Austin carrying his hat. . . .

Several hours later Dorsey rode again in the sky, heading westward. She was not on the plane she had hoped to be on; she knew that she would be too late to make the right connection with the plane for home; she would probably miss the commencement exercises at school now.

But looking at the late edition of the newspaper in her lap and reading over again the last words of the famous man who had died that day, it didn't seem to matter so much any more.

THE END

GREETINGS, LABOR DAY

Farewell to glistening beach and sea,
To juniper and cedar tree,
To bobwhite, whippoorwill and frog,
To dew and mildew, rain and fog.
Farewell to poison oak and skunks,
To stubborn stove and bathing trunks.
'Twas nice to come, but this I know—
It's simply heavenly to go.

—MARGARET FISHBACK

Hi, mommy...flying's fun!

Just look at that smile! Whether you're 6 or 60, on pleasure or business, it'll be fun to travel by Martin airliner! No crowds, no noise, no dirt . . . the big Martin transport will be air-conditioned, sound-proofed, clean as a whistle! And such a quick trip! No long, tiring hours wasted en route. With a young hostess to watch over her . . . a big, soft seat to curl up in . . . an individual reading light and full-view window . . . she'll be as snug and comfortable as in an armchair at home!

SO DEPENDABLE, TOO!

On new Martin airliners, radar "will see" through rain, snow, fog or darkness. Special heating units will melt ice before it can form on wings, tail or propeller. Two Pratt & Whitney engines will deliver nearly as much horsepower as all 4 engines of the Flying Fortress; on only one of these big power-plants, high-flying Martin airliners could soar a third of a mile above the nation's highest mountain. For speed, luxury and dependability, no plane of its type can surpass a Martin airliner!

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Builders of Dependable Aircraft Since 1909

Edmund B. Gregory ACME

CONGRESS
CAUSED THE SURPLUS MUDDLE

BY EDMUND B. GREGORY Lieutenant General, U.S.A. (Retired)

As told to Carey Longmire

The man who ran the biggest secondhand business in history strikes back at the Congressional critics—and places responsibility for the surplus property mix-up

IF YOU listen to the charges of certain senators and congressmen, you may get the notion that the sale of Uncle Sam's surplus war property is bogged down in fraud, inefficiency and red tape.

Senator Wiley, of Wisconsin, says that the handling of the surplus is more scandalous than Teapot Dome. One statement publicized by him gives the impression that the surplus sellers are pouring a hundred billion dollars worth of government assets down the sewer. The senator has his figures mixed. The highest estimate of the eventual surplus to be disposed of in America is 32 billions, although the amount declared to date is 18 billions. Even so, this represents a merchandizing job five times as big as Sears Roebuck, Montgomery Ward and Macy's rolled into one.

Senator Byrd, of Virginia, denounced the "scandal" in surplus property, and a newspaper in New York asserted that the sale of surplus war goods may end in "the most malodorous and shocking scandal in modern American history."

All this makes entertaining reading, but the charges bear little relation to the facts. Many congressmen know that the easiest way to get a headline is to denounce the "bureaucrats." The angry Congressional blasts, instead of aiding surplus disposal, are holding it up. This is a tragic development, since tools and goods left over from the war's colossal production are urgently needed for peacetime use.

From March 25th until July this year I was War Assets Administrator, in charge of surplus sales, which covers every kind of goods imaginable—from Flying Fortresses to ship anchors.

Despite the storms from Capitol Hill, the record has grown constantly better. In January, for instance, surplus disposals were $303,000,000, and by May the figure shot up to $808,000,000. It has improved since then. Excluding war planes which are worthless except for scrap, piled up by thousands on fields in Arkansas, Arizona and elsewhere, sales are bringing back to the Treasury almost 50 cents for every dollar of original cost.

The goods, nevertheless, ought to be moving far faster. If Congress really wants the surplus to be sold in a hurry, it has the power to achieve that goal simply by changing the Surplus Property Act. No administrator can produce a really efficient surplus sales program today, for three reasons:

1. The basic act governing surplus sales, as enacted by Congress in 1944 and later amended, ties the administrator's hands in a complicated maze of buying priorities, and forbids him to go ahead and dispose of the surplus speedily under the simple business method of first come, first served.

2. Thanks to the complication of the law, surplus bosses have changed every few months, with upsets in staff and policy. President Roosevelt, Bernard Baruch and others urged at the start the creation of a single over-all administrator. Congress refused. Instead, it set up a three-man surplus board, but the board had no real authority over a host of federal agencies which were supposed to do the actual selling—RFC, Department of Commerce, Department of Agriculture and others. This was nonsense. Finally President Truman tossed the whole setup out the window and created WAA in March on his own executive authority.

3. In place of encouraging daring means to sell the goods and put them quickly to use, the fear of Congressional tempers forces the surplus salesmen to go slow. The surplus administrator could get invaluable aid by enlisting the services of top-flight merchandising men. But when a $50,000-a-year man in private life knows that his only thanks for doing a patriotic duty will be a plague of criticism from Congressional baiters, he obviously refuses to come to Washington.

The law orders the surplus sellers to foster employment, assist veterans, aid family-type farming, develop foreign markets, discourage monopoly, help the small businessman, prevent excessive profits, avoid dislocation of the economy, obtain fair value and attain many other ends. One salesman irreverently commented:

"Why didn't they put in home, Mother and the flag?"

Under a recent amendment, veterans must have first chance at buying certain types of goods. Thus, all autos and light trucks are earmarked for veterans today. Then, in varying degrees of priority and preference, come federal, state and local governments, small business, farmers, schools, hospitals and other assorted buyers.

Something Lacking in the Law

Few of the buying priorities are strictly defined. Suppose that WAA has half a dozen bulldozers, declared surplus by the Army. That kind of heavy machinery is scarce today. Scores of small rural road districts vociferously demand the right to buy. Hundreds of war veterans, with equal fervor, demand the same equipment, so that they can go into the construction business. Who, under the law, is to get the bulldozers? No matter what WAA does, it is certain to be denounced by one side or the other.

Until May, under the law, the veterans had no absolute priority. A veteran could spend his money traveling to a sale of surplus trucks or cameras, only to find that federal, state and local government agencies bought up everything in sight—as they had the right to do, under the law. One sale of photographic equipment in Baltimore aroused a particular storm. Ex-G.I.s eager for cameras swarmed into Baltimore, but the Veterans Administration—which wanted cameras for its rehabilitation program in veterans' hospitals—bought most of the best equipment first.

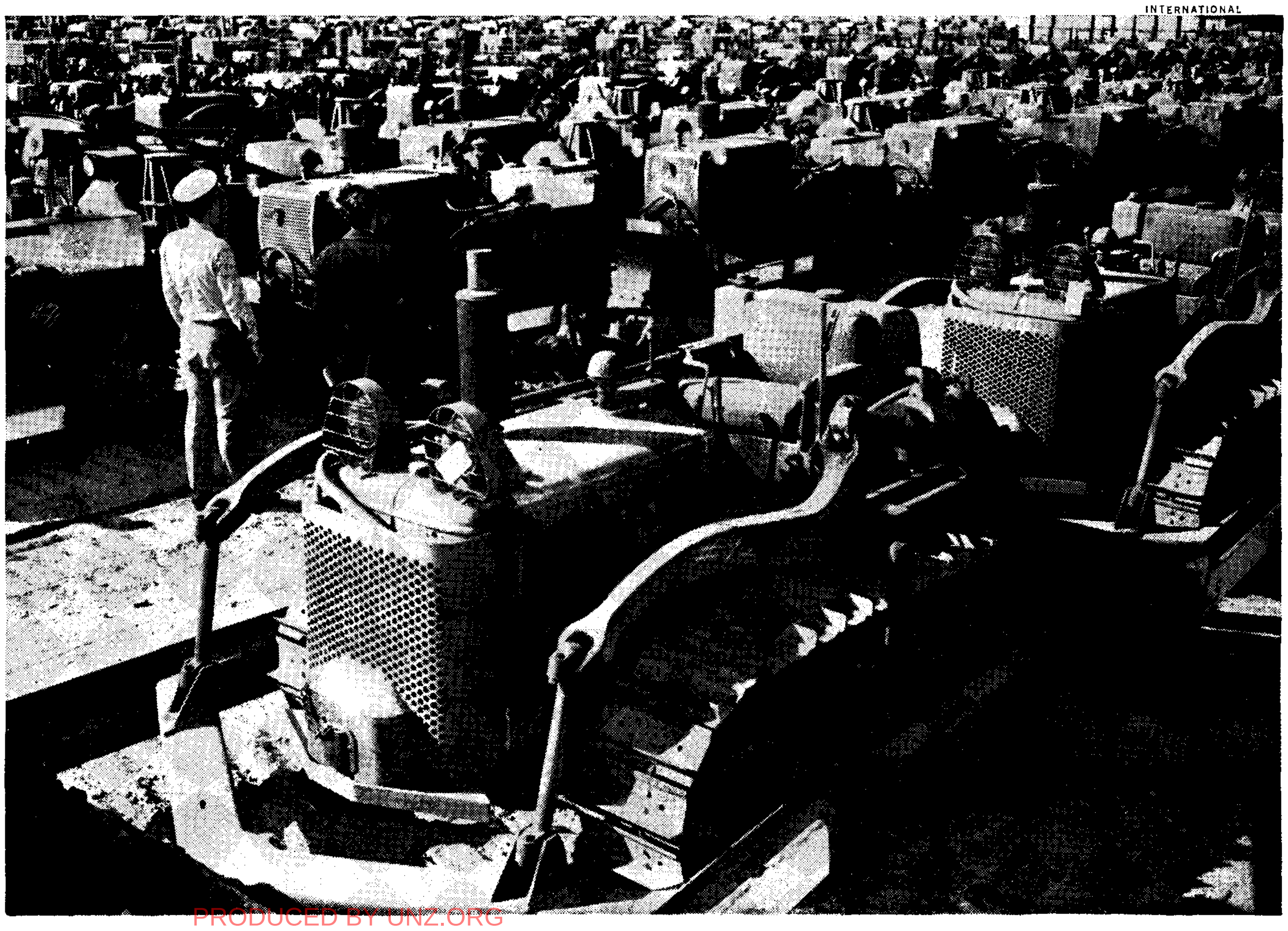
The angry cries from the veterans brought more denunciations from Congress, although WAA was simply obeying the law. When Congress amended the act, veterans finally received a top priority.

There still is a big catch to this veterans' preference. Hundreds of thousands of ex-soldiers want the same articles. There is not enough to go round. WAA at this moment, for instance, has 185,000 urgent requests from veterans for autos. Its entire stock of cars is only 3,500, many with wheels, carburetors or entire engines missing.

The Congressional hue and cry has given many veterans the mistaken idea that they automatically are to get trucks, tractors, toothbrushes or anything else they desire. Many have received the

Tanks and other leftover war supplies must be sold soon, says General Gregory, otherwise they may never be sold

INTERNATIONAL



The Paper Whitener...

that lifts the Shadow from the Printed Page

It's as simple as "A, B, See" that, when you make paper whiter, you make printing clearer.

That's why you'll be glad to know how the shadow of poor visibility is removed from the pages you read.

With the aid of titanium dioxide, a miracle pigment, paper can be made so white that the printed message literally stands out from the page and bids your eyes welcome.

The whitest white pigment ever commercially produced, its uses were pioneered by National Lead Company. Today, our brand is sold under the name "Titanox."

Hand in hand with its intense whiteness goes amazing opacity, or hiding power. Thus, a little "Titanox" in the paper goes a long way to prevent printing on the under side of the page from showing through. That's another reason why it's now used in so many magazine, book, bible, catalog and other printing papers.

And—in colorful packages, festive gift wrappings, gay social stationery, multi-hued wallpapers — "Titanox" heightens the eye appeal.

In fact, it's even used in the inks themselves — for example, to give brightness and life to light tints and pastel colors.

Nor are the benefits of "Titanox" confined to printing. It has become a standard ingredient in the paints you buy, being used in nearly every type of paint and enamel.

It also helps whiten, brighten and beautify leather products, rubber goods, textiles and plastics.

Although titanium pigments are still on allocation, technical advice on how they can serve you will be sent promptly. Please write, on your business letterhead, to National Lead Company, Titanium Division, 111 Broadway, New York 6, N.Y.

"Titanox" brightens your buying, too! *Eye appeal means buy appeal. Colorful packages smile at you from busy shelves and say at a glance, "Here is your favorite bread, breakfast food or toothpaste." Paper and inks are made brighter, more easily seen, with "Titanox."*

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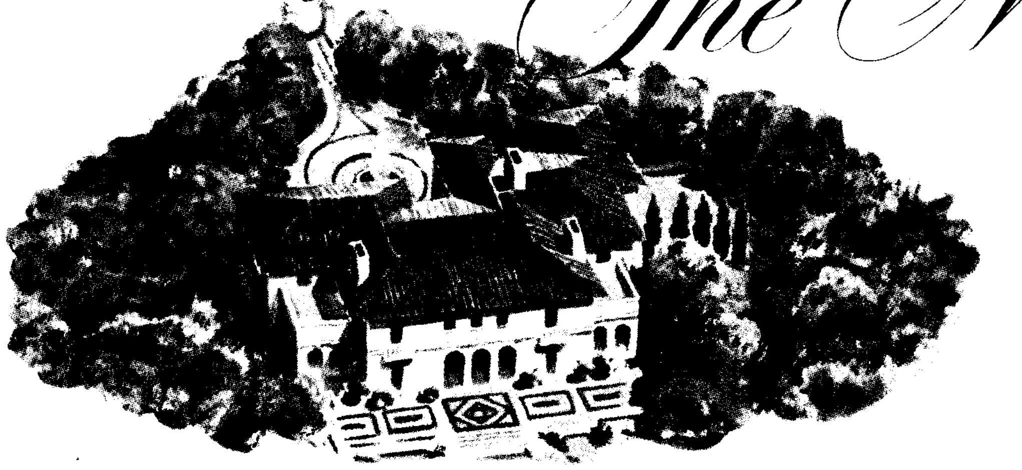
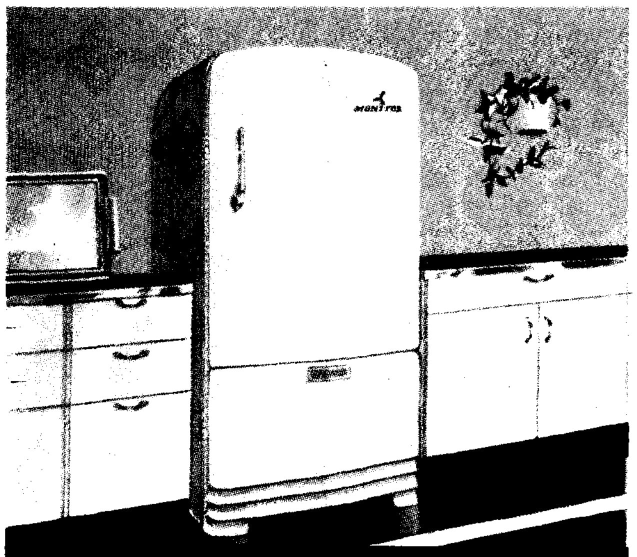
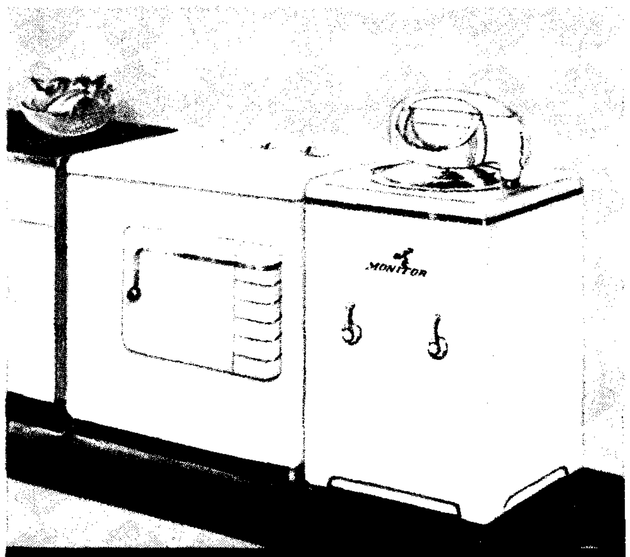
Presenting "MONITOR HOUSE" Research Center for... The Most



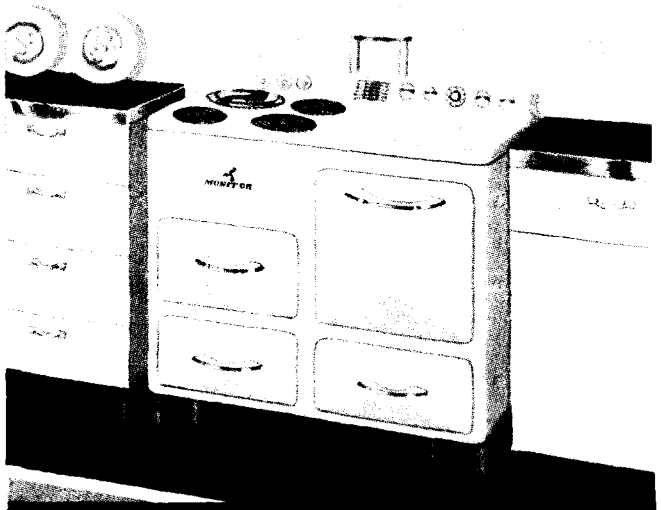
Airplane view of "Monitor House," Riverdale-on-Hudson, New York City 63, N. Y.



MONITOR Refrigerator — with frozen food compartment, twin fruit and vegetable fresheners, and extra storage bin. Sealed-in-steel mechanism.

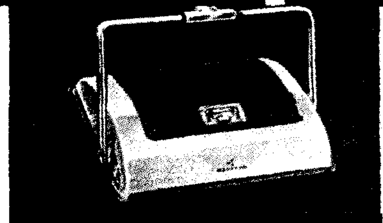


De Luxe Laundry Unit — new-principle MONITOR De Luxe Washer and safety-trip Power Wringer, together with the new MONITOR Electric Dryer.

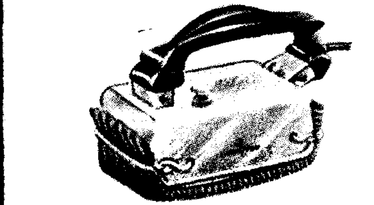


New, advanced MONITOR Electric Range — with 5 heats for each surface unit, recessed Thrift Cooker with high-low heat, sensational oven features.

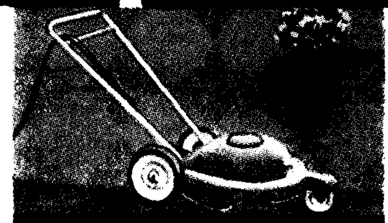
MONITOR Floor-Model Vacuum Cleaner — with superior brush and suction power.



MONITOR Carpet Sweeper — with the famous one-way brush and lift-out dustbin.

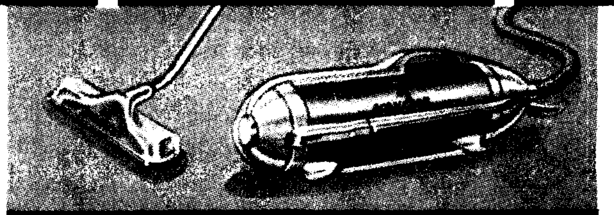


Amazing MONITOR Vibrator for polishing, simonizing, sandpapering and massaging.

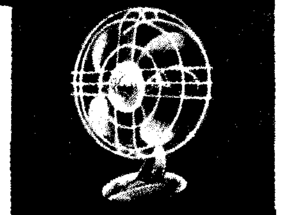


MONITOR Electric Lawnmower—rotary action, replaceable blades; also scrubs, polishes floors.

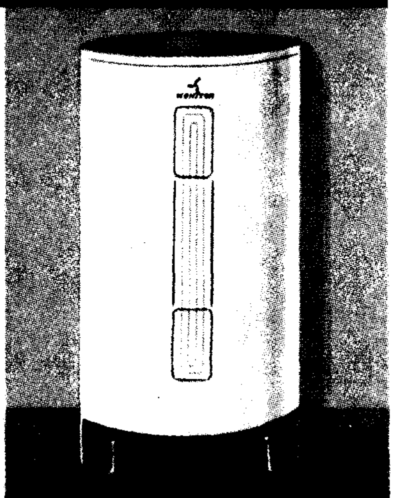
MONITOR Kitchen Mixer — efficient "maid-of-all-work."



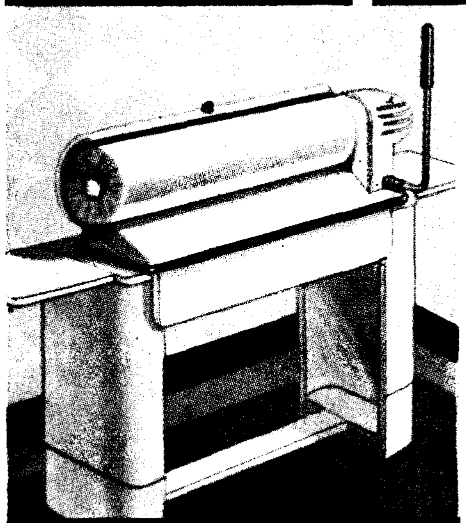
MONITOR Tank-type Vacuum Cleaner — extra-powerful in its suction, with perfected easy-to-use attachments for every cleaning purpose.



Fans for every purpose in the complete MONITOR line.

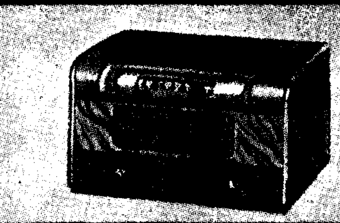


MONITOR Water Heaters — choice of electric, gas fired and oil fired. Latest improvements.

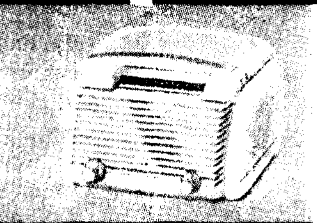


New MONITOR Rotary Ironer — portable electric table model, featuring both hand and knee-touch controls

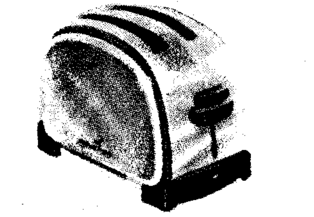
MONITOR Catalin Radio — dark green, with ivory grille; 5 tubes.



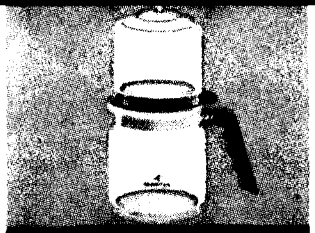
MONITOR Table Model, handsome wood design, exceptional range.



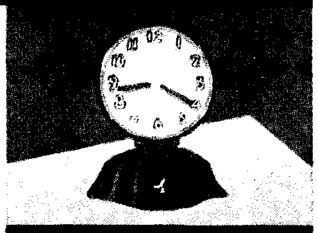
Smartly styled MONITOR Radio in walnut or white, with 5 tubes.



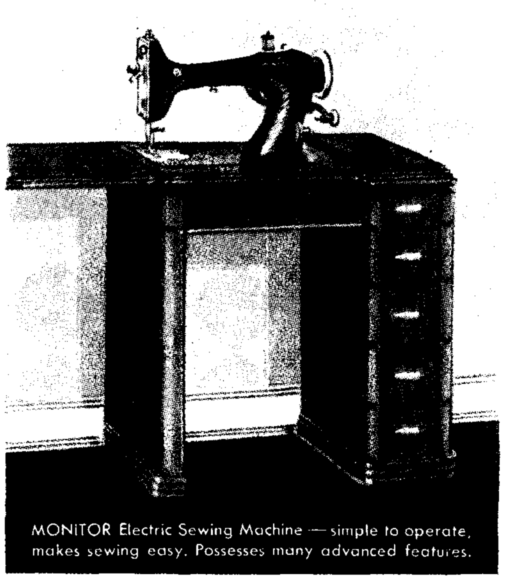
MONITOR Electric Toaster with new automatic thermal control.



MONITOR Automatic Coffee Maker — to brew perfect coffee, quickly.

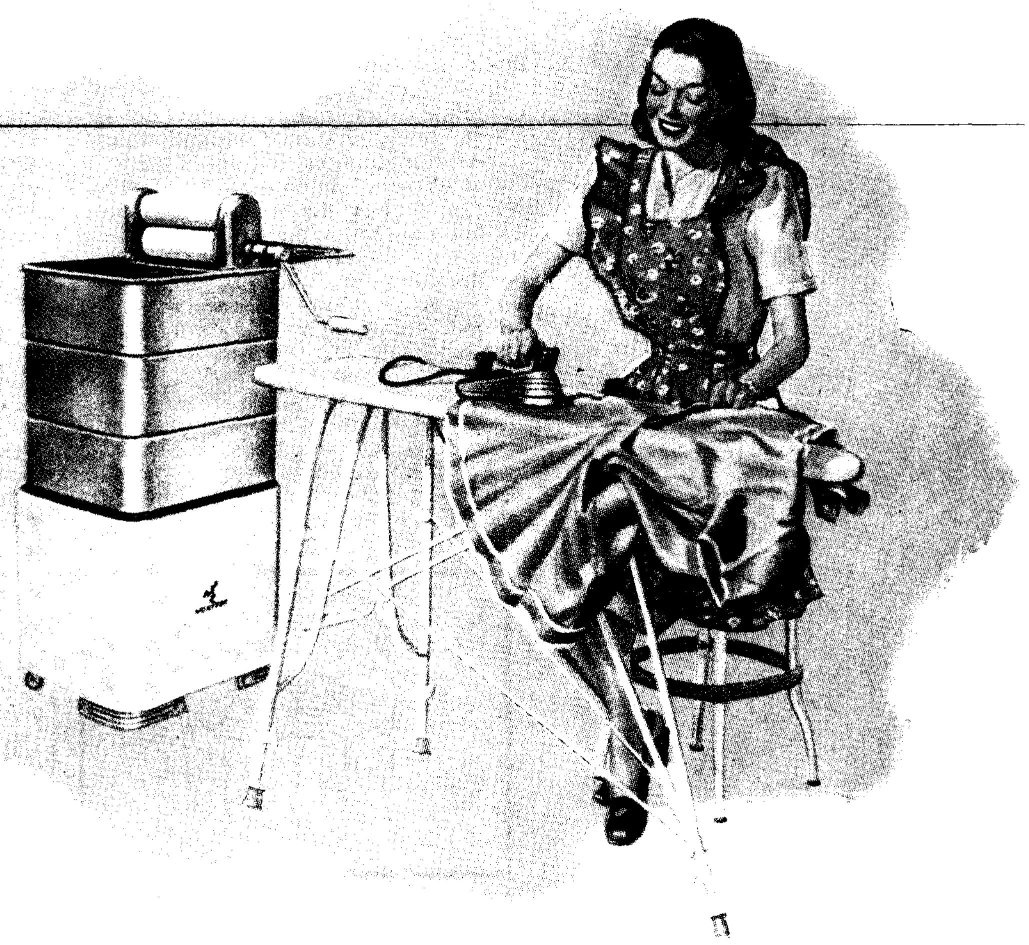


MYSTIC Electric Clock — floating hands that turn as if by magic.



MONITOR Electric Sewing Machine — simple to operate, makes sewing easy. Possesses many advanced features.

Distinguished Family of Home Appliances



A Complete 3*-Unit Home Laundry for less than $89 with "Sit-Down" Ironing Comfort

Consisting of Monitor's Patented Aerator Washer, Electric Steam Iron and Special All-Metal Ironing Board

One of the great needs of American homes is for a small and inexpensive laundry that will really do the job. And here it is!

SENSATIONAL MONITOR AERATOR WASHER! *Monitor* challenges any other machine to equal the performance of its Aerator Turbine. This exclusive invention whisks soap, air, water through clothes in an irresistible cleansing action. Washes a full load in less than 5 minutes, or in one-half to one-third the time of ordinary washers. The tub is stainless steel. The wringer is safe and fast. The whole washing machine is so light it can be wheeled away into a closet. And when not in use, the wringer folds in, the drainboard folds over, and you have a new 15″ x 15″ stainless steel table top!

REVOLUTIONARY MONITOR STEAM ELECTRIC IRON! At last a professional-type iron for the home . . . using the live steam which alone can properly condition delicate fabrics . . . also operating as a dry electric iron when you want! With steam you can really iron sitting down, because the iron glides on a cushion of vapor . . . you merely guide it, with almost no pressure. Safe as it is easy, too . . . the *Monitor* steams only when in ironing position . . . cuts off automatically when you stand it on end. And you regulate it by a twist of the dial to exactly the right heat and amount of steam for each particular fabric.

SPECIAL MONITOR IRONING BOARD! To give you complete "sit-down" ironing comfort, *Monitor* had to develop its own special ironing board. Of tubular steel and aluminum, it adjusts to either a seated or standing height . . . folds away compactly. And the ironing surface is permanently smooth . . . with the absolute flatness and perforations required for perfect steam ironing.

Now that you've got the story . . . imagine this complete Home Laundry for under $89, the price you would expect to pay for just a washing machine alone! That's the kind of value that makes *Monitor* outstanding . . . that makes the local independent dealer who displays the *Monitor* sign the best place to go for all home appliances!

MONITOR
HOME APPLIANCES

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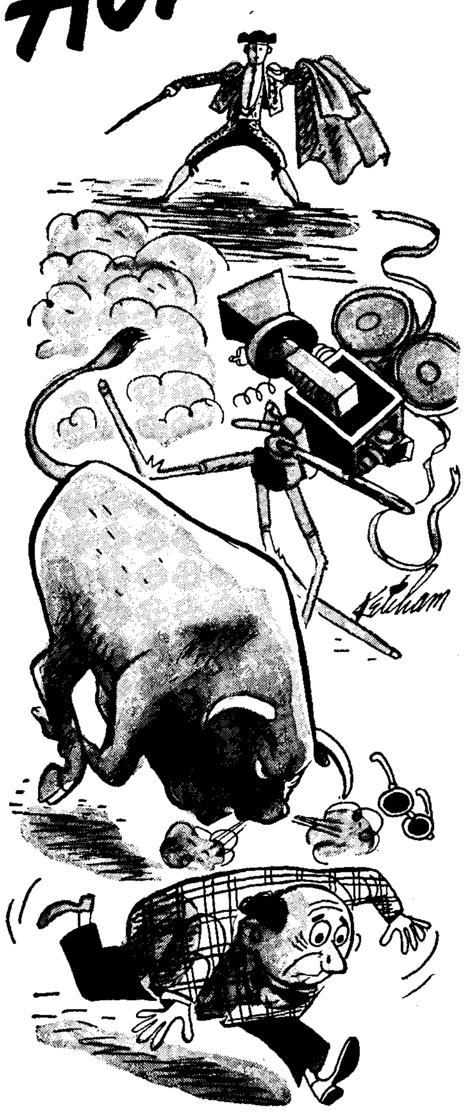


Better look up—Motion Picture Equipment—in the Classified

The Classified section of the Telephone Directory won't stop trouble but it sure makes life easier when it does come.

Moreover, the convenient and informative listings in the Classified point out the dealers and authorized servicemen for branded products and services.

People everywhere use this popular book to help solve many daily household and business problems. A quick look in the Classified will save you many steps.

CLASSIFIED ☎ telephone ☎ DIRECTORY

erroneous notion that surplus goods are to be given away or sold to soldiers for a token payment. Thus a line of returning G.I.s from Europe, just off the Queen Mary, trooped into the New York surplus office. Each clutched $50 in his hand, and demanded: "Where are our jeeps?"

Another familiar complaint concerns textiles. A clothing manufacturer, also a veteran, desperately needs cotton goods. Under the surplus law he is entitled to a priority. WAA recently put up 5,000,000 yards of surplus lawn cloth for sale. Orders poured in for 300,000,000 yards—sixty times the amount on hand. Disappointed customers got the same answer: too little to go round.

Delusions About Surplus Stocks

Many citizens have the mistaken idea that government warehouses are jammed with tires, radio tubes, washing machines, nylons and many other goods which could be turned instantly into civilian consumption. But out of the entire stock of 32 billions worth of surplus, consumers' goods will total only 4.8 billions—about one seventh of the entire lot. The big items in the surplus inventory are war plants, real estate, machine tools and factory equipment.

I touched a moment ago on the incident of the 5,000,000 yards of surplus cloth. In the New York market, WAA could have sold that cloth in five minutes. An economist would doubtless say that a quick sale would be of the greatest benefit to the economy, since manufacturers could then go into instant production of badly needed dresses.

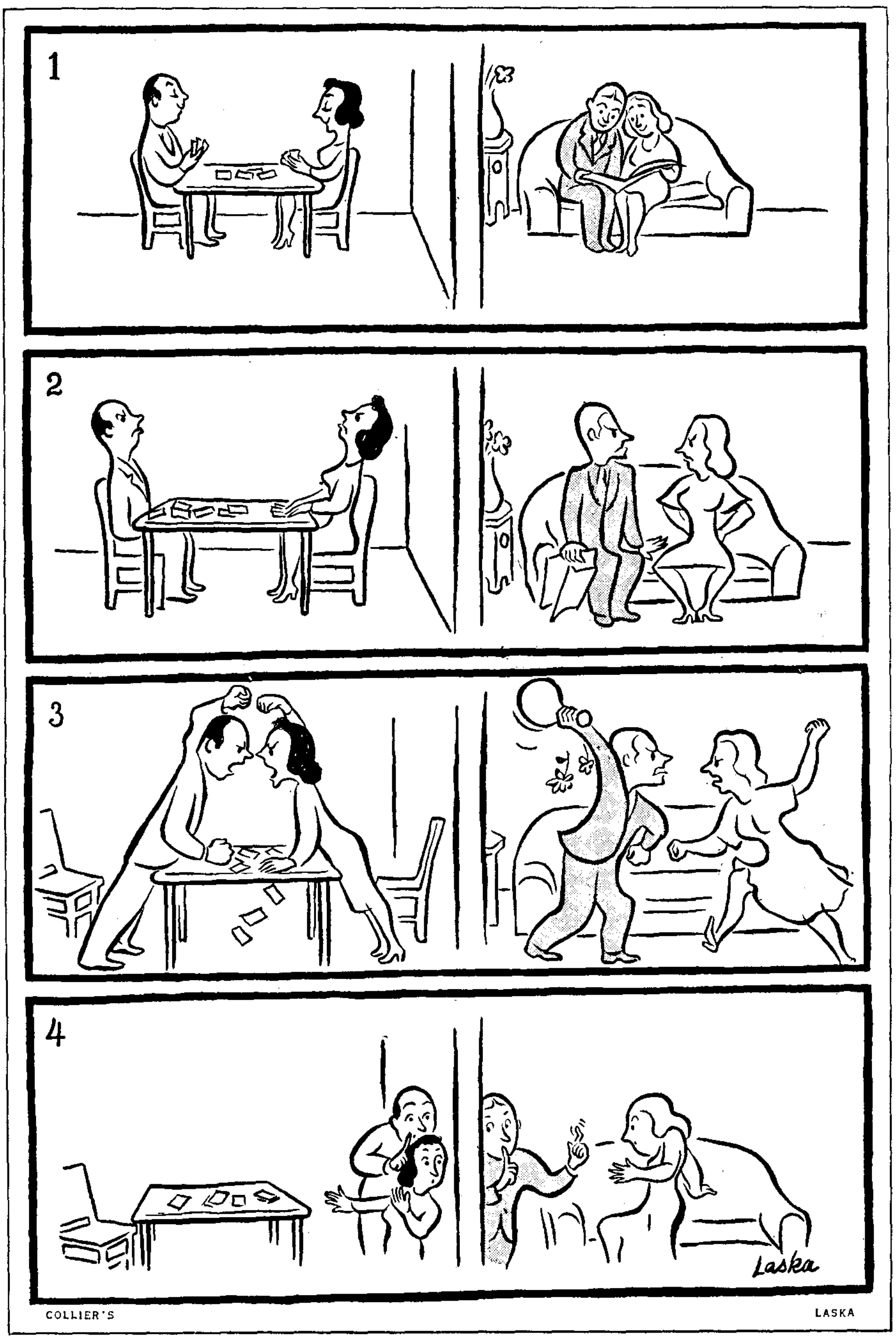
The law, however, forced weeks of delay. Under the surplus act, WAA is required to effect "broad distribution" of all surplus goods. Thus WAA had to advertise for contracts all over the country. When the avalanche of orders poured in, much checking had to be done on the priorities, and then duplicate orders had to be winnowed out. Buyers were then notified to send their money, but many were uninterested in small quantities. This required new correspondence with new buyers—and consequent new checking of priorities.

WAA, in effect, had to pour a barrel of water over the Sahara to satisfy the law. It spent six weeks on a sale which could have been made in minutes. Is this any way to speed reconversion?

Today the average sale by WAA takes almost four months, from the date the surplus item enters WAA's inventory to the date of final sale. Turnover of goods is lagging, at a rate of something around 20 per cent. If the administrator could run his huge secondhand store under normal business principles, selling time could easily be cut in half. And reconversion would be pushed.

Many in Congress admit privately that the priority system is nonsensical. The veterans' priority probably causes more harm than good, since the veteran is given the impression that he can get scarce goods which simply do not exist. It would be more fair to earmark 20 per cent of all money received from surplus sales and give it as an outright bonus to the veterans.

The veterans' priority has produced virtually the only fraud in connection with surplus selling. There is evidence



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showing that certain black-market racketeers have bribed some war veterans to file applications for trucks, textiles and other scarce goods. If these veterans are able to get the goods, they then turn them over to the black-market operators for another fee, and the racketeers reap exorbitant profits on the resale of equipment which should have gone into legitimate production channels.

WAA's compliance division, headed by a former F.B.I. man, has however found remarkably little fraud in the general sales of the surplus.

One can only assume that it citizens cannot get everything they want out of surplus stocks, it is easy for a politician to make a bid for votes by denouncing the wicked surplus sellers. Senator Wiley alleges that WAA's handling of the surplus electronic materials (which means radio and radar) is particularly scandalous. Schools and colleges, by the law, may buy surplus goods at a 40 per cent discount, and the senator asserts that their claims for electronics have been disgracefully ignored.

The senator said that at the end of June, 20,000 applications by veterans for radio and radar equipment lay unanswered and unfilled by WAA.

Senator Wiley was wrong. There are many more than 20,000 such requests. Only a handful of them can ever be filled from surplus stocks. The majority of requests from schools and from veterans for radio and radar equipment are for a few simple types. Virtually none of those types exist today in the form of surplus.

When the average veteran sends in his application for surplus radio equipment, what he wants is shop testing apparatus which will enable him to set up a little radio shop and go into business. The Army is releasing little such equipment as surplus, because it needs all the testing equipment it has and intends to let none of it go.

Another charge cited by Senator Wiley was that WAA paid one of its electronics sales agents more than $15,000 in expenses, whereas the agent sold only $120 worth of surplus goods. The facts are these:

Among its other duties, WAA must handle the stock-piling of certain strategic materials which may be needed in war. The $15,000 expenses paid the agent were warehouse fees for storing quartz crystal oscillators, which are the vital components of all sensitive radio and radar apparatus. The nation's top military authorities ordered that all of these invaluable quartz crystals in federal hands be kept and stock-piled.

The evidence shows that the WAA managers of the biggest secondhand store in history are doing a much better job than they get credit for in the windy blasts from certain politicians. But with one of Senator Wiley's statements I agree. He says red tape is choking WAA's handling of surplus property. Correct! But the red tape was not manufactured by bureaucrats. It was made by Congress itself, in the surplus act.

An analysis of the surplus program made for President Truman in April by Howard Bruce, a financial expert, produced two chief recommendations:

1. There must be a greater sense of urgency in disposals.
2. The surplus administration needs more personnel, and the help of more first-rate merchandising men, who refuse to join WAA if their only reward is to be Congressional backbiting.

Selling by the Warehouseful

WAA has since introduced a brand-new selling technique now in operation throughout the country. This is the "site sale." Every article of surplus in a government warehouse is put up for sale, and business keeps up until the entire lot is sold. Customers come, find what they want, and take it away. This was the speediest method WAA could devise to sell mass quantities of goods. By the end of September it expects to be operating at least 500 such site sales.

The plan was simple and logical, but it was assailed by some congressmen, on the ground that a sale limited to one site violated the act's provision for "broad distribution" of surplus throughout the country. As if the contents of one vessel could be distributed evenly through every county in the nation!

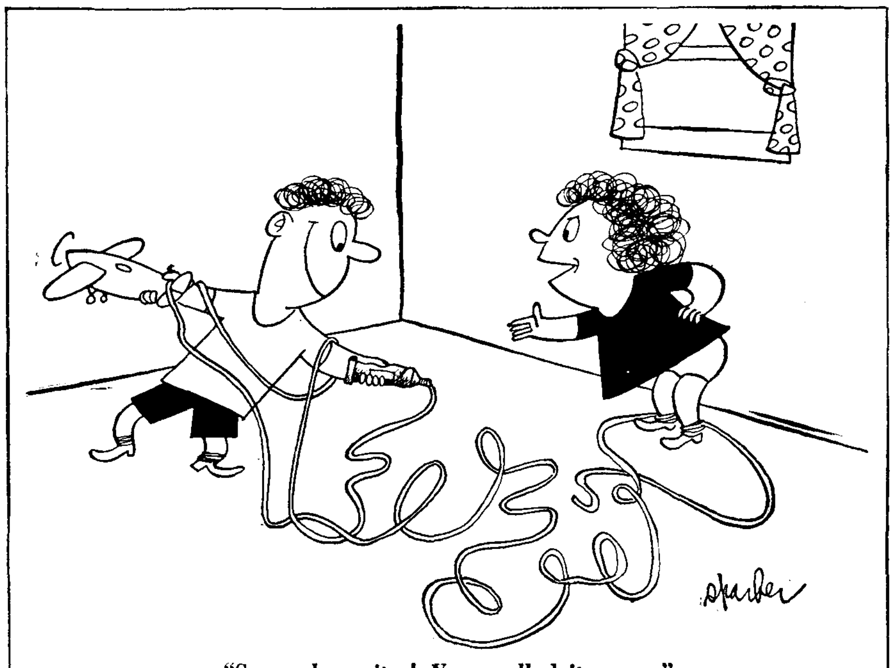
In any discussion of Uncle Sam's vast hoard of surplus, one cardinal point emerges: If the government has not disposed of the surplus in the next six months, it may never be sold.

Private businessmen would boil with anger, and rightly so, if the government stayed in cut-rate competition with established companies once the regular factories get into complete production again.

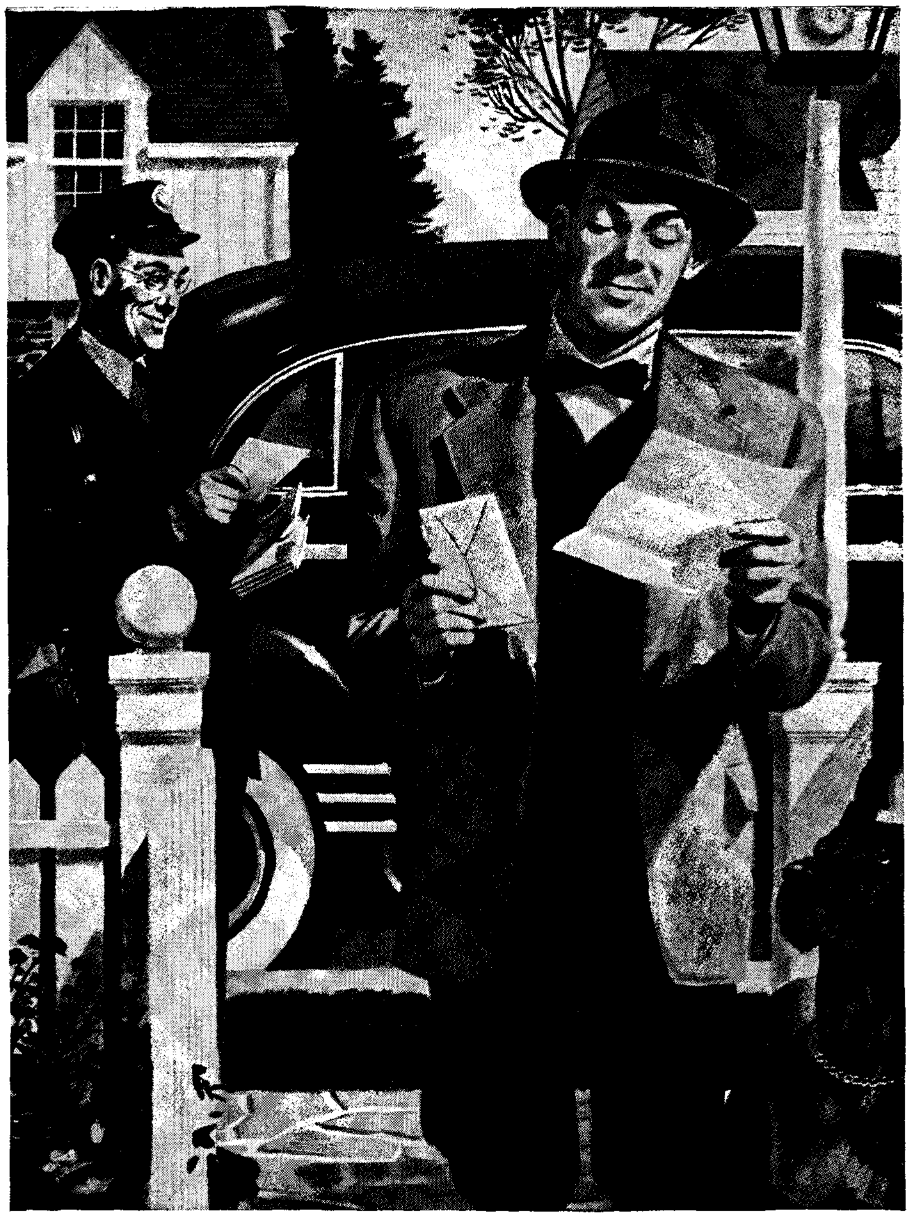
The surplus watchword can be but one thing: Sell and get out. To July 1st, WAA and all previous disposal agencies had disposed of 4½ billion dollars worth in surplus goods, by cost value. The surplus sellers are doing as good a job as possible under the tight limitations of an impossible law.

If Senator Wiley and the other critics want the surplus to be moved in a hurry—as it should be moved—let them campaign to simplify the law and make it workable.

THE END



COLLIER'S "Some sky-writer! You spelled it wrong" HOWARD SPARBER



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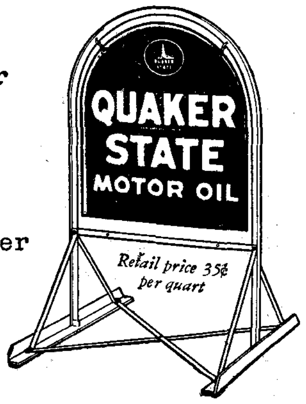

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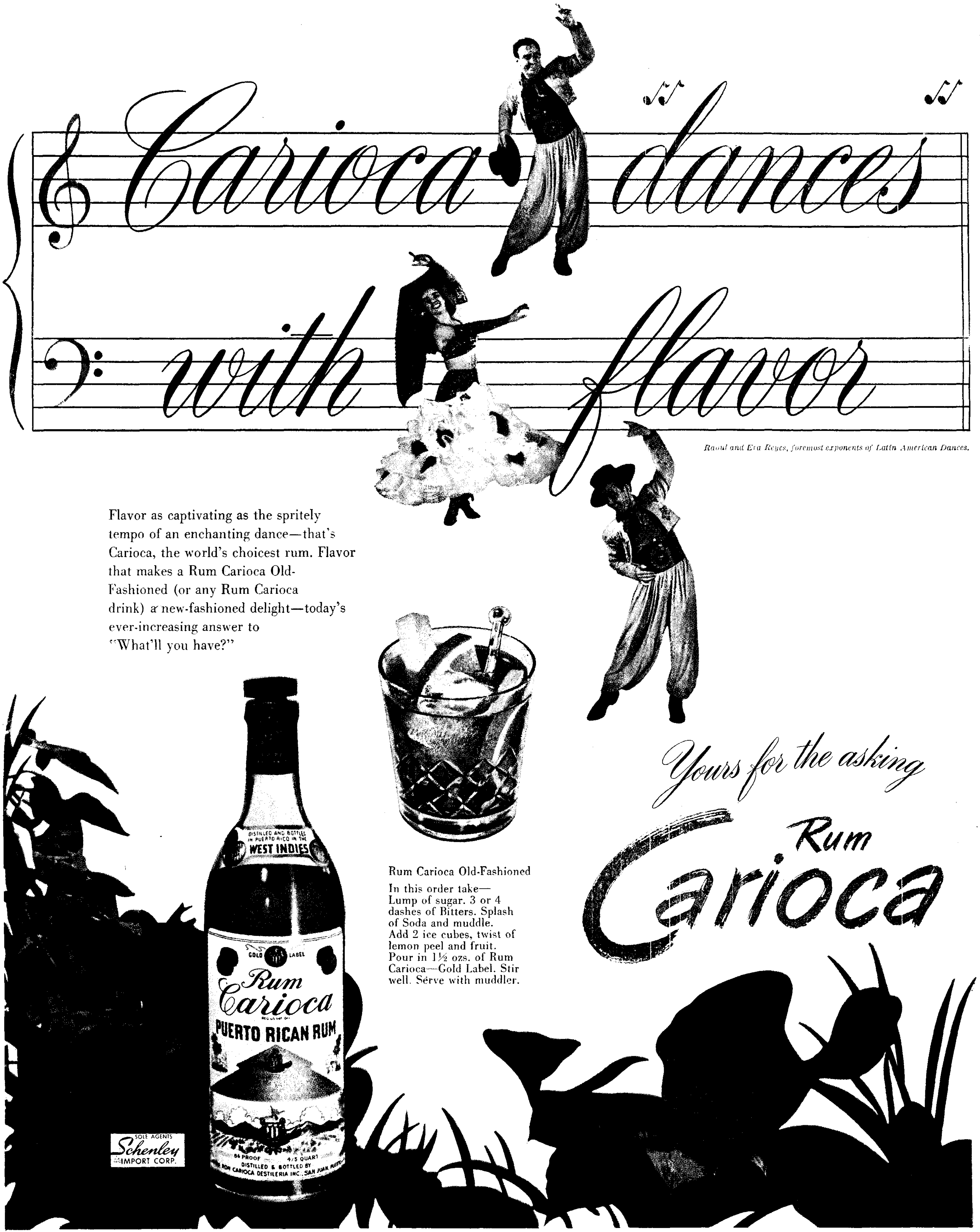
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The Senator Was Indiscreet

Continued from page 20

opened the bureau drawers; they were all empty.

"Here's a book," Poppy said, picking up something from a chair.

Senator Ashton snatched at it, opened it, and threw it angrily onto the bed. "A detective story!" he said fiercely.

Lew noticed a newspaper in the wastebasket, creased and crumpled. He did not recognize the type face. He picked it up, and opened it out. It was the Washington Star, of yesterday's date.

"So," said Senator Ashton. His hands trembled a little as he took the newspaper. "It was Robert. This is the newspaper it was wrapped in, Mr. Gibbons. Yesterday's Washington Star."

A quiet voice said, "What's the explanation of this?"

Lew spun around, and saw a pale face—a black mustache.

"That's him," the Senator cried. "Grab him!"

Sam Fuerst already had his hand on Robert Oakes' shoulder. The secretary seemed undisturbed. He said calmly, "What are you doing in my room?"

"I'm the head house officer," Sam Fuerst said. "I'm holding you for the police, young fellow."

"Where is it?" Senator Ashton demanded. "Robert, I never thought you'd knife me in the back. I tell you, I'll send you to jail for this. What did you do with it?"

"Don't forget your blood pressure, Senator," Robert Oakes said smoothly. "Do with what?"

"The diary," cried Senator Ashton.

"So that's it," said the former secretary. "So it's been stolen at last. Senator, many's the time I've warned you it was foolhardy to carry that around with you. It was bound to happen."

"Why, you—you weasel!" Senator Ashton exploded. He pointed an unsteady finger at the crumpled copy of the Washington Star. "We found that in your wastebasket, Robert. Don't lie about it."

Sam Fuerst held out the paper. "It don't take a detective to see that there was something wrapped in this paper. You can see the creases."

"Of course, there was something wrapped in it," said Robert Oakes. "A book. There it is." He pointed to the mystery story on the bed. "I bought it yesterday in Washington and wrapped it in that paper when I packed."

SENATOR ASHTON'S color was dangerously high; he clenched and unclenched his hands. Lew put in, "A coincidence, isn't it, your having the room across the hall from Senator Ashton?"

"Not at all," said Robert Oakes. "I reserved the rooms, this one and the Senator's"—he grinned at Senator Ashton—"and Miss Dupree's, while I was still his secretary. I had business in New York and I recalled that the reservation was here in my name, so I used it."

"You're registered as Ralph Otis," Lew said. "Not Robert Oakes."

Oakes smiled. "I did not want to embarrass the Senator. The hotel had no objection to my registering under another name."

Senator Ashton sat down heavily. The color had receded, and his face had a gray look now. He said slowly, "Robert, you can see that I'm helpless. I don't know what you've been offered for it, but I'll meet the offer. I'll buy it back."

Oakes shook his head. His smile was thin, and almost taunting. "I don't have it, Senator, and that's the truth."

"You've already delivered it?"

"No. I never took it."

"Maybe the cops can make him talk, Senator," Sam Fuerst suggested.

"Yes," Lew said. "Perhaps coincidence can explain the proximity of your rooms. Perhaps coincidence can explain this copy of the Washington Star. But how do you explain your presence tonight in the anteroom of the north ballroom during the Senator's speech, at the time the brief case was stolen?"

"I wasn't there," Oakes said.

"There are two witnesses who saw you there," Lew said.

Oakes looked uneasy, but shook his head again.

"And how about your fingerprints on the Senator's brief case?" Lew said.

Robert Oakes sat down suddenly on the edge of the bed. Sam Fuerst said, "I'll call the cops, Senator."

"Wait a minute," Oakes said quickly. "Senator, if you agree to let the matter rest, I'll tell you all I know."

Senator Ashton stared for a long moment into the eyes of his former secretary. His chest rose and fell in a heavy sigh. "My chief concern is the return of the diary," he said. "All right, Robert."

"I took the brief case," Robert Oakes said. "I took the package out of it and left the brief case in a closet. I brought the package here to my room and opened it and that was in it." He pointed to the detective novel beside him on the bed. "*That!*" He licked his pale lips. "Somebody had been there ahead of me."

LEW became aware of the throb of his headache the next morning before he recognized that it was a variation of the central theme—the ringing of the telephone. He groaned and reached for the instrument. Porter Fahnstock's clipped voice said, "Mr. Gibson, will you come down to the Senator's suite at once?"

Lew thought that Fahnstock's voice showed that he also was feeling the aftereffects of champagne. He murmured, "Soon as I'm dressed," and hung up. He called room service, ordered breakfast for one sent to the Senator's suite, then tried the effect of a hot shower on his aching head.

It had been a long night and he had not had much sleep. He had whisked Poppy McNaughton out of the room downstairs before there was any further discussion of the Senator's diary, and had taken her back to the Constellation Terrace. The third bottle of champagne had already been opened, and Judy and Porter Fahnstock had been clinking glasses when they arrived. Before the end of the evening, the two had been as sticky as chewing gum, and Fahnstock had insisted on seeing Judy and Poppy home.

Sam Fuerst had questioned Robert Oakes for hours, but had not learned much. The secretary had denied telling anyone about the diary. He had decided to take it on his own, he had said, and peddle it where he could. Sam Fuerst had not been able to break his story.

Of one thing Lew was sure: Poppy McNaughton was the type of reporter who would follow up a lead. She had heard enough to start her mind working, and he was sure he would hear from her again. For that matter, he thought, she would hear from him. He had better take the initiative.

As Lew opened the door of the Senator's suite, after a warning rap, Porter Fahnstock's strained voice said, "Is this *yours*, Mr. Gibson?"

A waiter was laying out breakfast for one. "Yes," Lew said.

Senator Ashton sat by the window, in sunlight, talking to a moonfaced man with squinted eyes and a bald head. Lew had often seen news photographs of Barney Houlihan, national chairman of the Senator's party. Houlihan nodded as Lew was introduced, and went on talking. Lew sat down to his breakfast.

"Now, if we believe this man Oakes'

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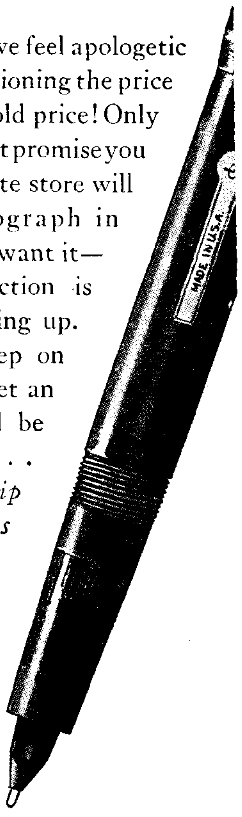

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story that he told no one about the diary, Senator, he *must* have taken it," Houlihan was saying. "He surely had time to wrap it up and drop it in a package box, mailing it to himself, or possibly to a conspirator."

"If that's so," the Senator said, "we're too late."

"It would have to go first-class mail, you know," Lew said. "You can't send anything in handwriting by parcel post. He'd have had to take it to a post office, and the branch post offices were closed by the time it was stolen, so he'd have had to take it down to the main post office."

"Right," Barney Houlihan said, and gave Lew a keen glance. "But he could have slapped lots of postage on it, marked it first-class, and dropped it into a package box. Anyhow, we've got to check the post office." He looked at Porter Fahnstock. "Can you attend to that?"

"I'll call the head house officer," the manager said, and reached for the telephone.

Barney Houlihan slapped his fist on his palm. "We've got to know. Toby, you realize what this will do to your chances for the Vice-Presidency. You realize what this will do to the party. Why in hell did you ever keep a diary? What a schoolgirl stunt!"

Lew sipped coffee, and caught the Senator's glazed eye as he glanced up. He asked, "You sure only your secretary and your family knew, Senator? How about the lady next door?"

"What lady next door?" Barney Houlihan shouted.

"Miss Wanda Dupree," said Lew.

Barney Houlihan groaned. "Is that nickelodeon nemesis in this picture, too?"

Senator Ashton said with dignity, "Please leave Miss Dupree out of this."

"We can't leave anybody out of it," Houlihan said. "So she's right next door? That's convenient."

"I don't see what use Miss Dupree would have for the Senator's journal," Mr. Fahnstock said tactfully. "After all, she's hardly interested in politics."

"I bet she's in it," Lew said. "An item, as the columnists say."

Barney Houlihan nodded. "It could be a nice case of blackmail. Knock on the door. Get the lady in here."

MR. FAHNSTOCK left the room, and returned a moment later with Wanda Dupree. Lew went on eating his breakfast, listening as Barney Houlihan conducted the questioning. Wanda Dupree's eyes opened wide and she stared at Senator Ashton as Lew had seen her stare at the heavy in the old silent-picture days.

"This is incredible," she said. "Toby, do you mean to say you keep a diary?"

"A casual journal," said Senator Ashton. "That's all. Innocuous little items, my dear."

"Am *I* in it?" Wanda Dupree demanded.

Senator Ashton's face was gray. He spread his hands. "My dear, it's not a—uh, a personal journal."

"Am I in it, Toby?"

"Only in a casual way," Senator Ashton said weakly.

Miss Dupree was acting out a big scene, eyes nearly closed, lips pouting, slim hands waving. "Really, Toby, you *are* unpredictable. I thought that you, the future Vice-President of the United States—I thought that you, at least . . ." She clasped her hands together. "I see it. You had a big conference last night. You kept me waiting fifteen minutes. I see it. You've made up your minds that *I* took your damned diary. Is that it?" She turned a look of contempt on Barney Houlihan.

"That's it," the party chairman said. "Did you?"

"I never knew he kept a diary," said Miss Dupree. "Good heavens, what would I want with it?"

"Honey, we have to question everyone," said Senator Ashton.

Wanda Dupree fixed her bright eyes on his face. "How about that redhead I found you having cocktails with yesterday afternoon?" she said in an accusing tone. "Have you questioned *her?*"

"A redhead, too?" Barney Houlihan said, and groaned.

"A constituent," Senator Ashton said with dignity. "A young girl far from home. But I'm afraid we're locking the stable door after the horse is gone. It's probably in the mails by now."

"Can't you get it back?" asked Wanda Dupree.

"I'm not Postmaster General yet," Barney Houlihan said wryly. "Begins to look like I never will be. Senator, what's that redhead's name?"

The Senator looked at Lew. "She's a friend of Mr. Gibson's, I believe."

LEW glanced up from his plate. "Her name is Valerie Shepherd. Has a room on the twelfth floor. 1210. She never met the Senator until yesterday." He hesitated a moment. "So far as I know."

"What else do you know about her?" the party chairman asked.

"Nothing. She came here with a letter from an old Army friend of mine, asking me to get her a room."

"I want to talk to her," said Barney Houlihan.

"I suggest that we excuse Miss Dupree," said Senator Ashton. "Wanda, I'm very sorry to have disturbed you, and—"

"And I'm sure Miss Dupree won't object to a search of her room," added Barney Houlihan.

Miss Dupree shrugged her shoulders elaborately. "Search away," she said.

"Where is that house dick?" Houlihan said. "Call him again."

"The question is: Who had access to your diary, Senator?" Lew said. "If it was in the brief case when you went to dinner, your secretary has it. If it was taken earlier, it could have been one of the reporters at your press conference, for instance."

"That would also reintroduce the McNaughton girl," Mr. Fahnstock said. "Not Judy, of course. I can assure you she had nothing to do with it. I mean the other one. Her cousin." He pursed his lips, scowled. "The one who chews gum."

"Why not Judy?" Lew asked.

"She's hardly the type, I think," the manager said. "And she wasn't at the press conference, was she?"

Lew grinned and buttered his toast. Houlihan's growling voice said, "Let's get back to this Miss Shepherd. Did she have a shot at it? You said you had cocktails with her, Toby. Where?"

"Downstairs in the bar."

"Where was the brief case?"

"On a chair beside me."

"And where did you run into Miss Shepherd?"

Senator Ashton looked uncomfortable. "In the elevator. I was on my way to keep an engagement with Miss Dupree, and I was a little early, so I asked her to come along for a drink. We—I, that is . . ." The Senator coughed delicately. "I brought her here to my suite first."

They all looked at him, and the Senator loosened his collar with a forefinger. "I had neglected to put a copy of my speech in my brief case," he explained. "I had to return for it, and she accompanied me. But she waited in the corridor while I was inside."

"And you came in and got the speech and went out again?"

"Yes," the Senator said. "That is, I washed my hands."

Barney Houlihan lighted a cigarette nervously and flicked the match out the open window. "So she also had access?"

"I'm afraid so," Senator Ashton said.

Lew spoke: "Was she carrying a book, Senator?"

Senator Ashton considered, then shook

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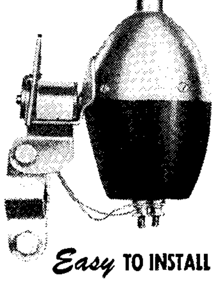

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his head. "No, she had only her handbag," he said.

"A large handbag, Senator?" Houlihan asked.

"Like a gunny sack," the Senator said.

The party chairman picked up the telephone and asked to be connected with Miss Valerie Shepherd. After a moment, he hung up and said, "She doesn't answer. We'd better have her paged." As he spoke, Sam Fuerst entered.

"Got a passkey?" Houlihan asked.

"Sure."

"Then go up and search 1210."

"Yeah?" Sam said.

"And send a man to the post office," Houlihan said. "See if a package was mailed first-class last night by a man answering Oakes' description."

"I'll go with you, Sam," Lew said.

AS HE went down the two flights of stairs with the hotel detective, Lew said, "We're wandering far afield. I think Oakes took the diary and stashed it somewhere."

Sam opened Valerie Shepherd's door, and softly whistled. "Looks like a jump," he said. "All packed and ready."

They searched the closet and the bureau drawers before they opened the three suitcases. They found only clothes and personal articles; and Sam felt the mattress inch by inch, examined the plumbing, and looked in the servidor.

"Clean as a whistle," he said.

A light flashed, illuminating a small dial that said: *Telegram, letter or message is at office for you.*

"Suppose we go down and open her mail," Sam said.

On the way down in the elevator, Lew thought that they were following a false trail. If the secretary did not have the diary, he thought he knew who did. Poppy McNaughton had had access to the brief case in the Senator's suite, during the press conference, although it would have required remarkable sleight of hand to remove the diary and substitute the mystery novel wrapped in the Washington Star. Probably she had found a way to get back into the Senator's room; she might even have filched the room key during the conference. She was smart, he thought, too smart.

They found a telegram in Valerie Shepherd's box in the electric mail rack. Sam Fuerst ripped it open and read the message. SISTER SICK. RETURN AT ONCE. It was signed, BILL.

"Too bad," Sam Fuerst said. "I'll step into the telegraph office and get a fresh envelope." He grinned at Lew. "How much did you get for it, anyhow?"

"For what?"

"The Senator's diary."

"Very funny," Lew said. He walked across the lobby and took the stairs to his office on the mezzanine. Helen Watkins was at her desk, typing languidly.

"About time you showed up," she said.

"Just get in yourself?" Lew asked. He sat down on the edge of her desk. "Been putting anything in the hope chest lately?"

"What does that crack mean?"

"Any diaries?" Lew said.

Helen smiled. "Every morning I write, 'Dear Diary, my boss is a louse.'"

"I mean anybody else's diaries," Lew said.

She frowned. "Is there something you're trying to get at?"

"Yes," he said. "You didn't sign the tab for those drinks yesterday afternoon, did you? Somebody else paid for them."

"That's right. Bobby Oakes."

Lew pulled out a cigarette. "So it's *Bobby* Oakes?"

"Yes. What's it to you?"

"What did he give you besides a pleasant two-time?"

"Don't be silly." Helen laughed. "Bobby is an old friend of the groom. That's how I met him."

"Does the groom dabble in politics?"

"He *sells* aspirin," Helen said.

"And you just happened to run into Bobby Oakes in the lobby?" Lew said. "Are you sure he didn't pass you a tidy little dowry in the form of a diary?"

"Lew, what is all this?" Her eyes widened. "You're not just kidding around, are you?"

"Not exactly," Lew said. "Did he or didn't he pass it to you?"

"Pass what to me?"

"Anything," Lew said. "Anything at all."

"No, he didn't."

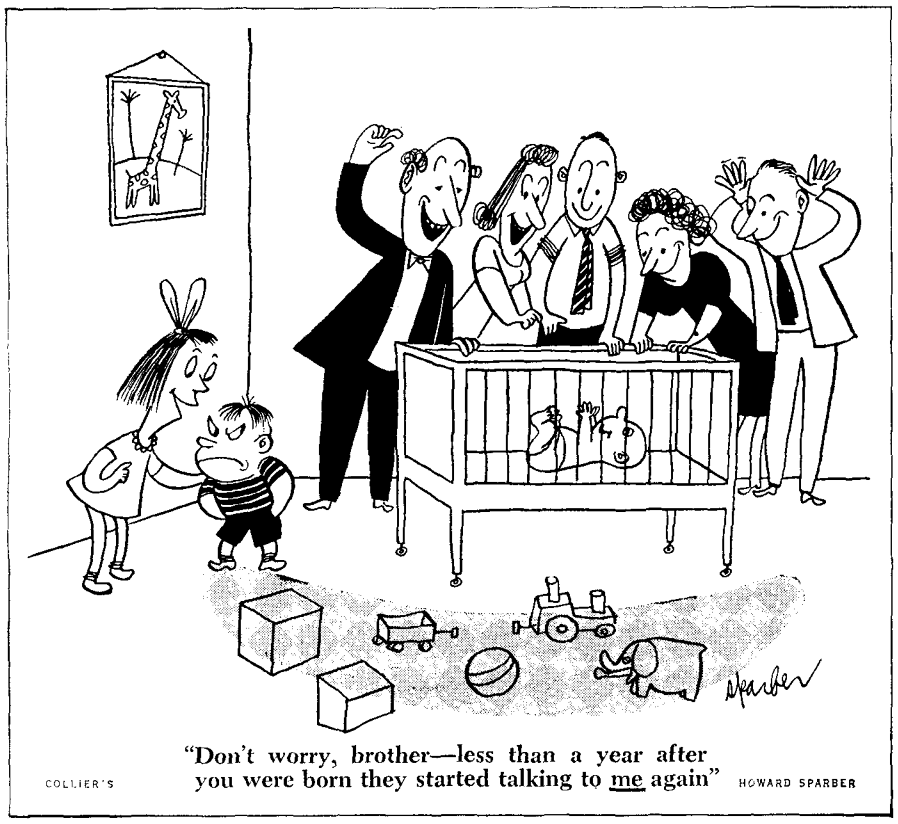
"Didn't even give you a package for safekeeping?"

"No."

"Okay," Lew said.

"Now that the inquisition is concluded," Helen said, "there's a visitor in your office."

Lew opened the door. A slender girl was sitting beside his desk. Her black hair was upswept and immaculately groomed, and she had the fresh look of a cut flower or a woman who has just received the works at a beauty shop. He looked into brown eyes that regarded



"Don't worry, brother—less than a year after you were born they started talking to me again"

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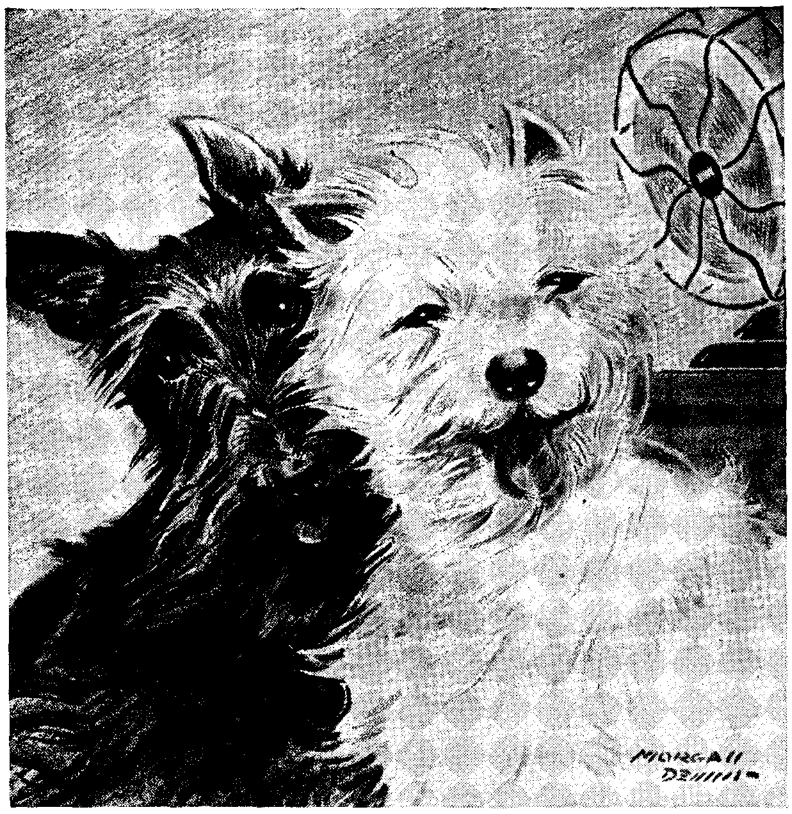

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him blankly. Lew grinned, but the blank eyes showed no recognition.

"Put your glasses on," Lew said. "It's me."

Poppy McNaughton laughed self-consciously and fumbled in her handbag for her horn-rimmed glasses. The bright, intelligent shine returned to her eyes when she put them on.

"Good," Lew said. "Very good." He moved around the desk toward her. "Damn your eyes, you're pretty."

She lowered her eyes, and blushed. Lew put out his hand. "May I touch?" He laid his palm on the shining black hair.

"Damn it," Poppy said, "don't paw!"

"If you're going to look like that, you'll have to quit talking out of the side of your mouth," Lew said. "And you'll have to get used to pawing, too."

"Okay," Poppy said. "But paw nice."

Their eyes met, and there was an intimate moment of fading smiles and breathless intentness. Lew took advantage of it. He bent quickly and kissed her. She pulled away almost instantly, but her lips had been a warm revelation. Her face was flushed, and she said crisply, "Don't get the idea I went to a beauty shop and came here this morning just because of you."

"Well, why else did you come?"

She said importantly, "I have a clue." She pointed to something on his desk. "Remember that?"

It was the detective novel they had found in Robert Oakes' room. Lew picked it up. "Where did this come from?"

"I palmed it last night," Poppy said, and smiled. "It's lousy, too. I guessed *who did it on page ninety-six. But look* on the flyleaf, Lew. You'll find the figure thirty-five penciled there."

Lew looked. "Yes?"

"That means it was bought in a second-hand bookstore," Poppy said. "That's the price. Thirty-five cents. So I took it around to the stores on Fourth Avenue. Schulte's, Bilbo and Tannen, Aberdeen's—I tried them all. Then I looked around here in the neighborhood of the Westbrook. It was bought over on Third Avenue, two blocks away."

"By a little man with a black mustache," Lew said.

"By a scrumptious babe with gorgeous auburn hair."

LEW glanced thoughtfully over his shoulder toward the outer office, where Helen Watkins sat. Her hair was brown; in the right light it would look auburn. Poppy shook her head. "But gorgeous hair," she said. "With considerable red in it. Such as your date last night."

Lew put the book down. "That's interesting."

"Interesting? Is that all you can say?"

"We've just finished searching Miss Shepherd's room," Lew said. "There was nothing in it." He paused. "We haven't searched your apartment yet."

"No," Poppy said. "And you won't. If *I'd* taken it you wouldn't find it in my apartment. Did you expect to pick it up like a Gideon Bible, sitting on her bureau? Where did the gal come from, Lew?"

"She's a constituent of the Senator's," he said. "A friend of mine sent her on here. Fellow named Bill Fisher. He was my major in the Army." Lew frowned. "He used to talk about going into politics. As a matter of fact, he was in the state legislature before the war." He pursed his lips, and whistled tunelessly. "I ought to check on that."

Poppy picked up the telephone, said, "May I?" and gave the operator a number Lew recognized as that of the Record-Star. She asked for the library extension and he heard her say, "Moe, will you look up the clips on a character named Fisher?" She turned to Lew. "Full name, please."

"William Preston Fisher."

"William Preston Fisher," Poppy said into the telephone. "I'll hang on."

Lew remembered something Valerie Shepherd had said. She knew Johnny Ashton, the Senator's son, she had said. Even if she had never seen Robert Oakes, she might have learned of the diary from something Johnny Ashton had let slip. Poppy was talking again. "Yes. Yes . . . When was that? Thanks a lot." She hung up and smiled at Lew. "Your friend Mr. Fisher is very much in politics, Lew. He ran for Congress last fall and was nosed out by just a few votes. He's county leader of his party. How do you like that?"

"I'm sorry to hear it," Lew said. "He'd make a good congressman."

"Now you know who stole the Senator's diary, and why," Poppy said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"The Senator's diary?" Lew said. "What are you talking about? Bill's not interested in rare manuscripts that I know of."

"Oh, drop it," Poppy said. "I'm no fool. I tumbled right off, Lew. I knew there was some good reason why the cops were kept out of it, so let's forget this hocus-pocus about rare manuscripts."

Lew sighed and got to his feet. "I suppose we'd better find Valerie Shepherd and have a little talk," he said.

"Too bad," Poppy said, "to have your girl friend make a sucker out of you."

"She's not my girl friend," Lew said. As they went together down the stairs to the lobby, he said thoughtfully, "It would explain a few things, all right. It would explain why Bill Fisher sent her on here with a letter to me. She would *have* to get a room in this hotel to get a shot at the Senator's brief case. And she lied to me right from the start. She told me Bill wasn't interested in politics."

Poppy grinned. "Losing all your faith in women?" They had reached the lobby and she caught his arm. "Look!"

Valerie Shepherd stood at the mail clerk's window, reading a telegram. She glanced up as they approached. Her smile was wan and her muted voice said, "I'm sorry, Mr. Gibson. I'll have to call off our theater date tonight."

Lew looked at the telegram. "Bad news?"

"Yes. My sister is very ill. I must catch the next train home." She put her hand on his arm. "Excuse me, I'll have to run up and get my bags."

"Let me attend to it," Lew said. "Go ahead and check out. Poppy, will you give her a hand?"

"Of course."

Lew signaled a bellhop and they went up to the twelfth floor. The bellhop's eyes were wide as Lew opened the three suitcases in turn and made certain that the diary was not there. Back in the lobby he found Valerie and Poppy sitting on a divan. "It's forty minutes before the next train," Poppy said. "I think a drink would do her good, Lew, don't you?"

"I certainly do."

THERE was a sparkle in Poppy's eyes that the beautician had not put there. Valerie said sadly at the bar, "Really, this was my first vacation in years. I hate to cut it short. But I'm so worried."

"You expected it, didn't you?" Lew asked.

"Expected it? Oh, no, it came right out of the blue."

"You were all packed," Lew said. "I doubt if you'll find your sister very sick."

"But Bill said—"

"I doubt if you have a sister, Valerie," Lew said.

"Oh, now." She studied his face. "That's a poor sort of joke."

"What's her name, dear?" asked Poppy.

"Mary," Valerie said at once.

"Let's have another drink," Lew said. "I guess it was a poor sort of joke. Forgive me." He frowned. "How did your bags happen to be conveniently packed?"

"Why, I was hoping to get my room changed," Valerie said. "You know, you're like that Mr. Houlihan, asking the strangest questions. What's it all about, Lew?"

They were on bar stools, Valerie sitting between Poppy and Lew, and both girls had their handbags on the bar. Valerie's was far too small to contain the Senator's diary; it was not the handbag large as a gunnysack that the Senator had spoken of.

"Oliver," Lew said. "Let's have another round."

"I don't think I should," Valerie said. "I can't miss that train."

"We'll get you to the train," Poppy promised.

Valerie looked at Lew. "I just don't understand it. Do they think *I* stole the Senator's jewels? It's so silly. Why don't they search my luggage? Do you want to do that, Lew?"

"No," Lew said. "Forget it."

Oliver served the drinks, and as Poppy reached for hers she knocked Valerie's handbag to the floor. Instantly she was down off her stool, reaching for it, but Valerie's hand was there a split second

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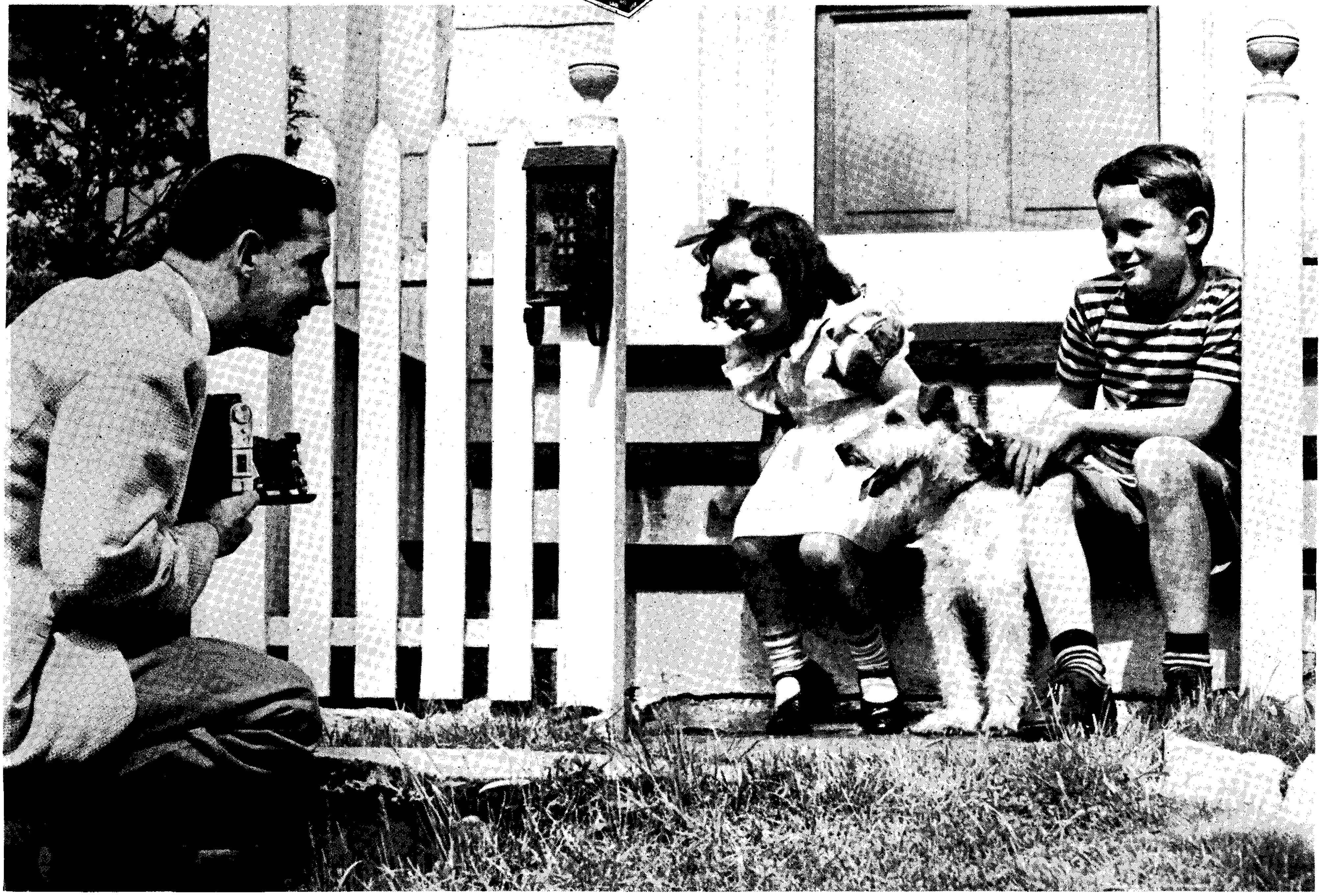

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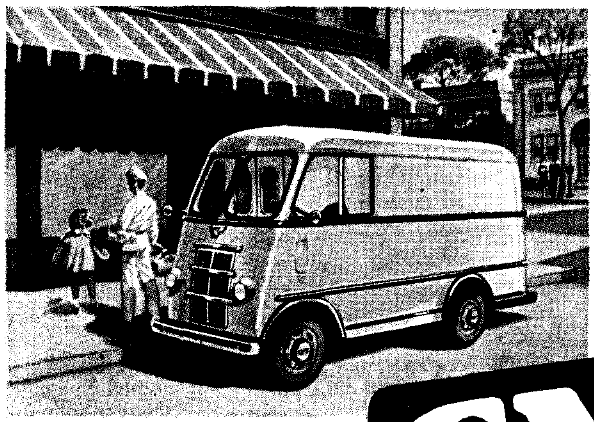

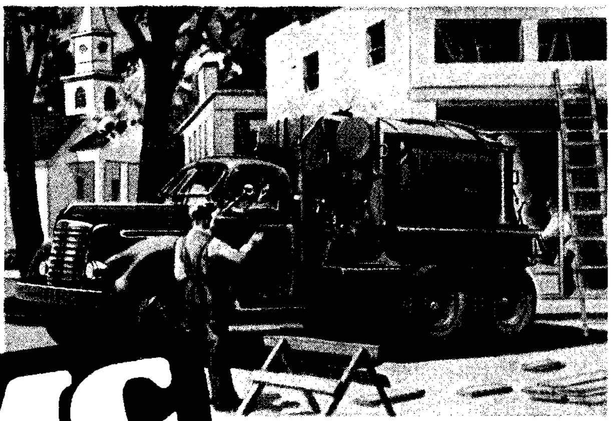

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later. Both hands were almost quicker than the eye.

"I'm so sorry," Poppy said contritely.

It was pretty obvious, Lew thought. If he had given her the dimensions of the Senator's diary, he would have saved her the trouble. But she had seen the detective novel which replaced the diary. She should have known the handbag was not large enough to contain it.

"I wonder if you'd lend me your compact," Poppy said. "I forgot to put mine in my bag."

"Of course," Valerie said.

"Coming?" Poppy asked, as she slid from her stool.

THE two girls went to the powder room, and Lew finished his drink tranquilly. He did not really care if Bill Fisher got hold of the Senator's diary, he decided, and he was sure it was on its way, under convoy of the United States Mail. It was Senator Ashton's problem.

The girls returned, Valerie looking worried. "It's been nice," she said. "Now I must run. Thanks for everything, Mr. Gibson."

"We'll take you to the station," Poppy said.

"Oh, that isn't necessary."

"We don't mind," Poppy said.

"Not at all," Lew said. "But, Poppy, maybe she'd rather go alone."

"Thank you," said Valerie.

"Lew, that was pretty thoughtless." Poppy's tone rebuked him. "Now we're going to see that she gets safely on the train. She has enough on her mind as it is, poor kid. Come on."

"Yes," Lew said. "You're right."

"Really," Valerie protested. "I—"

"We're coming," Lew said firmly.

Valerie sat in stony silence on the ride to Grand Central. As they got out of the cab and a redcap took her bags, she held out her hand, "Thank you very much, you two."

"We're going with you to the train," Poppy said.

"But you might as well keep your cab, don't you think?"

"We'll see you to the train," Poppy said firmly. "Pay the cab, Lew."

They followed the redcap across the great rotunda. At the train gate, Valerie said hurriedly, "I want to get some magazines. Excuse me a minute."

"Let me get them for you," Poppy said.

"If you don't mind, I'll choose them myself." Valerie's voice was nervous and unnatural.

"I'll go with you," Poppy said.

Lew found the performance puzzling. Poppy went with Valerie to the newsstand, and remained close at her side as they went through the gate to the train. They saw Valerie to her seat and Poppy insisted on waiting on the platform until the train pulled out. They saw Valerie's pale face at the window as the Pullman rolled past.

"So," Poppy said triumphantly. "She didn't ask for it."

"Ask for what?"

"This." Poppy opened her fist. On her palm lay a brass disk, a parcel-room check.

"Where did you get it?"

She laughed. "Out of her handbag."

"So that's what you were after."

"It was a hunch," she said. "It worked when we were in the powder room. Come on, Lew—let's see what comes out of the grab bag."

The second parcel room they tried was the right one. Poppy handed in the check, and the attendant delivered a package wrapped in brown paper.

"See," Poppy said. "It's the paper they wrapped the detective novel in when she bought it. There's the name of the store."

Lew took the package from her hands, and she cried, "Hey, what's the idea?"

"I believe this belongs to Senator Ashton," he said.

"You believe? You know damn' well it does. It's his diary."

"It's a rare historical document," Lew said blandly. "Fifteenth century."

"The Senator isn't *that* old," Poppy cried. "Lew, you can't do this."

"What did you expect me to do?"

"Well, gee—go somewhere. Have a quiet snifter. Read the damn' thing, of course."

"I don't intend to wade through fifteenth-century euphemisms," Lew said. "Come on, let's get a cab."

She trailed him across the station, her face flushed, her heel taps indignant. She followed him into the taxi, and as it drove out of the station she said, "Lew, surely you're going to open it?"

Lew shook his head.

"Damn it," Poppy said. "I recovered it, didn't I? I have some vested rights here. I want a story out of this."

Lew held the package tightly under his arm. "Poppy, do you like newspaper work?"

"You bet. I love it."

"And a story is pretty important to you?"

"Yes, it is."

Lew sighed, then met her eyes. "You know, I'm losing my secretary in a few days. She's getting married. I've got to find another."

"Say, that might be a job for Judy."

"No," Lew said. "Porter Fahnstock would take her away from me the first day. Besides, I don't want just a secretary. I need an assistant. I was thinking of you."

"I've got a job," Poppy said.

"I'm a publicity man," Lew said. "A press agent. Part of my job is to get stuff *in* the papers and the other part is to keep it out. I want this story kept out. You have some sort of idea this is a diary Senator Ashton kept. If you print a story like that, Poppy, it will get you in trouble."

"I'll take that chance," Poppy said.

The cab pulled up in front of the Hotel Westbrook. As they got out, she said, "I'm sorry, Lew. It's a story and I'm going to write it."

"Not that I give a damn," he said. "I'd like to see the old mossback get licked for Vice-President. It's a matter of principle, that's all."

"It's a matter of principle with me, too," Poppy said.

"You've got the principles of a Fagin," Lew said. "The talent, too. Don't kid yourself. You've got a streak of larceny running through you like marble cake."

"Not bad cake, though," Poppy said, "do you think?" Her eyes met his. "That is, if you like marble cake."

THEY went through the lobby to the elevators and up to the fourteenth floor. Lew knocked on Senator Ashton's door. The Senator seemed to have aged in the past twenty-four hours. The flesh of his cheeks sagged and his eyes were dull. His flat voice asked, "Any news, Mr. Gibson?"

Lew held out the package. "Open it up, Senator."

The Senator's hands trembled as he broke the strings. He ripped off the brown paper and dropped it to the floor. In his hands was a book bound in red leather.

"Yes," he said, and his voice was vibrant. "This is it! Mr. Gibson, how can I thank you? Who had it?"

"I don't know," Lew said. "We found it checked in Grand Central."

"Indeed?" Senator Ashton had recovered his poise. "That's remarkable. Remarkable work, Mr. Gibson." He cleared his throat with a brassy sound. "I said something about a reward for the return of the diary."

"Oh, never mind—" Lew began, and felt a painful nudge in his ribs.

Poppy said, "I believe you mentioned a thousand dollars, Senator."

"Precisely," said Senator Ashton. "One thousand dollars. I'll make out a check, Mr. Gibson."

"This young lady recovered the article," Lew said. "Make it out to Poppy McNaughton."

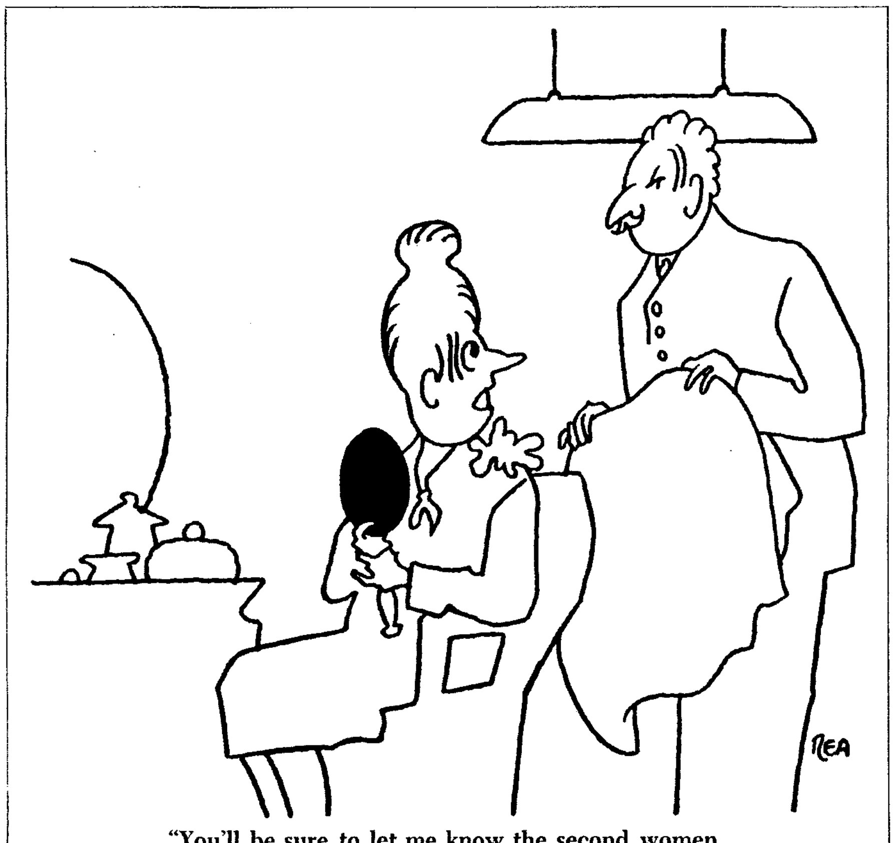
Senator Ashton nodded. He moved over toward a writing desk, holding the diary tenderly in his hand.

"Let me say, Mr. Gibson, that you have handled this matter with the utmost efficiency and discretion. I appreciate it. I intend to write a letter to the proprietors of the Westbrook." He held out the check. "Here you are, young lady."

Poppy tucked the check in her handbag with a satisfied smirk. Lew said, "By the way, Senator, we have safe-deposit boxes downstairs. Better see the cashier and tuck it away in one of them."

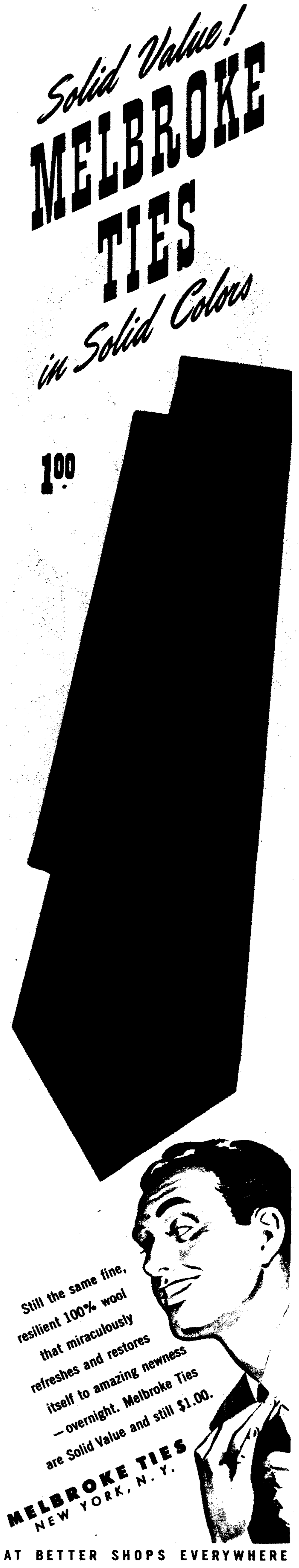
"A good suggestion," said Senator Ashton. He looked at the diary at his elbow. "Yes, indeed, I'll do that." He

(Continued on page 58)



"You'll be sure to let me know the second women stop wearing their hair this way, won't you?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA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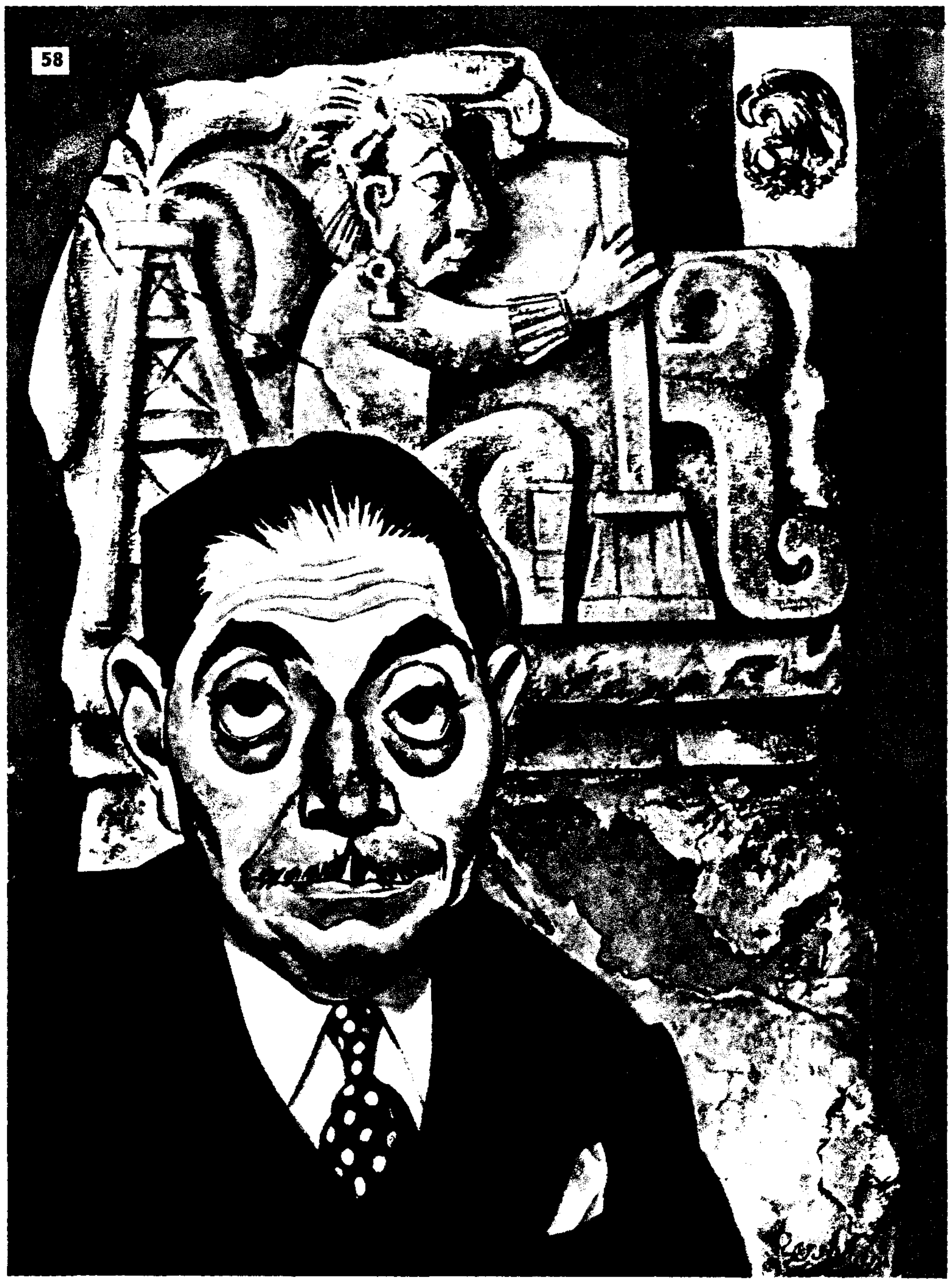


VII: LUIS PADILLA NERVO OF MEXICO

UNITED NEIGHBORS

IF AMADO NERVO had not been so good and so famous and so beloved a poet, his nephew, Luis Padilla Nervo, might not today be Mexico's permanent delegate to the United Nations.

When Uncle Amado died while Mexican Ambassador to Buenos Aires, his body was returned to his country on an Argentine battleship and escorted by a cruiser. Brazilian and Cuban warships joined the naval cortege on the way up to Vera Cruz. That'll give you some idea of how much they liked Uncle Amado's verse south of the Rio Grande.

"I used to write poetry myself," says the nephew now, somewhat wistfully. "Modern stuff with a philosophical flavor. I've had some published. But I found it very difficult to compete with my uncle's reputation. So, for a long time, I have not written poetry."

As he talks, Luis Padilla Nervo—who is 51 years old, short, stocky, pale under his dark skin, cuts his mustache à la George Brent and has black and gently wavy hair—crosses his legs, swings one foot rhythmically and lights one cigarette from the last.

He picks his English words slowly, as though he were choosing only the good berries out of a bowl. But he uses them without any of the inhibitions of the professional diplomat, which, however, he is.

He is acutely aware of the growing public pessimism over the U.N.'s ability to keep peace. Unlike most diplomats, however, he isn't disheartened, cynical or bitter. On the contrary. The widespread skepticism is, he believes, a healthy sign. He attributes it to a broader general knowledge of what's going on in the world.

"The U.N.," he says, "has produced a new form of diplomacy. It's completely open. It acquaints the public with all the difficulties and complications which before were known only to the Foreign Offices involved or, more frequently, only to the high personages concerned.

"When diplomacy was secret the public did not know about nor could it imagine the seriousness of the political, economic, social or merely personal conflicts during negotiations. Now the people are fully aware of such goings on. They are surprised and often disappointed.

"But this is a good thing, no. An informed public that does not like what is happening can bring pressure to bear upon the governments to set matters right. They can cause their politicians to behave as they, the people, wish. And because plain people everywhere have good instincts, the net, ultimate result of these new processes in international relations will be good."

As the representative of a small nation, new to international politics however ancient its civilization, Nervo is critical of the Big Powers' tendency to place their own selfish interests above those of the world family of nations. But he's tolerant.

"It's not possible," he admits, "especially in the beginning, to put aside national interests for internationalism. The achievement of real international co-operation will require much time—*mucho tiempo*—and *mucho* tenacity. Let's remember that the Security Council took up its work before the war ended. The Charter (of the U.N.) was framed to solve the problems of peace after peace had been achieved.

"But the Security Council began to consider international problems before peace came. We were asked to solve such problems as what to do about Iran's claims of Russian interference with its sovereignty and to determine how to slip a banana peel under Franco before peace treaties were signed. It's one thing to fight and win a war and another to organize a peace."

Nervo is particularly outspoken (and unusually lucid) on the subject of the veto. He envisions some "implementing and regulating" of the Articles of the Charter involving the use of the "no" vote by any of the Big Five. This is as close as any diplomat can come to saying out loud that the Charter desperately needs revision.

"I believe," says Nervo, who's an international lawyer with degrees from the Universities of Mexico, George Washington and London, "that the veto power was intended to be exercised mainly to avoid the voting of any grave measure by a majority against a big power on a matter in which the big power was party to a dispute or directly concerned with it.

"Lack of the veto in such a case might mean war, which is exactly what we're trying to avoid. We never understood that the veto was to provide a country with the right to refrain from giving assent to any decision that it merely did not like, directly concerned or not.

"As it stands, the veto power means that if any one of the Big Five does not give its okay to a decision of the majority the decision is invalid and can't be enforced. That is wrong, and I believe that the power of the small nations will be strong enough either to kill the veto power or to define it more accurately."

Nervo is confident that Russia won't ever walk out on the U.N., and he believes the Security Council will continue to have "problems."

"But," he says, "that's what the organization's for. The more problems we decide through the Security Council, the greater the chances of a warless world in our old age, and peace and security for our children."

Nervo became a father only a year ago although married since 1931 to a New York girl, Cecelia Winston Wilcox, whom he met at George Washington U.

"Like peace," Nervo says, "Luis Adrian was very slow and late in arriving. But now he's here and he's nice."

Nervo has a horror of growing fat. He played tennis in his younger days, but later he switched to golf. He's on the links as early as 7 A.M. as often as possible, trying to turn that slice into a serviceable drive. He's been at it a long time.

"I'm still," he admits with his customary candor, "a pretty bad player but I like the game and the exercise." . . .

FRANK GERVASI

CARICATURE BY SAM BERMAN

The Senator Was Indiscreet

Continued from page 57

reached again for his pen. "As soon as I've brought it up to date, that is. Please excuse me."

In the corridor, Lew took both of Poppy's hands. "Of course you can't take the thousand dollars and write a story, too."

"Why not? They're entirely separate and distinct. I earned the thousand dollars and I dug up the story."

Lew frowned. "I'm the sort of man who goes to extremes in the line of duty. Look, if you call up the Record-Star and quit, and take a job as my assistant, you won't have this compulsion to write a story. It will be your duty to keep it *out* of the paper."

"No dice," said Poppy.

They walked on to the elevator, and Lew told the operator to let them out at the mezzanine. They went to his office, walking well apart, an odd antagonism keeping them company along the corridor. Lew pushed open the door and went in ahead of Poppy. Helen Watkins glanced up from her typewriter.

"This will be your desk," Lew said. "Those are the files there in the corner. Helen will explain them to you."

"What's this?" Helen said. "She taking my place?"

"Yes," Lew said.

"Like hell I am," said Poppy.

LEW opened the door of his private office, and said over his shoulder, "Come in here." Poppy hesitated an instant, then followed slowly. Her face still was flushed and her eyes shone angrily.

He pushed the door shut and said, "It's a good job, Poppy. Did I tell you that all my assistants get married? I get them nicely broken in, and they up and get married."

"Doesn't interest me," Poppy said.

"That's why I want *you* for the job," Lew said. "The next assistant I have that gets married is going to marry *me*."

"My, my," Poppy said, with sarcasm. "You certainly make the job sound attractive."

"Are you going to take it?"

Her eyes met his. "No." She moved over to the window. "I can't let you make the sacrifice, Mr. Gibson."

Her shoulders were stiff as she stood looking out the window, with sunlight on her black hair. He said quietly, "I thought we understood each other."

"Do we?" Poppy's voice was very low.

Lew went slowly toward her. He said softly, "I believe you're a little bit sentimental."

"Am I?" she said. "Is that bad?"

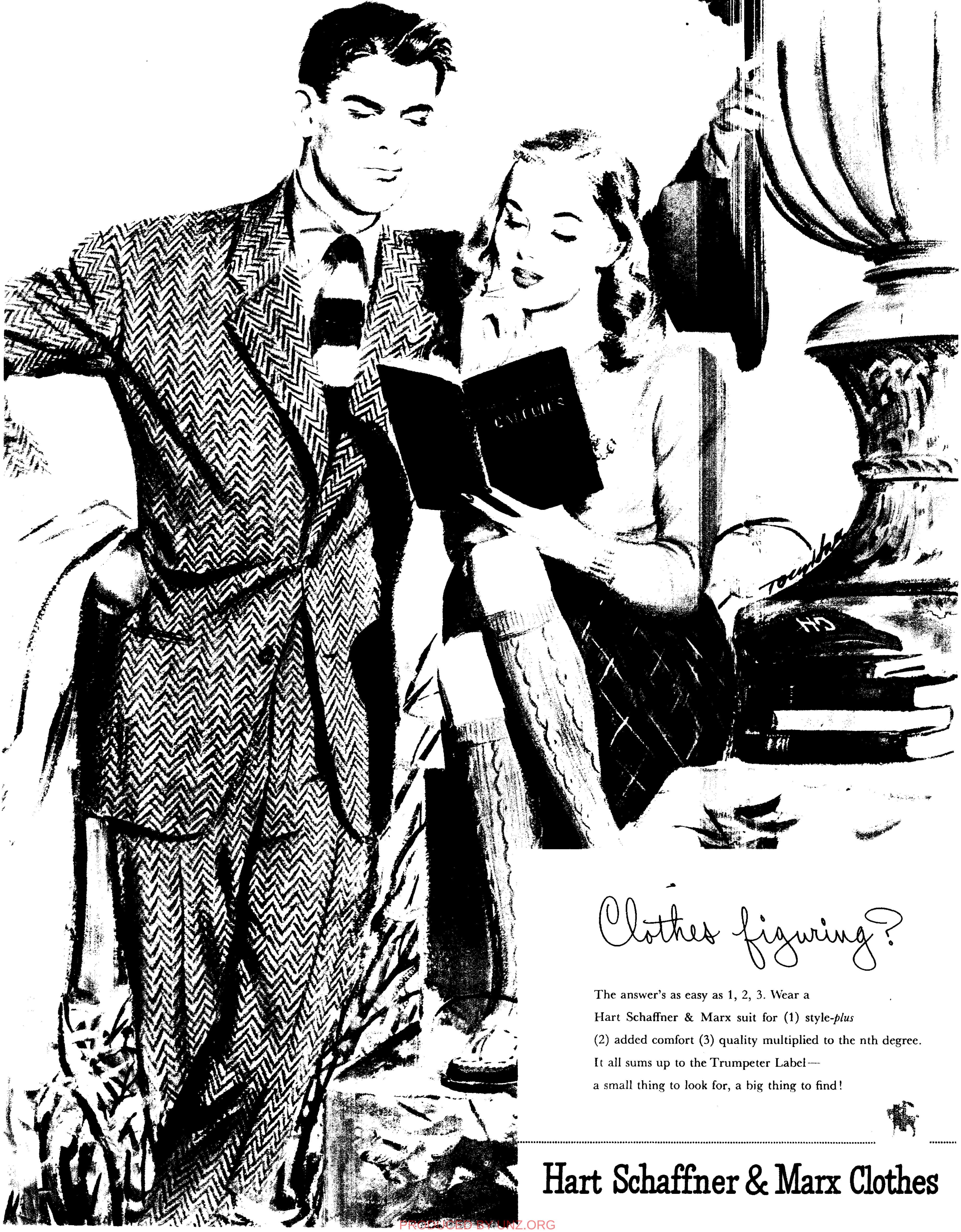
"You know, you're pretty hard to approach," Lew said. "Turn around." She shook her head, and he said in her ear, "You've got more bristles than a porcupine. You've prepared a violent defense and then you can't understand it if a man is a little careful. I met you on your own terms, and now you find you don't like those terms. What you want is hearts and flowers, is that it?"

"I've got to go to the office," Poppy said. "I'm late."

"Turn around," Lew said. "It's all right to be sentimental. I'm sentimental myself. That's how I know that sharp, jabbing tongue of yours is only a defense. I know you're loyal and warmhearted and sincere, and I'm glad you've defended it. You've got plenty to defend, Poppy. That's why I love you." He put his hands on her shoulders. "But you can drop the defense now, can't you?" He whispered in her ear, "Honey, turn around."

Poppy turned, with her defenses down. She had taken off her glasses, and she came blindly into his arms.

THE END



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The Caulfield System

Continued from page 15

emergency nurse at the behest of an interloping young doctor who looks an awful lot like Bing Crosby.

Getting back to Formula B, you are probably dying to inquire whether the Caulfield system is as simple as it looks.

For purposes of research, not so very long ago we dropped by Casa Caulfield, bent on taking Joan to lunch.

According to Hollywood protocol, budding young stars are supposed to answer the ring in person, beam demurely, and implore you to enter. In this instance, however, Caulfield *mère* opened the door, ushered the caller to a flowered-cretonne love seat, and informed him that her offspring was making her toilette and would be ready in a minute. It wasn't a minute exactly and it wasn't an hour either before Mistress Caulfield bounced in, a honey-haired, athletic-looking item who reminded us vaguely of Joan Fontaine with vitamins.

"Hi!" she said, putting out her hand. "Sorry I'm late. Confidentially, I didn't need to be, but you know how it is with us movie queens."

We admitted that we did—and now how about lunch?

"A sensational idea!" she said, heading for the door. "What do you say we go to LaRue's and be glamorous?"

Glamor Gal Confesses All

On the way to LaRue's, she decided she had a confession to make.

"I'm really not at all glamorous," she said, a trifle wistfully, it seemed. "I'm just putting it on."

We perked up.

"I guess being glamorous just doesn't come naturally to me. About the only time it works is when I'm trying to impress my sisters, Betty and Mary."

"Oh!"

"You should have seen me at Mary's wedding last year, a couple of weeks after I got my contract. I was really dripping with glamor. My hair was done up in a glamorous page-boy, my gown was chocolate colored and drapy, and for the dramatic effect, of course, I was carrying a glamorous fuchsia bag, the kind Gene Tierney affected in Laura. And, of course, I was wearing long gloves, the kind that Rita Hayworth peeled off in Gilda. Shall I go on?"

We begged her not to stop.

"Well, being a family that knows its way around Emily Post, naturally the Caulfields served champagne," she resumed, after catching her breath. "And being a new mov-ee star, naturally I had to consume it in the approved Hollywood fashion, long gloves and all. I was sipping it elegantly and dashing from one person to another with the 'how-wonderful-you-look-today-darling!' "

LaRue's, it soon developed, was crammed with film gentry, all of them apparently bent on being glamorous and some of them, obviously, a mite better known to the maître d' than our Nell. He smiled a little tentatively, it seemed, and wondered if madame and monsieur would like to have a drink at the bar pending the liberation of a table.

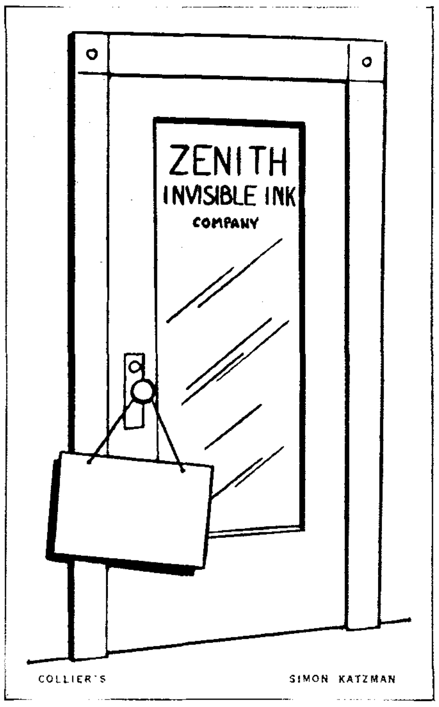
"Kind of a skimpy greeting for a movie queen, don't you think?" Joan said with a twinkle.

There is no point in slavishly setting down, word for word, the Caulfield account of the Caulfield beginnings. In these days of paper shortage, it's enough to note that she was born in West Orange, New Jersey, that Papa was a broker, that she attended one genteel girls' school after another, and that the future was untroubled when something unforeseen and dreadful happened. Papa had a sudden financial reversal, as a result of which the family moved across the river to New York. At this juncture, we go to the source again.

"In a way, moving to New York was like crossing the Rubicon," the would-be glamorous one resumed, caroming a wobbly smoke ring at the ceiling. "It brought me out of the suburban coma into which I'd slipped and threw me up against Life. I was seventeen and a trifle too young for productive toil, so I was bundled off to Columbia to acquire a bit of culture."

Halfway through freshman year, it dawned on her that the cloister wasn't exactly her milieu, even though, "just for kicks," she had joined the Morningside Players and was getting an occasional part to play—mostly old-maid aunts and bemused grandmothers. To complicate matters, things weren't any too gladsome at home.

"I was brooding about quitting school and going to work when a friend suggested that I give modeling a try. Confidentially, I hooted out loud, but by stealth I called on Harry Conover, properly chaperoned by my sister Mary, and asked him point-blank if I was even a remote facsimile of the model type. Mr. Conover squinted, hesitated for a minute, remarked that I looked awfully healthy, and wound up deciding that maybe I'd do. A few weeks later I was a junior breadwinner—$125 a week net."



A young lady collecting that kind of cabbage and brushing up against glamor practically every time she turns around is apt to find irregular French verbs a little on the boring side. Add to that a sudden decision that she is cut out for the stage, and a college education begins to look futile to her. Consequently, she quit school, and took out in search of her true destiny.

The search, as has already been hinted at, was brief. She was walking up West 44th Street, bound for the offices of a producer by the name of Brock Pemberton, when whom should she run into but a chum by the name of Leila Ernst, an alumna of any number of George Abbott productions including What a Life! and Best Foot Forward.

"I'm thinking seriously about giving my all to the drama," the Caulfield informed the Ernst, after exchanging the usual small talk. "Know anybody who's looking for a good actress?"

"George Abbott's looking for replacements for a road company of Best Foot Forward. Might be there's a part."

"I'm not exactly his type, but thanks anyhow," Miss C. said. And she resumed her progress up the street.

Five minutes later she breezed into the Abbott office, carrying a magazine with her picture on the cover, and asked to see Mr. Abbott.

The receptionist refused to be impressed. "Can you sing or dance?"

"Why, of course not!" Joan came back, a mite flabbergasted. "I'm an actress, not a night-club performer."

"Then I'm afraid you can't see Mr. Abbott. He's awfully busy this morning, but you might try again one day."

Joan was standing by the elevators, crestfallen and woebegone, when Mr. Abbott's secretary came flying out into the corridor, spotted her, and called her back. The secretary, it seems had gotten a glimpse of Miss C. and had dashed into Mr. Abbott's inner sanctum to inform the great man that there was a girl in the other office who couldn't sing or dance but had eyes that blazed like emeralds, and did he want to see her?

George Abbott has the reputation of being a producer who can tell a hawk from a handsaw no matter in what direction the wind is blowing. At any rate, he took one look at Joan and said: "I think you're just right for the part of the tart in Beat the Band, my next show."

"A *refined* tart, I hope," Joan said, more than somewhat aghast.

"She prances around without any clothes on in one scene, but she has a heart of gold," Mr. Abbott said.

A girl like Caulfield is not one to let an opportunity slip through her fingers at a mere tsk! from Mrs. Grundy.

Father Puts His Foot Down

Opening night came within an ace of being both her debut and her farewell performance, thanks to the surprise arrival at New Haven of the entire Caulfield clan. As it was, Mr. Caulfield harrumphed, Mrs. Caulfield blushed, Sister Betty giggled, and a Yale man who had Betty in tow, kept fidgeting with his collar. Caulfield *père* put a period to the whole affair by issuing a ukase to the effect that from now on, his offspring would confine her dramatic activity to parts that permitted her to wear a complete wardrobe at all times, and was that clear? Joan assured him it was.

She had been at liberty for something like seven weeks and trying desperately to live down her notoriety when she received a call from Mr. Abbott.

"I've just decided to produce a play called Kiss and Tell," he informed her, "and there's a part in it for you."

"What kind of a part?" Joan retorted coolly. "There are certain parts I wouldn't be interested in doing."

"This one happens to be a lead," Mr. Abbott came back with a chuckle. "She's a rambunctious high-school girl. . ."

"Thanks! I'll be over. Goodby."

Well, she hurried right over, read for Mr. Abbott and the playwright, and was picked then and there to play Corliss Archer, the girl with a genius for getting herself, and practically everybody in sight, in a box.

"I'd been playing the part for fourteen months when Paramount talked me into giving pictures a try," she had just finished saying when the maître d' hove to.

"Your table is ready, madame," he said. "Will you follow me?"

Miss Caulfield winked. "What do you say we give our order in French and floor the waiter," she said, leading the way inside. "After all, this is Hollywood. Or had you forgotten?"

We told her we hadn't and weren't likely to.

THE END

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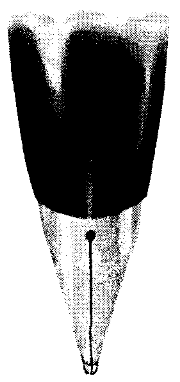

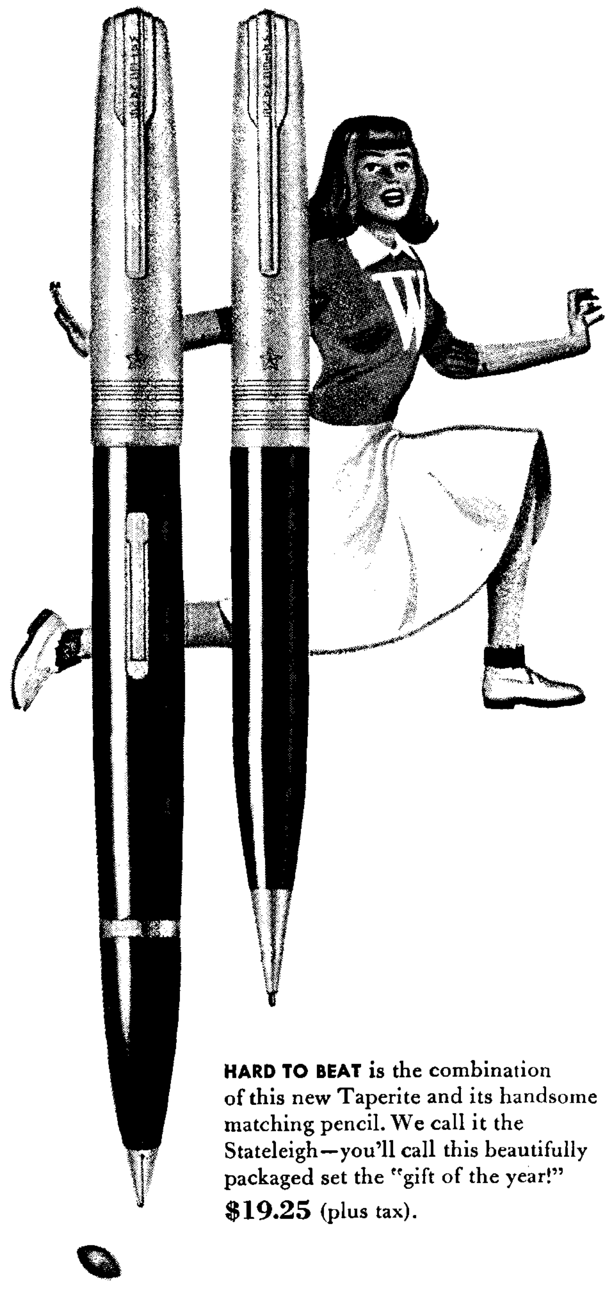

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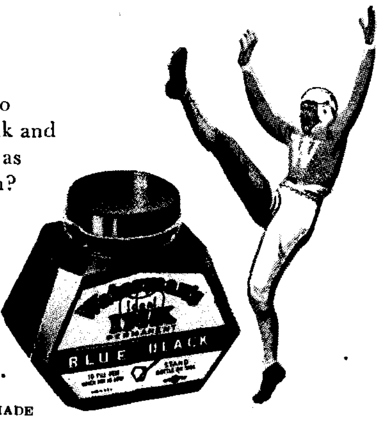

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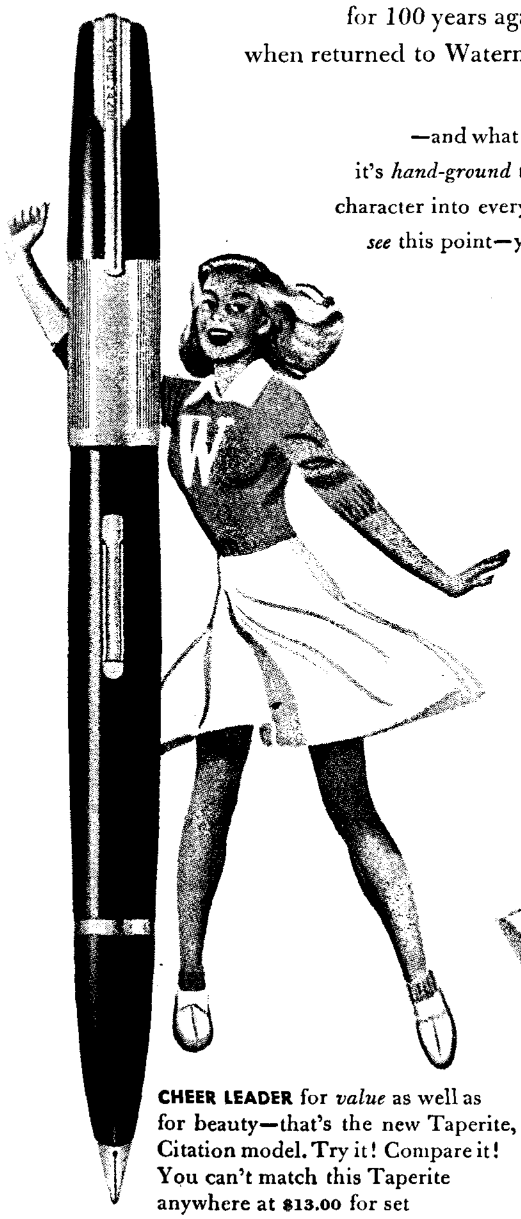

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ON ABC AGAIN SEPT. 14—GANG BUSTERS

Survival

Continued from page 21

Burton lifted his palms and pressed them hard against his temples, trying to still their pounding, trying to stop the senseless rush of thoughts and words that tumbled through his brain.

"Sammar, you have the rare privilege of watching a psychoneurotic in the making," he said. "That damned lion is driving me nuts."

Sammar grinned his broad, sharp-toothed smile, without understanding a word, and brought Burton his clothes. Burton dressed slowly, feeling the chills begin to leave his body, as if they were things of definite substance. The quinine hum and deafness settled in his ears, and he began to feel better. He smiled wryly to himself. He would have to learn a lot more Swahili than he knew if he expected to discuss psychoneurotic manifestations with Sammar, but at the rate that he was getting the bridge built, he would have plenty of time for it. Plenty! He'd have time to learn Swahili and Hindustani and Sanskrit and Chinese. Only they wouldn't keep him at building the bridge that long. One bright day—not that he had seen any other kind of day in this godforsaken part of Africa—a runner would come from the railhead. He would have a piece of paper balanced on his head, with a thirty-pound rock over it to keep it from blowing away, and the paper would say in plain crisp English, "Burton, you're fired. Ha-ha!"

THE "Ha-ha!" would be just the beginning of the laughter that would follow him the rest of his days. Wherever two engineers met, invariably one would ask the other, "Did you ever hear of Burton? The chap who had a bridge to build over the Nikitiki, but couldn't do it because a bloody lion ate up all his laborers . . ." Ha-ha Burton. That was he. And then they would remember that it wasn't the first time a thing like that had happened to him. They would remember the bridge he had built in the Andes . . . the bridge that never had a train cross it because the day it was finished an earthquake started a landslide that brushed the bridge from its path as if it had been made of matchsticks.

That had been his first big job, and it had labeled him as unlucky, and it had been a long time before another outfit would take a chance on him. And then there had been another job, and a silly revolution had flared up under his nose, and when the shooting was over, the new president had ideas of his own as to who would build the railroads in his country. In time, a man can live down hard luck, but he can never live down ridicule. Now the name would stick, and he would always be Ha-ha Burton, the man who couldn't get a bridge finished because a lame lion ate up his men faster than he could hire them. That would be the funniest of all.

He finished his breakfast at the little iron table set outside his tent, then strapped on his .357 Magnum pistol, and picked up the black, hippohide *kiboko* whip that was his sign of authority, and walked over to the work site. Sammar walked silently behind him, carrying the heavy .500 double-barreled rifle cradled in his bare arms. It was another hot day. Heat waves were already beginning to rise from the parched earth in curtains of liquid glass. A haze of golden dust hung suspended in the mute still air.

Burton sat down on a hummock overlooking his work crew and wiped the perspiration from his forehead. Below him, at the edge of the flat river, his blacks were working. Their bodies gleamed as they bent to the swing of the picks. The sun reflected on the black, shiny surface of their knotted muscles, and on the sweeping arc of the metal picks, until each one of the men was a dark, shimmering pool of reflected light flashing beneath the parabola of the pick. They were working, yet there was no co-ordination to their motions, no group rhythm. Each was a man alone. The whole scene had the grotesque unreality of an off-rhythm ballet danced in a nightmare. Fear waved the baton, and in each man the tempo was different, and they were no longer a group but glittering globs of individuals moving in senseless syncopation.

From time to time, they lowered their picks and raised their heads and leaned forward a bit as if listening, and their white-edged eyes scanned the veld. Fear was the invisible fog that choked their throats to silence, and slowed their motions until they resembled men working beneath water. For two months now, fear had thickened the air with its stifling odorless scent.

Two months ago, the lion had struck for the first time. It was at night then, and the native had been outside the high thorn *boma* that surrounded the camp. A week later, the killer had jumped the eight-foot *boma,* killed a native lounging at the outer circle of the campfire, and vaulted back into the night. Now, he no longer hunted at night. In broad daylight, he would charge over the ground like a weaving streak of yellow lightning, strike once or twice, and miraculously escape through the rain of quickly flung spears.

At first, Burton had thought that the lion had turned man killer because of the limp from an old wound. It was not unusual for a lion who was either too old, or who had a wound that prevented him from hunting his usual game, to turn to man as the easiest game to hunt and kill. But this lion never tried to carry his victims away, and the limp was only apparent when he was a safe distance away and trotting slowly. He killed deliberately, swiftly, carefully, with the killing an end in itself. He killed from a deeper instinct than hunger. He killed as if he saw his own doom in the bridge that was being built, and the trains that would someday ride over it. He killed as if his own survival depended on it. The natives sensed it, and their wails had filled the air each time the killer struck. "*Majavie,* the evil spirit! He has been sent in anger at our work!" They had bundled their few belongings and trekked back to their villages.

As long as the lion lived, the bridge would never be built.

SITTING on the hummock, Burton watched the few remaining blacks. Every few moments, as if at a signal, the syncopated rhythm of the picks wavered and stopped, and the men leaned forward in a moment of breathless listening. There was only the silence to hear. Malaria chills began to shake Burton's body again. The sun lost its power to penetrate beneath the surface of his skin. His teeth began to chatter. The heat waves coagulated into viscous, reddish clouds before his eyes.

The lion was halfway across the clearing before Burton saw him. He was going straight for the blacks, shaggy black mane flattened, muscles cording and rippling at every giant bound. For a moment, Burton watched him without surprise, without alarm. The lion belonged there. He was part of the veld, like the heat waves and the flat river.

The blacks stood frozen in grotesque positions of suspended motion, their teeth bared in petrified grins of horror.

"*Simba, bwana!*" Sammar cried.

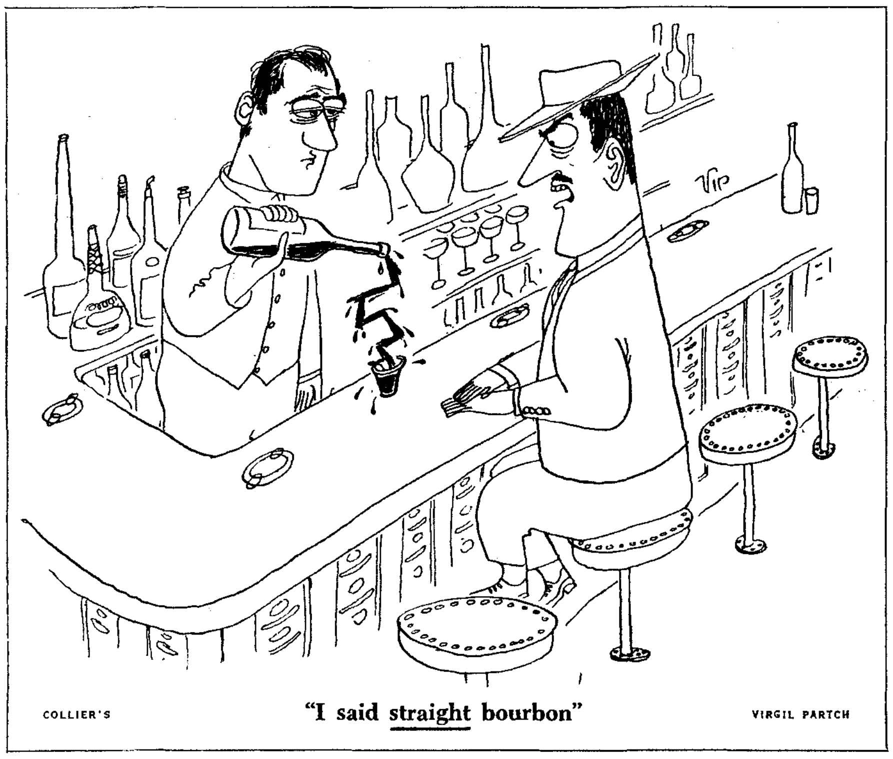
Burton took the rifle mechanically, feeling its weight in his hands, the heat of the barrel beneath his fingers. He lifted it slowly, as if he were not quite sure of what it was, focused the hazy sights on the beast and fired. The terrific recoil jarred his head, and the pungent smell of burned nitro stung his nostrils like a strong whiff of smelling salts, and he lined the sights more clearly and fired the second barrel. The lion twisted in mid-air and plowed into the dry earth in a cloud of dust. He bit at his flank, twisting and turning to reach the wound, then roared for the first time and continued his charge. He reached a group of natives, and his forepaws struck out twice, then he turned and raced toward the veld.

Burton cursed double-barreled rifles, and flaps on revolver holsters, and himself, and his trembling fingers that could not hold the pistol steady, but just sent lead slugs plowing harmlessly over and under and ahead of his moving target. He had only grazed the lion. He had only burned him a bit along the ribs.

"Ayo-o-o!" the blacks wailed.

The liquid waves of the sun poured over Burton's eyes in reddish curtains that barely parted as he walked unsteadily down the slope to his men. The sight of the mutilated bodies tightened his throat, and he turned and spat the bitter taste from his mouth.

A force began growing slowly within him, a force more deep-rooted than himself, and as it flowered upward, it drove the anger from him, and the fear and the repugnance. The lion killed from that deep-rooted force. It killed because



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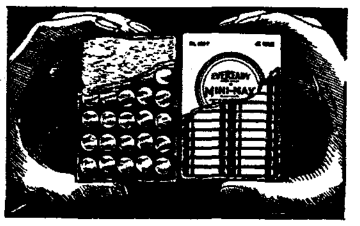
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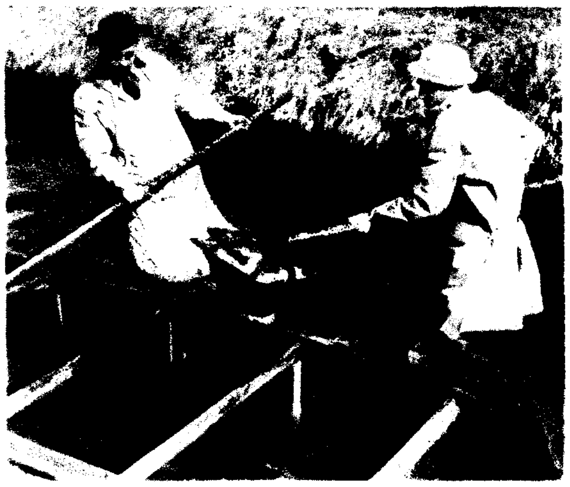

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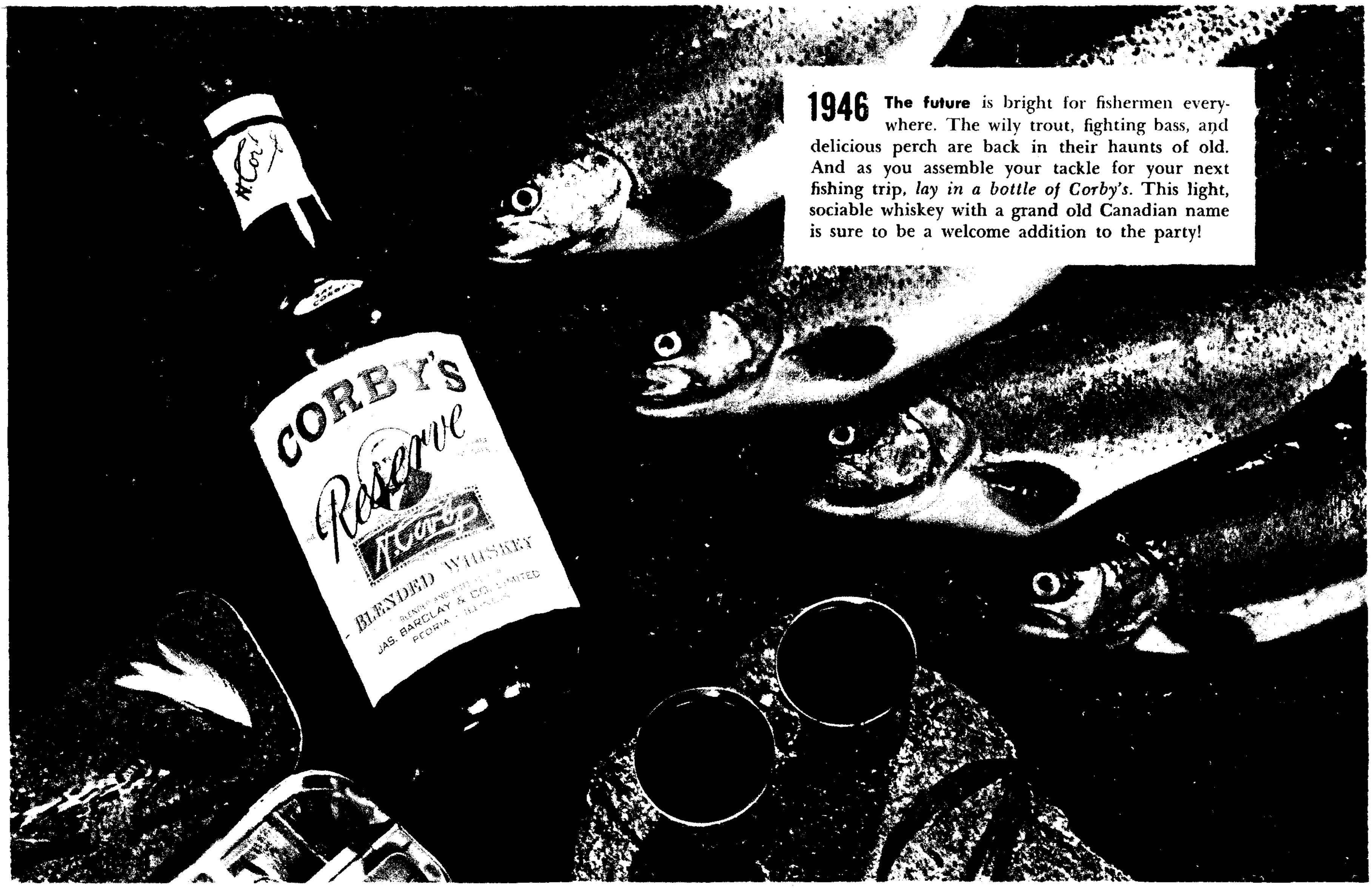

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it was a lion, and it could not survive in the presence of progress. And now, he, Burton, must kill, and his desire came from that same force and that same instinct. He must kill because he was man, and he could not survive without progress. He was civilization. He must move forward or perish.

"The Springfield, Sammar," he ordered. "And ammunition. The .220 grain, soft nose. And quinine. Plenty of quinine. And a canteen. Hurry!"

Sammar hesitated, then ran to the *boma.* Burton sat on a rock and waited. He felt calmer now. Stronger.

"I'm going after the lion," he said to the men gathered around him. "There will be great reward for any that follow."

Their eyes rolled. Their skins turned a strange, sickly gray that made him want to laugh. "Ayo-o-o . . ." they moaned, standing on one foot and then on the other.

He took the rifle from Sammar, examined it carefully and stuffed the ammunition in his pockets. He took three of the quinine pills and cupped them in his palm and slipped them into his mouth and washed them down with the tasteless boiled water from the canteen. He stood up and handed the *kiboko* whip and the heavy, double-barreled rifle to Sammar.

"See that you oil it," he said.

"Do not go, *bwana.*"

Burton turned away, and for a few steps he could hear Sammar's bare feet following him, then they halted.

"Do not go, *bwana,*" he pleaded again, but he could not follow.

Burton smiled. The force in Sammar was only loyalty. It could not penetrate fear to gain strength from the deeper instincts beneath. The low moan of his men followed him as he walked up the slight rise. They chanted, but they could not follow. It gave him strength and, somehow, confidence in himself.

AT THE crest of the rise, his eyes picked up the scarlet drops studding the yellow grass like liquid jewels, and he followed them. The lion had bled a lot and was traveling slowly, but he was not badly wounded. The smears of blood were high on the grass. They were deep red, clean and clear. Just a flesh wound. They led over the veld to a deep thornbush donga. Somewhere in the thickness of the impenetrable ravine, the lion was resting, nursing his wound.

Burton could imagine the giant beast licking the scar with a long pink tongue, growling in his throat all the while. Blood would smear the corners of his mouth, but some of that blood would be the blood of the men he had just killed. Then, suddenly, the licking would stop, and the yellow eyes would narrow with cold hard light. The black nostrils would quiver as they caught his scent. The body would flatten close to the ground, legs bunched, long tail quivering in an ecstasy of anticipation.

Sweat broke in chilling globules over Burton's body. To hell with the lion, he thought. To hell with the bridge, and the job, and all the jobs like this one.

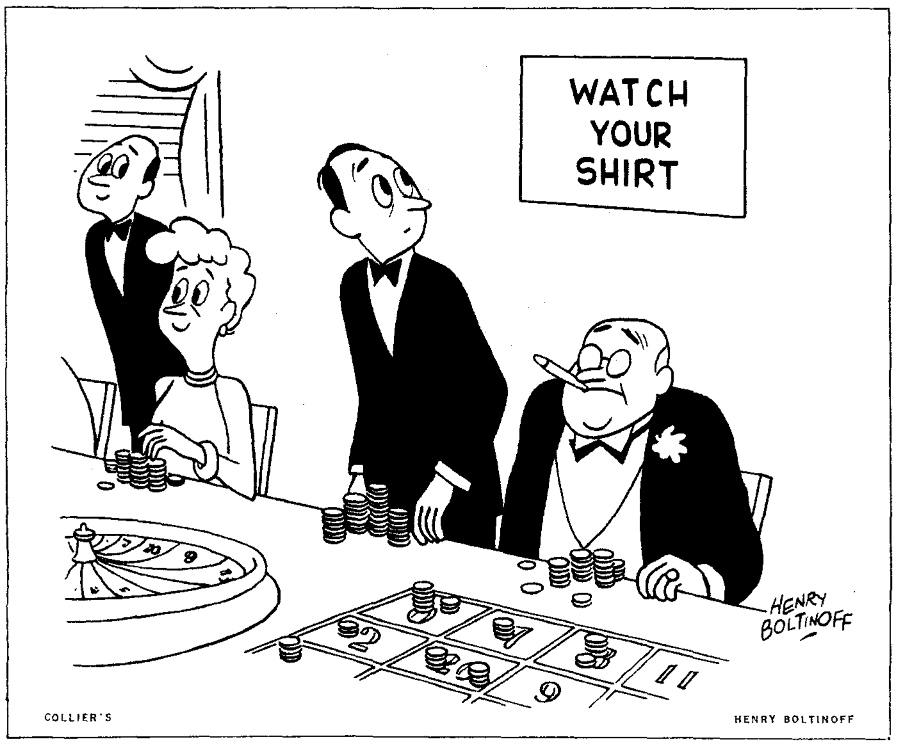
But he could not turn back, because it was more than just the bridge and the job. He advanced slowly into the jungle as if a hand were pushing him forward. Curved thorns clutched at his clothing, ripping the fabric with thin scratching sounds. They dug into his skin, clawing scratches into his arms and thighs. It hurts, he thought. It hurts to be clawed. It must be like this when the lion claws you, only worse.

He remembered dreaming of the lion digging the frozen chunks of his body out of the sleeping bag, and shuddered. But he could not turn back.

He flipped the safety off the gun, curled his finger around the trigger and bent low, trying to look beneath the tangle of bushes, but they were as closely matted as a basket all the way down to the rocky ground. He stopped and listened, but no sound penetrated the quinine humming and buzzing inside his head. Once, he thought he detected a motion in the heavy underbrush, and his finger tightened on the trigger. The gun roared and bucked in his hands, startling him. Twigs rained to the ground, and a splintered branch shone strangely white in the gray dullness of the thorns, but the yellow spot did not move.

Shooting at clumps of wattle grass, he thought in disgust, then grinned foolishly to himself like a punch-drunk prize fighter. It did him good to grin.

He found the spot where the lion had rested to lick his wound. The bent grass was still straightening its stalks; the small pool of blood was still seeping into the parched soil. Burton pushed on across the floor of the ravine, up the steep bank on the opposite side. Loosened pebbles still showed their damp, dark sides to the sun. Cautiously, he peered over the lip of the cut. A motion in the tall grass attracted his attention. A large, black-maned head appeared for a moment above the grass. About four hundred yards! Burton threw himself prone on the bank, and slipped the gun sling around his wrist. He couldn't make it. The grass hid the lion from view. He tried sitting, but he was still too low. With a curse, he rose to his feet, and tried to steady the trembling of the gun barrel. The heat waves seemed denser through



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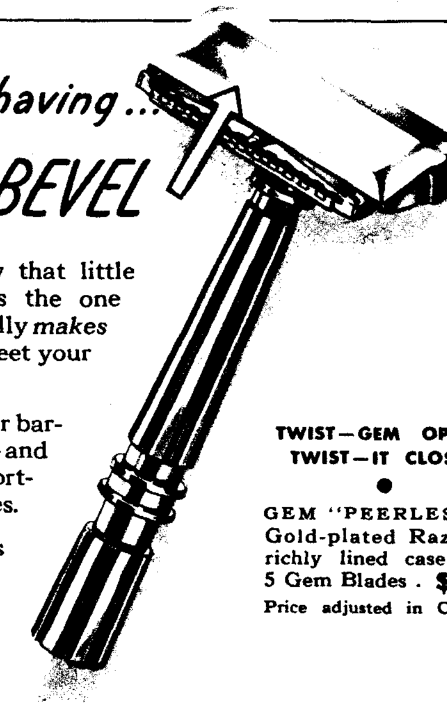

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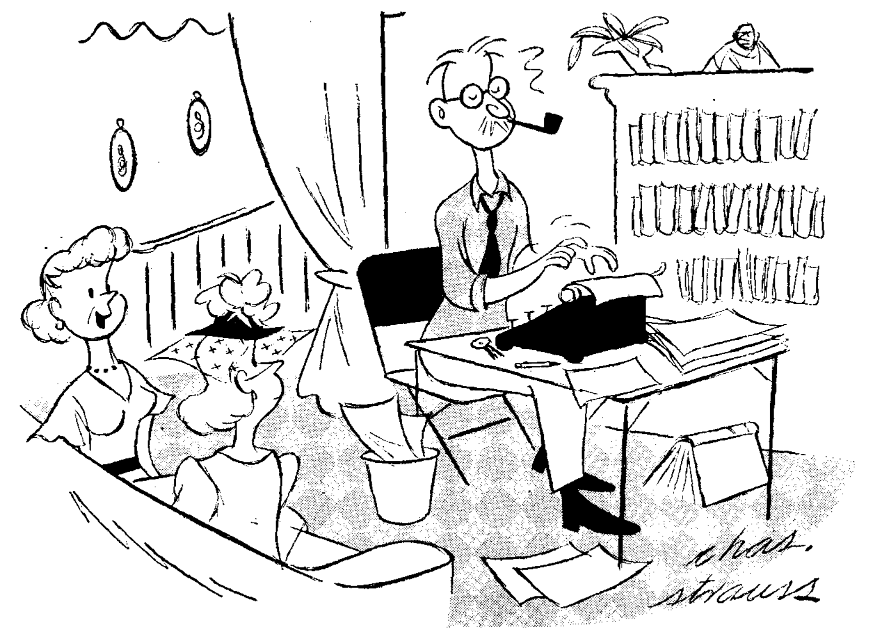
BREWING CORPORATION OF AMERICA • CLEVELAND, OHIO the aperture of the sights. The sun struck blinding reflections from the barrel. For a moment, the lion came into full view, moving slowly, quartering away from him. He fired, but even as his finger squeezed the trigger, he knew that he had missed, and sweat broke out all over his body again.

The lion was moving faster now, running at a slow trot that arched his body above the grass. Burton worked the bolt until the gun grew hot under his hand, and the hammer clicked on the empty chamber. The lion swerved in his direction and disappeared in the haze.

He turned! Maybe I hit him! he thought, but there was no certainty in his mind. A *Majavie*, the natives had called the lion, an evil spirit. A deathless spirit, bent on destroying him, and his work, and his future.

HE PICKED up the trail again, his feet heavy, his head ringing with quinine and the blasts of his futile shots. He reached the spot where the lion had been when he fired, and found the long welts in the earth where his bullets had plowed into the ground. They had been close. So close that the flying dirt must have showered the lion's body. He had undershot.



"He got the idea for his next novel from the movie based on the radio adaptation of his first one"

COLLIER'S CHARLES STRAUSS

He had missed. That was the all-important thing. He remembered suddenly that he had not loaded the gun since firing it, and cursed himself as he filled the magazine with fingers that trembled with sudden fear.

"It won't do," he said. "It won't do."

His voice startled him. It was strange to hear his voice speaking out there in the quietness of the veld. It sounded hollow and uncertain, and out of place, and he didn't like it. He loaded, put the gun on safety, and took a drink from the tepid water in the canteen. He brushed his wet lips with the back of his hand and watched the sun dry the matted hairs and let them bristle back into place again. It was hot, but it was the sun itself that hurt with its leaden weight. He could feel it at the top of his head through the insulation of his helmet, and at the back of his neck, and in his spine. It was a solid mass on his shoulders that he must carry with him until darkness relieved him of the load.

He stopped suddenly, and examined a spot of blood on a blade of grass, then cut the blade and held it up where he could see it more clearly. He ran ahead excitedly and picked up other blades and held them close to each other and compared the colors. Some were darker and the blood was speckled with dark particles. They were different from the drops that he had been following.

"I hit him!" he cried, and he did not care if his voice sounded strange in the loneliness. He wanted to shout and cheer and run, holding the blood-speckled blades high over his head. He ran ahead a few excited steps, as if he expected to see the lion lying dead in the grass, but running sent the blood pounding into his head to throb painfully behind his eyeballs. He went ahead more slowly, but there was no lion, only the bright-red and dark-red spots of blood shining on the leaves. Here and there in the tall grass, the leaves were smeared, and he noticed that the smears of the dark blood were lower than the others.

I've gut-shot him! he thought, and all his excitement died into a hard, solid lump. Gut-shot! A shot that shocked no vital part, that shattered no nerve center, but would kill slowly, and cruelly, and inevitably. It might be days before the lion crawled beneath a tree, while the vultures and the marabou storks blossomed on the branches like vile rags waiting to shroud the dead.

Burton could not turn back now. Even if he wanted to, he could not turn back now. He had seen the lion; he had had his chance, and he had gut-shot him. Now he must follow him into eternity if necessary and kill him clean. He *had* to see the lion dead. . . .

On a rocky knoll, the tracks grew dim, and the drops of blood lost their luster and dried quickly on the hot stones. He lost them, and quartered frantically along the hill and down the slope to the brush beneath and out on the plain again, until he found a drop on a grass blade. He followed the trail until he was sure that the dark dry spots were blood, not beetle rust. When he was sure, he stopped and took three more quinine tablets and washed them down with water now hot enough to cook an egg.

He crossed three small ravines where the lion might have stopped to charge him, but the lion had gone on, as if he did not know that Burton was on his trail, or as if he were too sick to fight. The trail led to a dried river bed, and from the bank Burton could see the big padded footprints in the smooth sand, and noticed the way that one paw seemed to drag a bit, as if the shoulder were growing stiff. The tracks led about fifty feet to the left, then crossed the river bottom and swung back to a point almost opposite Burton, as if the lion had changed his mind and had come back to continue on his way.

He did not follow the tracks, but went straight down the bank, and started to walk across the smooth sand. Suddenly his feet sank beneath him to the ankles, and he almost fell. He struggled frantically to raise his feet, but every motion made them sink lower in the swirling, moving body that sucked at his boots. A cry of terror welled in his throat as he struggled blindly, but the little vampire mouths of the sand sucked him deeper with every futile motion. Above the boot tops now, around the knees and creeping higher. He tried to give himself leverage with the rifle stock, but the greedy sand swirled to grip it. He pulled it free with a motion that sent him deeper. It was the lion who had done this to him. The lion had led him purposely to this death trap.

The cunning of hatred drove all panic from him. He slipped from his hunting coat and spread it lightly on the sand before him. He rested the rifle across it and slowly applied his weight. The coat folded where the rifle rested. Not enough bearing-surface. He lost precious moments and inches as he pulled the coat out and straightened it again. The rifle on one side now, and the canteen on the other. One hand on each. They sank beneath his weight, but the coat ballooned in the middle and went down more slowly. He bent forward and drew steadily against the pull of his legs. They moved, slipped slowly from the swirling particles that gripped them. Sweat beaded his forehead and fell in dark drops on the faded khaki of the coat. The sun beat mercilessly on the back of his neck. The sand was beginning to seep around the edges of the coat now, hot against his fingers.

But his legs were higher. He could bend over and see his boot tops now, then the calves of his legs, then his ankles. His arms had sunk so low that the cold fear gripped him that they would be pinned down, and he would be caught there hand and foot, bent over in the middle with his face close to the sand. He could not keep this balance. His feet suddenly came free, and he pitched forward, one foot landing on the coat for just a moment, kicking out frantically. He fell sprawling on the hard sand, and his fingers clawed at it, dragging his feet out of the softness.

He climbed on the bank where the grass made the ground firm, and lay flat, resting and panting vehement curses. When he was rested, he picked up the trail again, his rifle gone, the canteen gone, and the sun burning through his shirt. With his knife, he cut the flap off the holster, and made sure that the gun would not catch in the ragged edges of the leather. It was easier walking without the weight of the rifle to hamper him, but when the trail led him to another ravine, the cold sweat of fear broke out all over him, and he walked through slowly with the cocked pistol in his hand.

He scared up a hyena, and later a bushbuck, and each time he was so startled that he almost fired the gun, and when it was all over and the animals had gone crashing off through the bush, he just stood there and his knees felt weak and shaky with nervousness and malaria. He did not holster his gun again.

IT WAS twilight when he came to a patch of trees growing like a dark island in the middle of the plain The sun suddenly lifted from his shoulders and the heat waves sank slowly into the earth like tired dancers. In the distance, a lilac mist rose from the ground and spread rapidly toward him. When it reached him, it was almost purple, and above it the stars began to shine.

He cut branches from a lightning-mangled tree and built a small fire and huddled close to its glare. The sweat dried on his body, and soon he was cold, and no matter how near he sat to the fire, the chill of the air stabbed into his back, and his bones ached. Then he was thirsty, and when he realized that he was thirsty, the cold left his body and he

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did not think of it any more, and the fever began to burn all over him until his lips dried and cracked and his eyes felt so hot that he could not close them. He tried to swallow quinine tablets, but his throat would not let them pass, and he had to chew them, feeling the bitterness spread through his mouth and down his throat until his body became one vast bitter cavern. Two red eyes glared at him from beyond the circle of firelight, and he fired a quick, panicky shot, and as the eyes disappeared, he heard the pounding hoofs and knew that it was not the lion come back to kill him.

Burton was sick. He was so sick that he thought he was going to die, and was glad. But when he opened his eyes later, he was not dead, and it was night. The stars had stopped moving and the new fingernail moon was painted on the sky. Nightmares came as true as reality, woke him weak and sweating, came again, over and over through the eons of night that had no end. He lay, neither sleeping nor waking, with a gun hanging from palsied fingers, with dried lips split and burning, thirsty, cold as death, hot, afraid that it might end, because once ended, it would never resume again.

Then, it was morning. Africa awoke in a sparkle of diamonds from the dew that moistened the veld grass. Burton rose and stretched the stiffness from his body. He groaned and grunted and rubbed the back of his neck. His face was pale beneath the tan of his skin, and his eyes were heavy and dark-rimmed.

I'll get him this morning, he thought. I'll surely get him this morning.

He checked his pocket compass and noted that he had been traveling in a wide circle, leading back in the direction of the river. After he got the killer, it would be only a few hours' trek back to the camp. He picked up the old blood trail, walking rapidly, feeling the stiffness leave his body, feeling suddenly rested and revived by the brisk morning air. Half a mile from where he had camped he found the spot where the killer had bedded down, and little pools of blood already beginning to buzz with swarms of flies. There the trail ended. The lion had stopped bleeding.

PANIC seized Burton. He circled the place, head low, eyes darting frantically for the telltale dark spots that had guided him. It couldn't be! He couldn't lose him now! Suddenly he noticed that where he had walked through the grass, his clothes had brushed off the dewdrops, leaving the grass blades darker and less shiny than the others. He circled slowly, looking in the distance instead of straight in front of him, and then he could see the trail that the killer had left in the grass, and it was so easy to follow that he went along at a trot.

The country became slightly rolling, and as he climbed the first incline, he felt the sun beating against his spine, and the trail through the grass became dimmer as the dewdrops dried. He hurried to the top, and on the shady side, the grass was wet and he could see the trail leading to a clump of bushes, then turning right past that clump over a little rise where the sun was hitting. When he got there, the sun was high, burning the back of his neck and through the khaki of his shirt, and the heat waves were like gelatin again, and the grass was crisp and springy.

He raised his eyes to curse the sun, but his mouth opened without a sound, because there in the distance, five or six hundred yards away was the lion, moving slowly, stopping from time to time to turn his massive head and look back.

Burton trotted down the hill, but the killer trotted, too, limping and dragging his hind leg, but moving just as fast as Burton. Once he stopped and crouched low, and Burton stopped too, and felt the muscles tighten in his stomach. He checked the gun, made sure that the chamber was loaded, cocked it, and moved forward cautiously, steadily, getting closer and closer until he was so close that he could see the twitching tail, but not close enough to take a chance with the pistol. Then the killer turned uncertainly and limped off, afraid at last of the man who came toward him silently and relentlessly, moving closer with every step, without growling or cringing or sneaking, just coming closer.

The glancing spears of the sun straightened and beat down white-hot, and thirst began to torture Burton again. The saliva dried in his mouth, swelling his tongue until it choked him, and his lips puffed and cracked open, bleeding little streams of blood. He opened his mouth and gasped, and a little air trickled into his parched lungs, hot and dry and dust-laden. There, within the haze of his vision, the lion dragged himself, goading him on into the inferno of the noonday sun, the white heat of the glazing steel sky.

Burton fell, and he realized that he had not stumbled. For a long time, he had been falling, his knees getting weaker and his eyes dimmer. He pushed himself off the ground and brushed the dust from his gun and stumbled on. The agony of thirst choked into his being, and he stumbled more often, and when he fell it was harder to rise. The lion swerved to the right and broke into a stumbling trot, and the heat waves swallowed him in the distorted maw. Burton turned, too, but his red-rimmed eyes no longer sought the lion. His hands went to his throat, clawing as if to remove a hand that choked him. He fell again, and at last the ground felt soft beneath him and he lay conscious of unconsciousness, breathing, yet wishing that he did not breathe for the agony of it.

Then he heard birds singing, and the meaning of it soaked into his mind, and he pushed himself up from the ground. Birds . . . flickers . . . water! He weaved to his feet, stumbled toward the sound, mouth open, blackened tongue protruding through the horrible scars of his lips. He stumbled through tall elephant grass and broke into a clearing. And there was water. An oblong pool of muddy, yellow water. His legs sagged beneath him, and when he fell, he felt the dampness of the mud against his face, and his hands clutched frantically, clawing the pool toward him.

His hands plunged into the water, then his face reached it, first his forehead, then his eyes, and at last his gaping lips. The world reeled madly in ecstasy as his whole head went beneath the surface, and the wetness entered his mouth and seeped into his nostrils. He tried to swallow, to drown himself further in it, but his throat was too swollen and his head too low beneath the rest of his body. He lifted himself on his arms and raised his head to let the water in his mouth run down his throat. When he did, he opened his eyes and saw the lion.

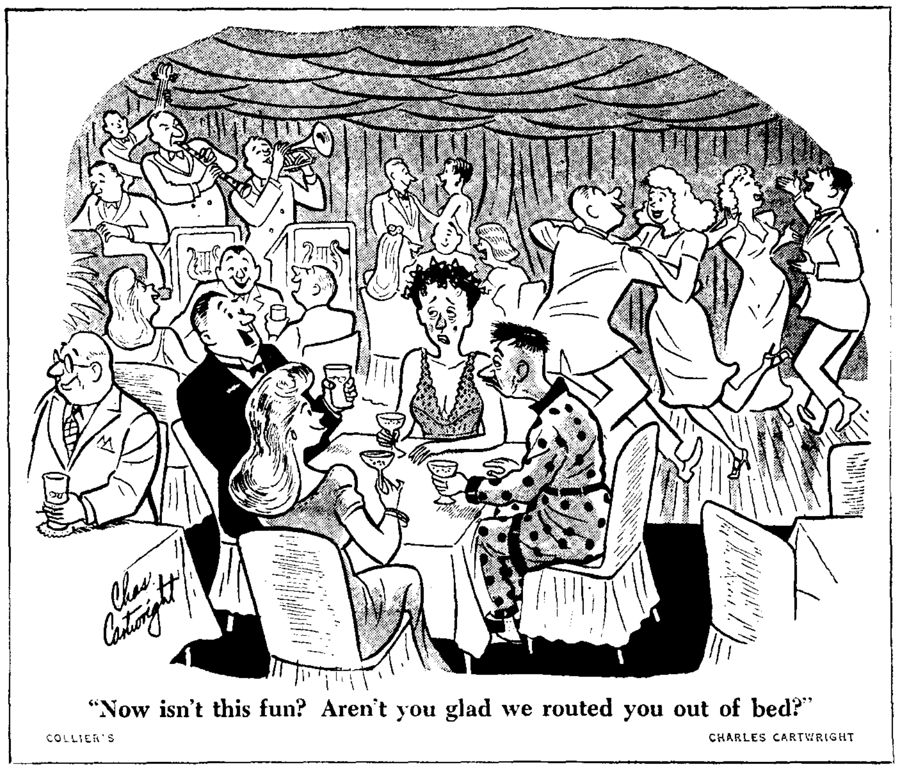
Directly across the pool from him, not more than twelve feet away, crouched low against the bank, paws almost in the water, muzzle wet and dripping, the lion was looking at him through narrow yellow eyes. But the water was trickling down Burton's throat, and it was more real than the lion, more real than death, and his face fell to the water again.

BURTON gasped at last, and choked air into his lungs. His mind became active again and raced to the lion and to the pistol he had dropped when he had first seen the water. The lion had hardly moved. He had backed a bit, so that his paws were no longer in the water, and his head was resting between them touching the ground. He crouched motionless, his eyes golden talons fastened on Burton. Slowly Burton moved backward, able to sweat once more, able to feel fear and hate. His fingers found the gun and curled around the trigger, and strength coursed through his body. But strong at last, he lost his hate, and his finger hesitated on the trigger. The lion could have killed him as he lay face down in the pool, yet he had not.

There was no malice in the golden eyes fastened on his own. There was wonder in them, and the shadow of futility. And strangely, Burton felt no malice toward those golden eyes, or toward the giant body crouched to spring. One of them must die that the other might survive, because there was no compromise in their lives, no truce that could last. The lion could have killed him, yet he had not. And now, he must kill the lion. He would surely die anyway. He could never survive the wound in his side that the .220 slug had blasted.

Burton raised the pistol slowly and aimed along the barrel. The sight centered between the eyes that never left his face, and he squeezed the trigger. A small black hole appeared on the tawny forehead, but no blood came from it. The body did not twitch, the eyes did not loose their look of wonder and futility. High in the blue sky, the vultures that had been hovering planed lower. They wondered at the living figure that had remained motionless so long in the presence of death.

THE END



"Now isn't this fun? Aren't you glad we routed you out of bed?"

COLLIER'S CHARLES CARTWRIGHT

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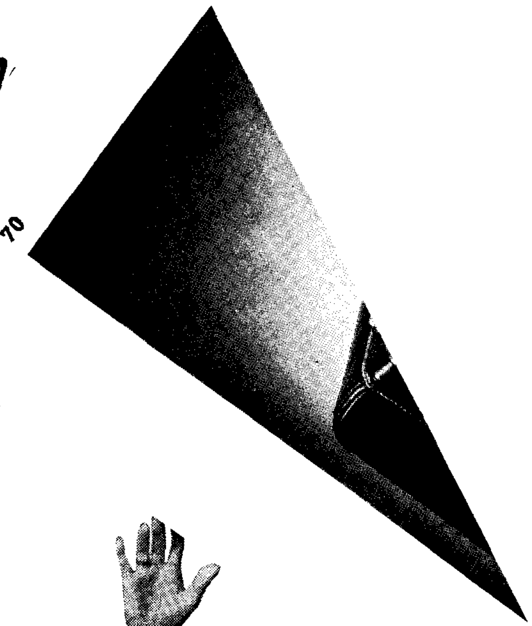
said FRANK



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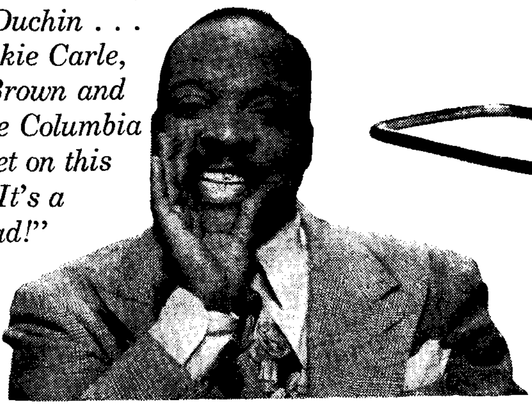

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Singing in the Zoo

Continued from page 23

opera. But now, with so many indirect benefits coming their way, they are glad he did it—and still does it.

Crisis Number 99 hit the opera in 1941, when the usual guarantors, perhaps frightened at the prospect of war, refused to repledge support. Hild told the newspapers: "If I don't get another $15,000 guaranteed by May 1st, I'll throw in the sponge."

The next day a delegation of students from Cincinnati's two music schools, the Conservatory and the College, came to Hild's office and said, "Please don't let the opera die. Can't we help?"

So Hild organized them into the Young Friends of Music. They launched a Dollar Campaign and raised more than enough money. These same young people serve as volunteer ushers, supers, secretaries and receptionists. They give picnics and swimming-pool parties for the stars. They whip up more trade for the opera through speeches at luncheon clubs and on the radio. John Bauer, the opera's publicity agent, trains them to speak. One very fat boy tickles his audience when he says: "Maybe you haven't been to the opera lately. Maybe you think opera stars are all fat like me. Well, they're not . . . etc."

The Y.W.C.A. has opera parties and the P.T.A. buys blocks of tickets. Almost every department store buys tickets to give to its employees. Practically everybody in Cincinnati takes a hand in the opera now. It's a big community project. The guarantors run to 2,000, and Hild hopes that is the way it will always be, a people's affair.

Rebels Within the Union

In the spring of 1944, Hild ran head on into more trouble—the famous Symphony fight. While he was negotiating with the Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra Association for a $20-per-man increase, some union members within the orchestra were doing some negotiating of their own without Hild's knowledge. They were about to reach a settlement with the Association, agreeing to no raise in pay, and permitting the firing of ten orchestra members. Someone tipped Hild off to what was going on, and he showed up, uninvited, at the union men's meeting. He brought with him summonses for four of the rebels, charging them with "conduct detrimental to the Musicians' Association."

At the union trial, the four men, headed by Conductor Eugene Goossens, were suspended from the union for six months and fined. On top of that, Hild had his way about the horizontal pay increase for all orchestra members, and prevented the firing of the ten men whose jobs had been in danger.

The Symphony's patrons, many of whom had always been opera patrons, too, were in an uproar, and some of them ranted hotly against unions in general and Oscar Hild in particular. Here they had been about to save money, and everybody was agreeable except Hild—who barged in and upset everything for them, at the same time slapping the face of their august conductor, Goossens. The town of Cincinnati went wild for and against Hild. That summer, a group of Symphony patrons boycotted Hild's opera.

But Hild, as usual, sailed through the tempest without disaster. Now, it's amazing, but everything has quieted down, and nobody seems to be mad at anybody any more.

At a Silver Jubilee luncheon given by a group of civic organizations, there was a special Symphony table, with Hild's former enemies there to pay him their respects.

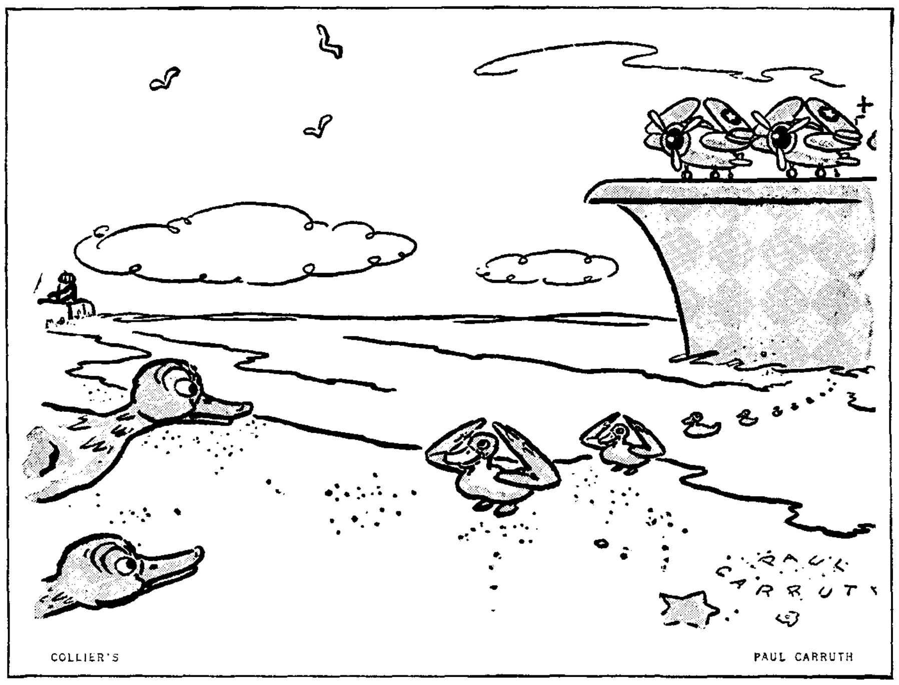
Speechmakers spoke of a rosy future for the opera. The annual deficit is getting smaller and smaller. Over a period of seven years, the average yearly loss was only $7,800, a trifle compared to the huge deficits of the old days.

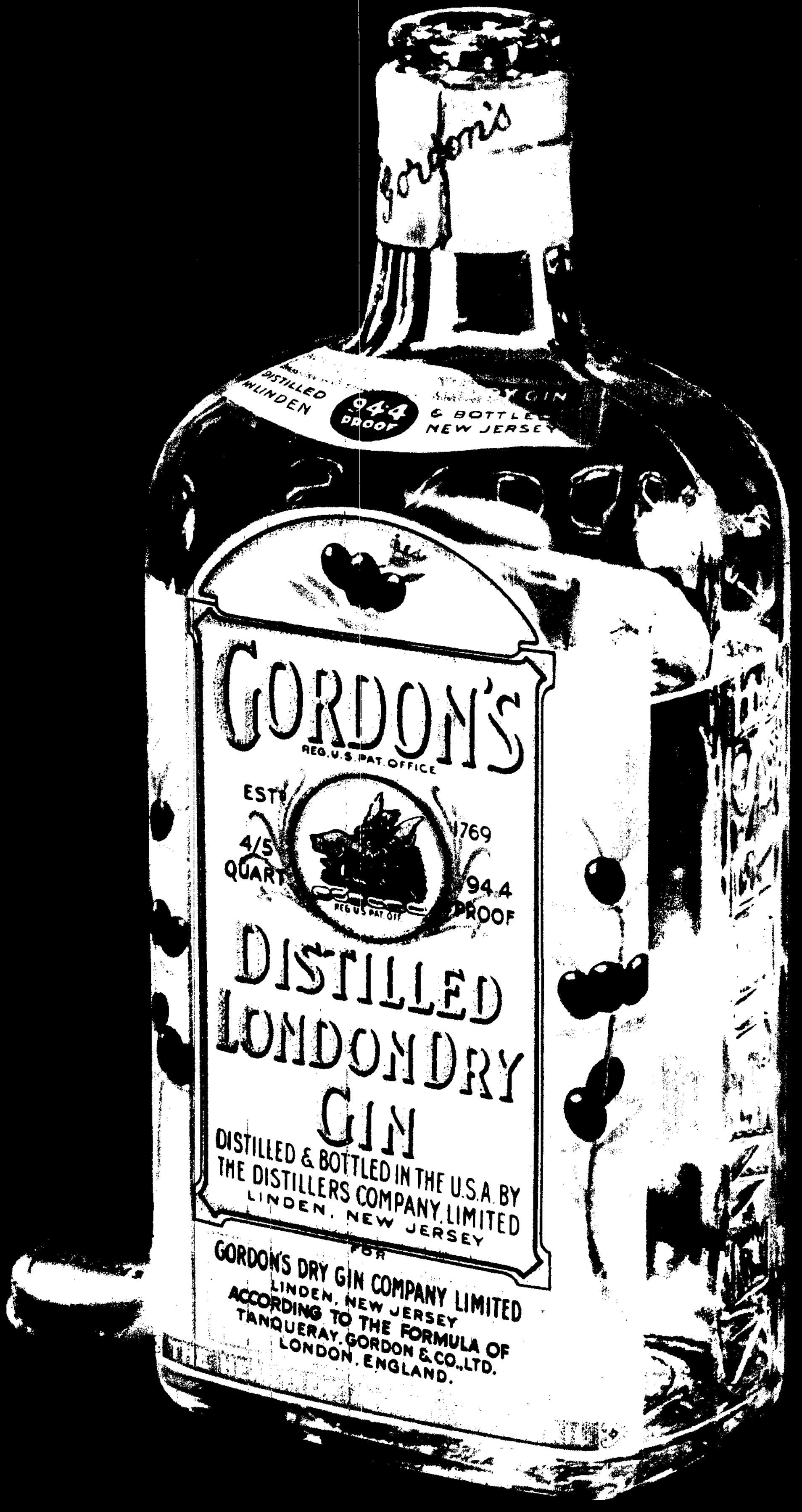
The opera pavilion, which has a capacity of about 3,000, almost always is sold out. With opera tickets modestly priced from 90 cents (general admission) to $3.50 (boxes), this means a nightly maximum take of $5,900 or about $213,000 a season. This isn't much money, but Hild has made it go a long way, buying for Cincinnati nothing but the best in opera.

The next big hope for the opera is a new building with far greater capacity—which would mean, Hild believes, the end of deficits for all time.

For Cincinnati's operatic blessings, all the speakers credited Oscar Hild. James Shouse, vice-president in charge of broadcasting at radio station WLW, spoke glowingly of the man with whom he must bargain, every season, concerning the money to be paid to radio musicians. "In a period of nine years," said Shouse, "Hild has sold me perhaps three million dollars worth of music, and that, even in this city of music, is a lot of music. . . . In his dual capacity, I sometimes think of him as Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hild."

THE END

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The Roosevelt I Knew

Continued from page 25

"Philosophy?" asked the President, puzzled, "philosophy? I am a Christian and a Democrat—that's all."

Those two words expressed, I think, just about the extent of his political and economic radicalism.

I take it that the essence of economic radicalism is to believe that the best system is the one in which private ownership of the means of production is abolished in favor of public ownership. But Roosevelt took the *status quo* in our economic system as much for granted as his family. It was part of his life; he was content with it. He thought it ought to be humane, fair and honest. He thought that adjustments ought to be made so that the people would not suffer from poverty and neglect.

He thought that business could be a fine art and could be conducted on moral principles. He thought that ought to be the test; people ought to demand that business be conducted partly for the welfare of the community. He could not accept the idea that the sole purpose of business was to make more and more money. He thought business should make and distribute goods with enough profit to give the owners a comfortable living and to enable them to save something to invest in other productive enterprises.

Opposed Domination By Business

Roosevelt had no hatred of business, but he was always in strong opposition to the idea that business should dominate the life of the country. He felt keenly that it was unhealthy for our economic life and contrary to decent principles of human development and culture to have the commercial mind moving forward to greater controls of every aspect of American life. Productive business that didn't dominate, he thought, was an advantage to the community.

At the same time he had no such fear of trade unions, and saw no reason why employers should fear them.

I heard him explain to people: "You don't need to be afraid about unions getting too powerful. They only want to be in a position to determine their own affairs, to fix their own terms and conditions of work and not be pushed around by their bosses. They really have no other objects in mind. You shouldn't be afraid to have them organize in your factory. You will probably get a lot better production and a lot more peace and happiness if you have a good union organization and a good contract."

When someone once argued that unions might get too powerful, he said: "Too powerful for what? It might be a good democratic antidote for the power of big business which certainly tries to dominate the country in many places."

But Roosevelt had little sympathy with the sit-down strikes which—starting with the General Motors plant at Flint, Michigan—swept the country in 1937. Certainly the sit-down technique is unwise and demoralizing. It has been agreed by nearly all sensible labor leaders that it is a method of excess and should never be used. In this case the employers would not talk with any committee of the strikers until they were out of the factory. No matter what happened, they would not give way on that.

I never could see—and Roosevelt agreed with me—why they felt that way.

"If your neighbor is a sinner, all right, you know he is a sinner, but you deal with him anyhow," said Roosevelt. "You don't refuse to deal with him in a business way merely because he is doing wrong."

The strikers, he said privately, are doing something quite wrong and hazardous and they ought not to do it in a country like this where, although their employers have been difficult to deal with, the men now have certain rights under the law, and eventually the government will get around to seeing that those rights are recognized and that the employers deal with them in collective bargaining.

DYNAMIC
AUTO
SA
GEORGE WOLFE

COLLIER'S "Gentlemen, Mr. Twelliger, here, has offered us a bonus of five dollars if we'll sell him a new car!" GEORGE WOLFE

In another discussion of the sit-down strikes, Roosevelt said, "Well, it is illegal, but what law are they breaking? The law of trespass, and that is about the only law that could be invoked. And what do you do when a man trespasses on your property? Sure you order him off. You get the sheriff to order him off if he tries to pitch a tent in your field without your permission. If he comes on your place to steal, why, you have him for theft, of course.

"But shooting it out and killing a lot of people because they have violated the law of trespass somehow offends me. I just don't see that as the answer. The punishment doesn't fit the crime. There must be another way. Why can't these fellows in the General Motors meet with the committee of workers. Talk it all out. They would get a settlement. It wouldn't be so terrible."

Frank Murphy, then governor of Michigan, motivated by a humane conscience, refused to shoot it out with the strikers. Roosevelt made no official or unofficial recommendation and the General Motors people still refused to meet with the men.

The breakdown in industry was serious. I talked with the officers of General Motors, Chrysler and other companies many times myself. Finally, Walter Chrysler, seeing that the situation was turning worse rather than better, decided to take the credit for being the first to make peace with the automobile workers, and as he said to me with a chuckle, "leave General Motors guessing again."

I had been told that General Motors and other employers would take it better if they could say that the President had asked them to relent. So late one afternoon I went to see Roosevelt. He had a bad cold and was in bed. But he took the memorandum of facts which I had given him and which occupied not more than five or six typewritten lines.

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nat marcus

COLLIER'S "If you got something on your mind, Millbrook, say it!" NAT MARCUS

I warned him, "Don't discuss the issues with Knudsen. Just tell him that you have reason to believe that if they go into conference there will be an evacuation of the factory and a reasonable settlement."

He sighed and rubbed his head, which ached, read the memorandum, picked up the telephone and called William Knudsen, president of General Motors. He had not met Knudsen but had liked what he had heard about him. As the operator said, "Mr. Knudsen is on the telephone," Roosevelt said to him in a pleasant voice which did not reveal that he was aching and uncomfortable, "Is that you, Bill? I know you have been through a lot, Bill, and I want to tell you that I feel sorry for you, but Miss Perkins has told me about the situation and what you are discussing and I have just called up to say I hope very much indeed that you go through with this and that your people will meet a committee."

Knudsen was as agreeable as the President. They exchanged a few words of mutual admiration and I heard the President say, "Fine, fine, Bill. Thank you very much, Bill. That's good."

Then he put the telephone down with a sigh. "Well, I hope that is over."

It was over. At least his part was over. It took a long time to make an agreement, and the end is not yet. But the sit-downs were over and the road to peace in the automobile industry had been opened to the rule of reason and to collective bargaining.

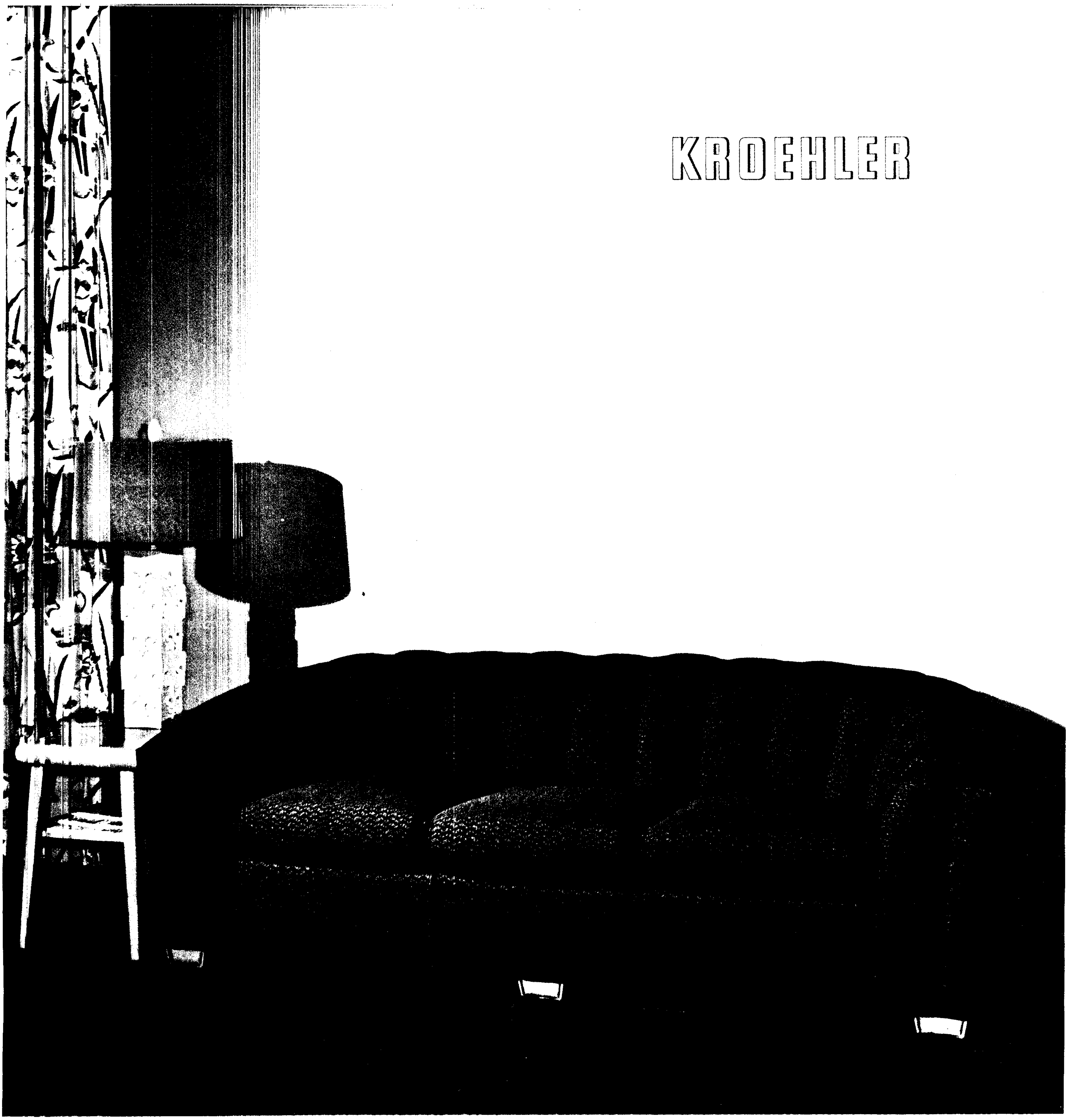
First New Deal Pattern Vague

Improvisation of this sort was typical of the action Roosevelt took to solve the many very difficult problems that faced him in the early days of his first administration. The idea that the New Deal had a preconceived theoretical position is ridiculous. The pattern it was to assume was not clear or specific in Roosevelt's mind, in the mind of the Democratic party or in the mind of anyone else taking part in the 1932 campaign. As a matter of fact Roosevelt's plans were never thoroughly thought out. They were burgeoning plans; they were next steps; they were something to do next week or next year. One plan grew out of the other. Gradually they fitted together and supplemented each other.

Roosevelt knew little about abstract economic theories. For example, the economic measures of the early New Deal—the setting of minimum wages under N.R.A., expenditures for public works and relief—were regarded as a practical demonstration of the economic theories of the late British economist, John Maynard Keynes, and many concluded from this that Roosevelt was a disciple of Keynes. The truth is that he was unfamiliar with Keynes' economics. Keynes came to this country in 1934, visited Roosevelt and talked lofty economic theory to him.

Roosevelt told me afterwards, "I saw your friend Keynes. He left a whole rigmarole of figures. He must be a mathematician rather than a political economist."

Keynes had treated Roosevelt as though he belonged to the higher echelons of economic knowledge, when actually Roosevelt always reduced economic problems to concrete, human terms. When, as governor of New York, he was first grappling with the depression he heard many theoretical discussions of economics. But he never felt certain about the theory until he saw a little sweater mill back of Poughkeepsie



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which had employed no more than 150 people. Roosevelt talked with the employer who was in despair. He talked to the workers who were frightened and confused. In this way he got the economic and human problem all at once. He had a basis of judging whether a program would be practical by thinking how it would apply to the sweater mill.

The sweater mill had made, before the depression, a good quality, all-wool ladies' knitted sweater which sold at retail for nine or ten dollars. It was in a small village, and the workers got fair wages, which allowed them to be comfortable in that community. Work was reasonably steady because the quality of the product was good and the owner had developed a steady market.

Then the depression began. The wholesale houses began to give smaller orders and the owner had to close down the mill for longer periods between orders, and lay off about half of the employees. The employer was a local man and his employees were his friends. They begged him to do something. Their savings were exhausted and they must have work. In desperation he went down to the city. He canvassed the streets where the wholesalers and jobbers were located, to find them as frantic as he. They must sell something, or they too would be crushed and out of business and their people would be unemployed.

Finally, he found a jobber who said, "We just got an order for 5,000 sweaters to sell at $2.00 apiece. Can you fill it?"

The employer gasped: "How could I? You know that doesn't touch the cost."

"I know," the jobber said. "I hate to suggest it to you, but if you reduce wages way down, stretch out the hours and use a shoddy yarn you can do it."

No Choice for the Mill Hands

The employer, remembering his people, agreed to try. He went home, called the people of the mill together, and put it up to them. He would forego profit, he said, and it would give them a few weeks at wages he hated to mention. He asked them to figure out the wages they could be paid on a sweater selling at $2.00. The jobber had told him, he said, there were two other firms ready to take the order. The workers finally said they would do it because they had to have something.

When Roosevelt saw the mill, they were working on that order, at wages that netted them about $5.00 a week and gave the employer no return on his capital. He realized vividly then how desperate people can become. The insight and sympathy that shaped his program when he became President were based to a surprising degree upon his total conception of the experience of this one little mill.

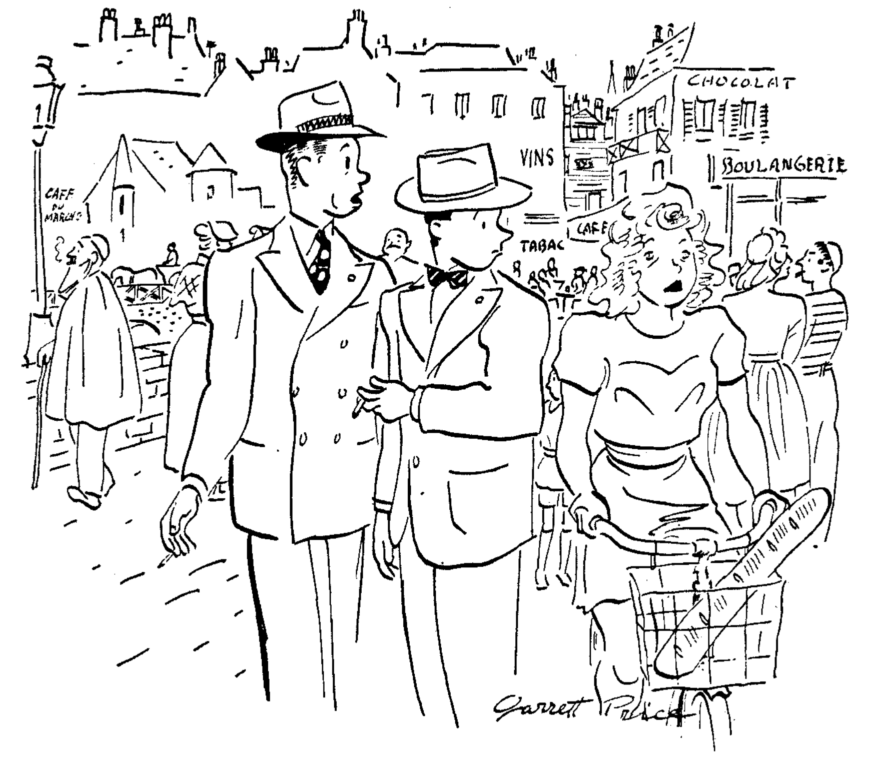
He grasped the concrete and could make the application on a universal basis. To get wages back to a point where people could buy something and prices back where a little businessman could make something on his investment and effort—this was the problem.

Faced with the tremendous mass despair of the people during early 1933, Roosevelt knew he had to experiment and to move fast—if only to demonstrate that something could be done. Once later he said something which aptly illustrated the way he felt. He had been considering a very discouraging situation and he ended by saying: "This is very bad, but one thing is sure. We have to do something. We have to do the best we know how to do at the moment." Then he added, "If it doesn't turn out right, we can modify it as we go along."

He did not think that his New Deal program had produced any panaceas. He knew they were temporary emergency measures. He once said at a Cabinet meeting, about a proposal for further expenditure for public works, "Well, we have to do it. It is like putting all you've got into stopping up the hole in the dike. You have to keep the hole from getting any larger. We must do what we can at this time. We haven't any more time."

Overshadowing all Roosevelt's thinking in developing his New Deal program was his feeling that nothing in human judgment is final. One may courageously take the step that seems right today because it can be modified tomorrow if it doesn't work well. It was this faculty which released him from the driven, frightened psychosis of the period. Since it is a normal human reaction, most people felt as he did and gladly followed when he said, "We can do it. At least let's try."

(This is the third in a series of articles about Roosevelt by Miss Perkins. The fourth, on the late President's relations with his family and his regard for his wife, will appear next week.)



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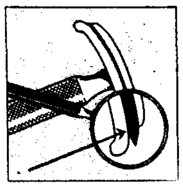

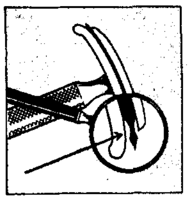

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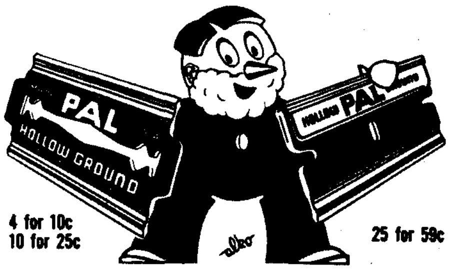

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Next Stop the Moon

Continued from page 13

will be more of a problem. This shot will require a very considerable further improvement in rocket motors and fuels. It may even have to await the development of atomic rocket engines, though the general expectation is that liquid-fuel chemical rocket motors can be developed that will be efficient enough—especially if the still entirely theoretical atomic engines are slow in coming.

Regardless of the source of rocket power, the members of the Pilot Expedition will have to subsist on an absolute minimum of everything. It may require at least 500 pounds of fuel at the launching for every pound of pay load transported to the moon. Therefore, the equipment taken will be most carefully chosen. Every unnecessary ounce will be trimmed away. Rough calculations on the necessary pay load (earth weights) might go something like this:

Five men, average weight 180 pounds	900 pounds
Food for 37 days, including 28 days on the moon and 9 days en route, out and back	500 pounds
Clothing and absolutely necessary personal items	200 pounds
Water, allowing a maximum of one gallon per day per man	1,500 pounds
Equipment, for moon research and exploration, including tools	1,000 pounds
Moon suits, at 700 pounds each	3,500 pounds

This adds up to 7,600 pounds, but probably the estimates are too small. The food and water allowances are based on Army Air Forces experience with distress and subsistence conditions, which indicates that healthy men with high morale can live for a month or so, and do good work, on about 2.7 pounds daily of properly selected foods, provided they have enough water. A gallon of water a day—about eight pounds per day per man—is considered the comfort minimum.

The right foods will be those rich in carbohydrates and fats, lean on proteins. Air Forces war experience showed that carbohydrates and fats not only provide most energy for their weight, but require least water.

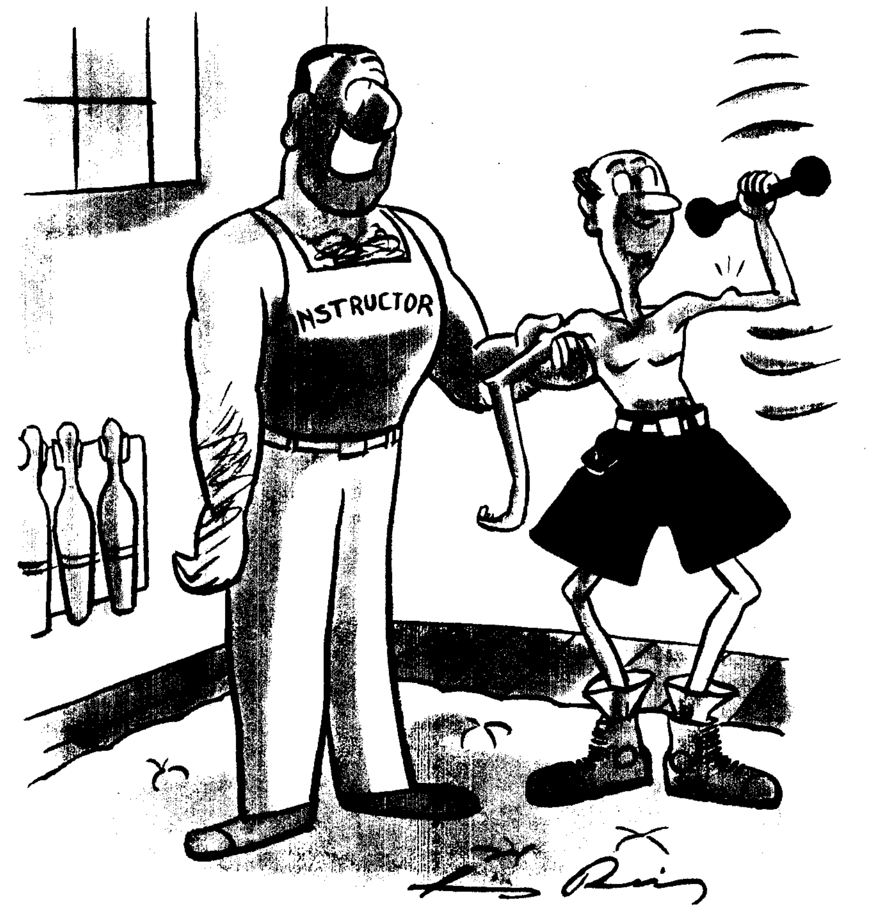
Some protein would be needed, too, but assuming the moon explorers were physically hardy and in good condition at the start, they would not, in such a short period as this, require much tissue-building type of food.

The water allowance is a big item and could possibly be reduced by including equipment to reclaim lost bodily moisture. Whether this is practical will depend on the weight of the reclaiming equipment. If it weighs more than the water saved, or as much, it would be better to take the water.

Heaviest single items are the moon suits. But these are actually mobile laboratories and workshops, and hence can carry much of the equipment needed for exploration. In any case they are absolutely necessary to provide protection and mobility for the explorers.

The rocket itself, in addition to the projected pay load, will have to be equipped with long-range radio able to carry on two-way contact with the earth throughout the trip. It will also need radar equipment for spotting large meteors en route; air-conditioning equipment to regulate pressure, moisture level, oxygen, carbon-dioxide content and contamination of the breathing air; air locks in the cabin to permit exit and entrance without appreciable loss of pressure; navigation instruments, a galley, sleeping quarters, machine shop and repair equipment, a small laboratory, photographic equipment, medical supplies and many similar items.

Provision for enough fuel to transport all this equipment, pay load and other necessary items will make the first Pilot Expedition rocket a mighty impressive object as it stands in its earthly cradle, ready for the start of the moon trip. If



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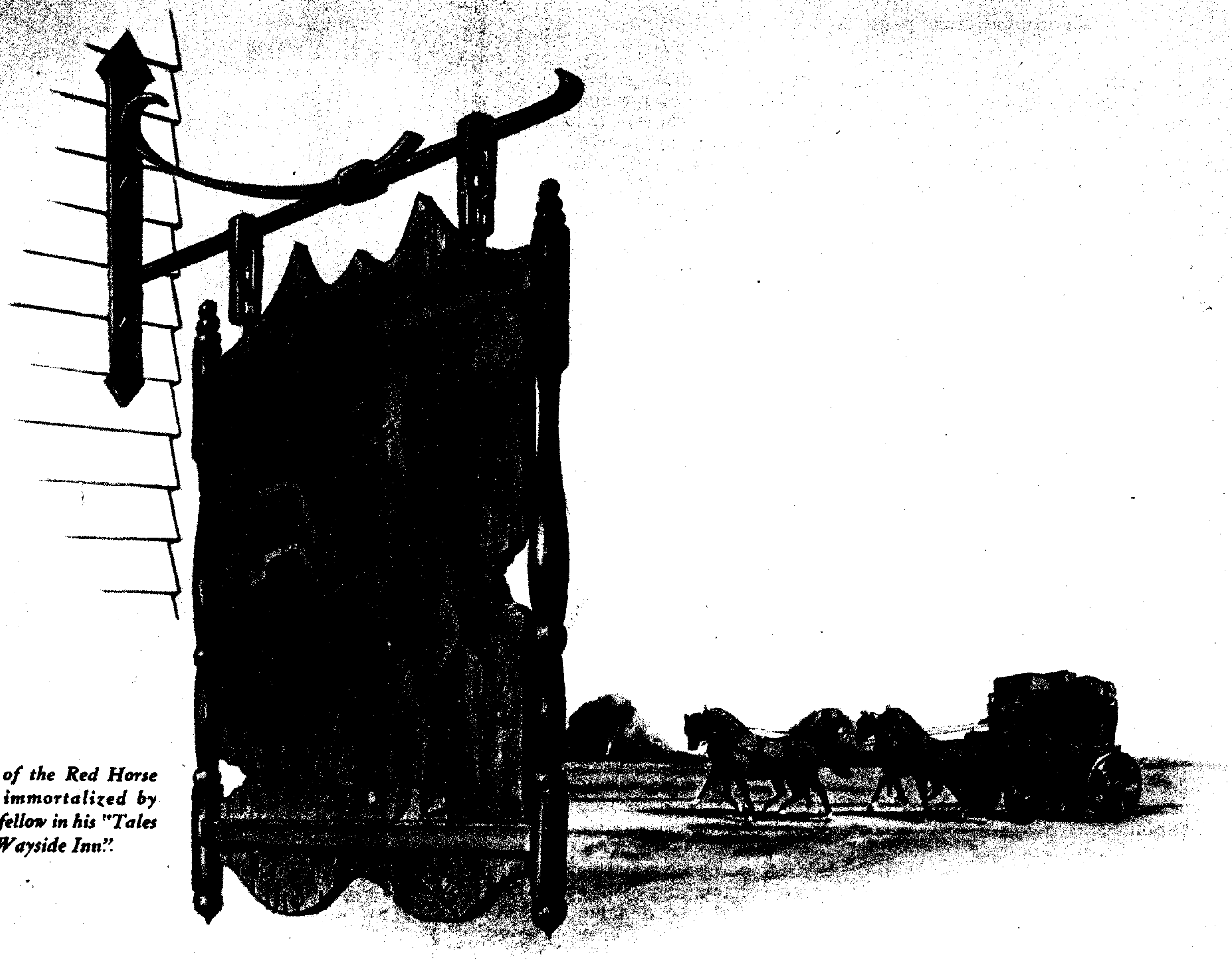

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It will still, however, weigh 40 or 50 tons, representing about one eight-hundredth of the space ship's original starting mass.

The best time for the Pilot Expedition to arrive at the moon, probably, will be the lunar morning. This will permit the explorers two earth weeks of daylight to get used to their equipment, set up suitable living routines and get acquainted with the local geography before being subjected to the ordeal of the long, cold lunar night.

Cautious Initial Explorations

Their first task after landing will probably be the righting of the rocket, preparing it for the return journey. The explorers could then take turns venturing out on the lunar plain; at first making brief trips to get used to their equipment and overcome the queerness of their new existence; then undertaking longer forays, traveling in pairs for mutual assistance.

Each man, carefully briefed and drilled for his part before leaving the earth, would have a rigorous assignment of closely scheduled tasks. The pilot-navigator would probably stay with the ship, maintaining continuous communication with members of the expedition and with the earth. The geologist-mineralogist would be exploring for valuable metals and minerals, studying the possibilities of various sites for colonies, taking samples of moon rocks for further study on earth.

The medical man would be checking health and living conditions, studying the effect on human beings of low gravity, airlessness, life in moon suits, intense radiation and other factors. The physicist-chemist's job would include checking earthly computations of the gravitational constants of the moon, measuring and recording the intensity of cosmic rays and other radiation, measuring temperatures, observing the effect of vacuum and other lunar conditions on physical equipment, and the like.

These data would be fed promptly to stations on the earth, in case accident should befall the expedition, preventing its return. The explorers would necessarily be prepared to sacrifice their lives for the information they had been sent to get.

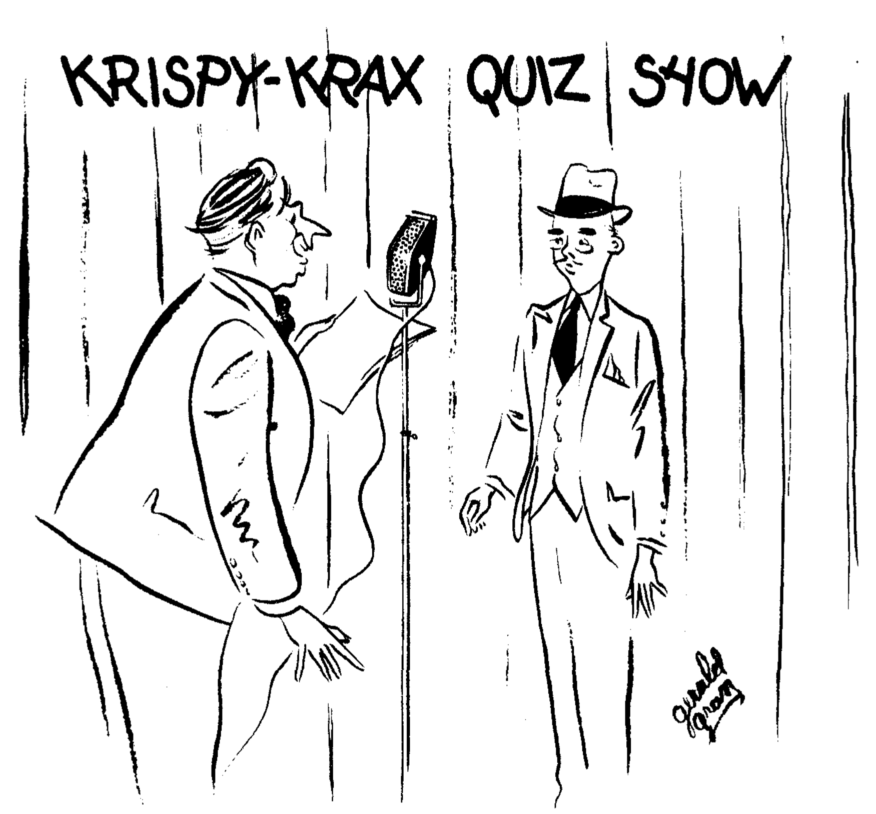
Just at dawn of the second lunar day, 28 earth days after the landing, the return journey could probably be started. On its outward trip from the earth the space ship must build up a speed of seven miles a second to escape, but on its return it will need a velocity only about one fifth as great, because the moon's speed of liberation is 1.4 miles a second. For this reason only a small amount of fuel, compared to that used on leaving the earth, will be needed to permit the rocket to return. The return fuel, of course, must be provided in the original cargo carried from the earth.

The relatively enormous amount of fuel needed to get away from the earth, and the much smaller amount required to escape from the moon is, incidentally, one of the reasons why the moon is so attractive as a starting place for the multimillion-mile journeys to the near-by planets, in the ultimate phase of interspacial voyaging.

Very large ships might be economically launched from the moon for exploration and commercial trips to Mars and Venus, our nearest planetary neighbors. Ships for the same cargo constructed to be launched from the earth, could well be so huge and costly, even in an atomic age, as to make such traffic forever impractical.

The moon, therefore, is well worth studying these days. It may be the fortress of the next conqueror of the earth. It may also be the first stop on the interplanetary transportation system of the next century.

THE END



". . . and to the loser, Mr. Willis, goes a brand-new 1946 station wagon; the very latest type six-room, all-aluminum Plexiglas prefabricated house; and the deed to five acres of land all bought and paid for. Thank you, Mr. Willis, and better luck next time"

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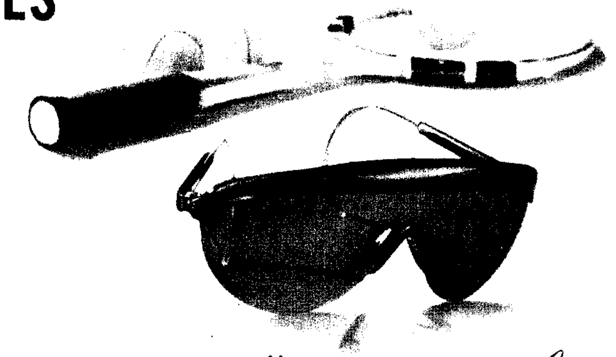

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BILL GOES BACK TO SCHOOL

BY HENRY L. JACKSON and HARRY HAENIGSEN

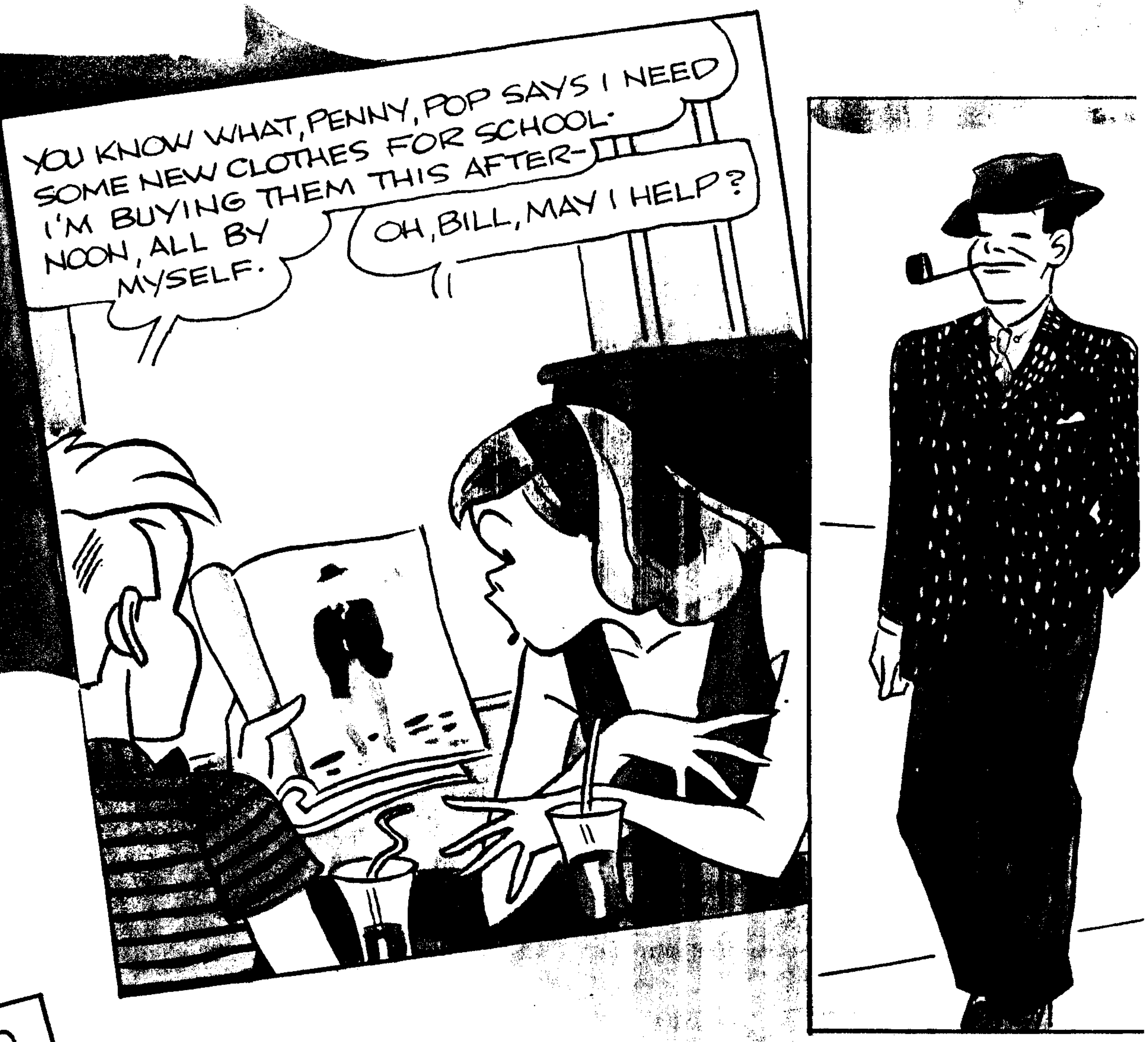
WE RAN into Bill and Penny the other day. You know, Haenigsen's kids in the New York Herald Tribune. Bill was out shopping for school clothes; Penny was tagging along to help him. Bill knew pretty much what he wanted.

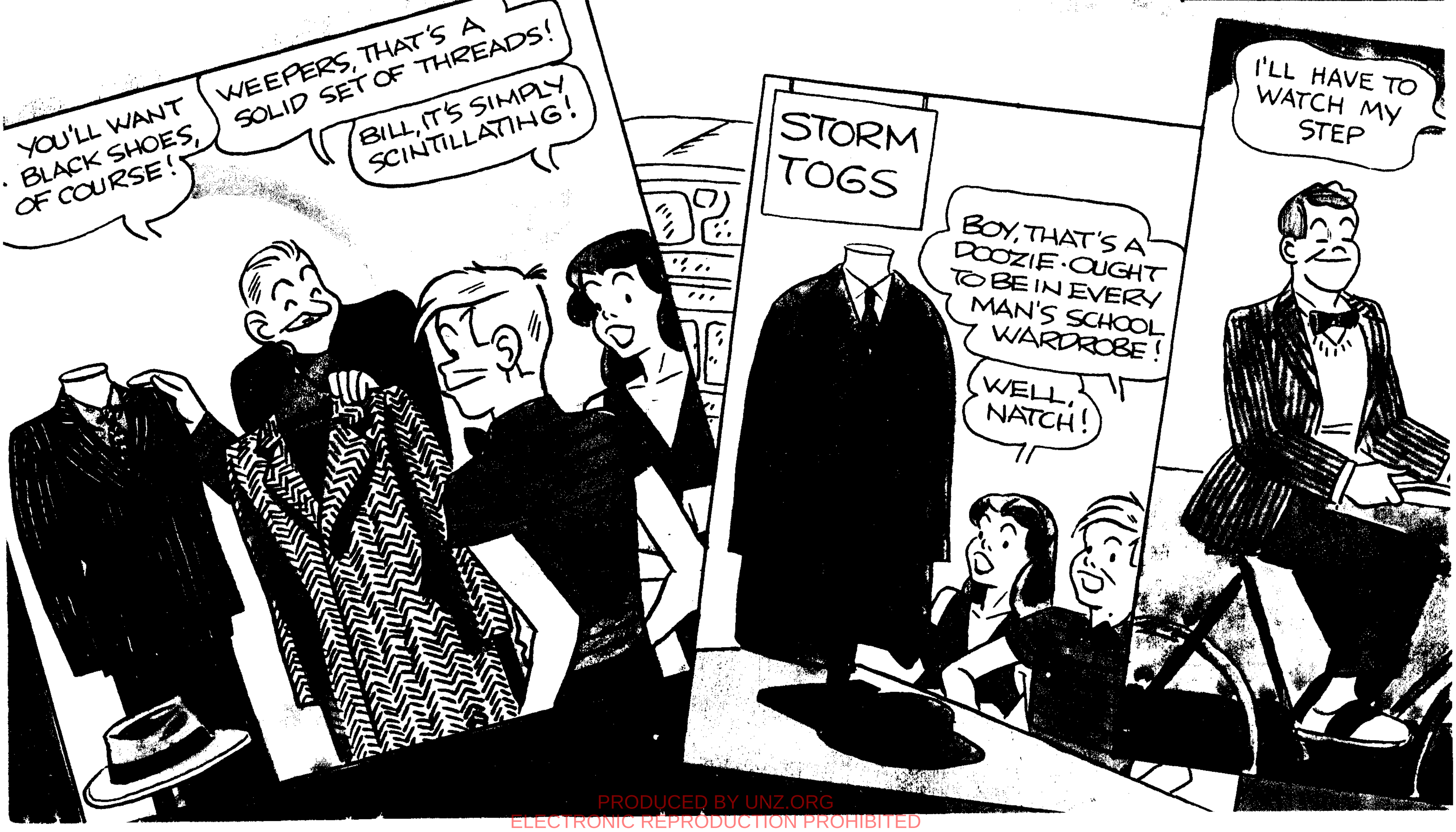
First, he's getting a sports outfit. It's pretty casual—sports jacket, slacks, Norwegian peasant slippers, short wool socks, button-down collar-attached shirt, foulard tie and brown snapbrim hat. He's debating between gabardine, corduroy or flannel slacks, and may get all three if Dad will okay the bill. He figures this outfit will take care of him whether he's in class or downing a Coke at the grill.

Now and then, Bill will be coming to town; he's decided to go conservative then. You'll hardly recognize him in his dark business suit and overcoat, town shoes, button-down shirt and brown felt snapbrim. He's all set for the prom—Dad took care of that on his birthday. Bill has a midnight-blue dinner jacket. (It's single-breasted, but Bill says double-breasted is pretty terrific, too.) He wears it with a soft collar-attached shirt and patent-leather oxfords. Patent pumps are okay, he says, but they mark a guy Yale or Princeton.

There are a few other incidentals Bill has his eye on. That alpaca-lined coat with all-around belt, wool mufflers, knit or shearling gloves and sweaters. And a raincoat that's a beaut. Then there's a gray herringbone tweed coat and a blue overcoat. And maybe, just maybe, a black or dark blue Homburg.

Of course, you know Bill. He'll end up with a fashion-plate wardrobe, and will dash off to that eight-o'clock in whatever old togs he finds crumpled up on the floor. He's a good kid. ★★★


YOU KNOW WHAT, PENNY, POP SAYS I NEED SOME NEW CLOTHES FOR SCHOOL. I'M BUYING THEM THIS AFTERNOON, ALL BY MYSELF.
OH, BILL, MAY I HELP?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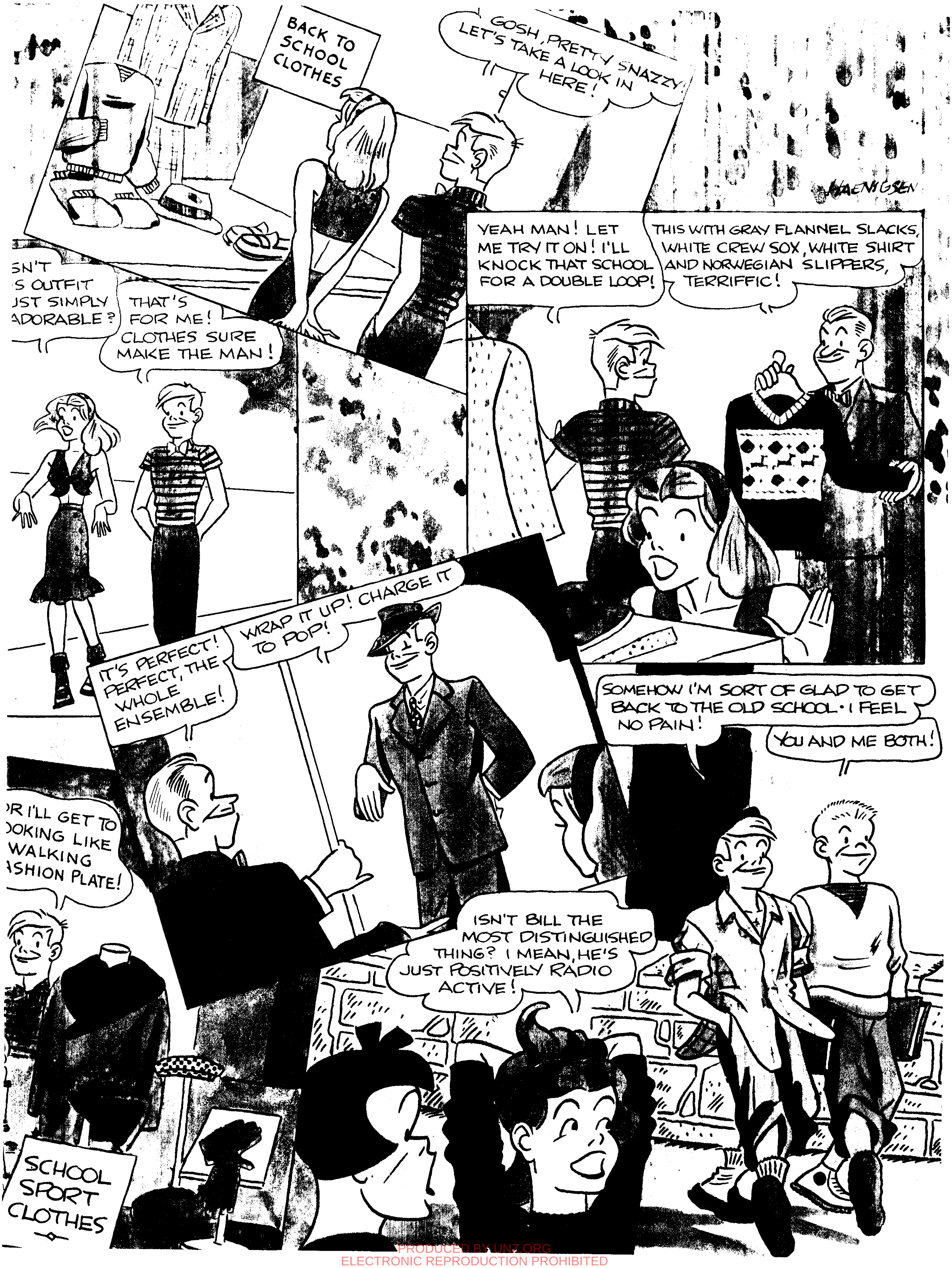
BILL, IT'S SIMPLY SCINTILLATING!
STORM TOGS
BOY, THAT'S A DOOZIE. OUGHT TO BE IN EVERY MAN'S SCHOOL WARDROBE!
WELL, NATCH!
I'LL HAVE TO WATCH MY STEP


BACK TO SCHOOL CLOTHES
GOSH, PRETTY SNAZZY! LET'S TAKE A LOOK IN HERE!
HAENIGSEN
SN'T 'S OUTFIT JST SIMPLY ADORABLE?
THAT'S FOR ME! CLOTHES SURE MAKE THE MAN!
YEAH MAN! LET ME TRY IT ON! I'LL KNOCK THAT SCHOOL FOR A DOUBLE LOOP!
THIS WITH GRAY FLANNEL SLACKS, WHITE CREW SOX, WHITE SHIRT AND NORWEGIAN SLIPPERS, TERRIFFIC!
IT'S PERFECT! PERFECT, THE WHOLE ENSEMBLE!
WRAP IT UP! CHARGE IT TO POP!
SOMEHOW I'M SORT OF GLAD TO GET BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL · I FEEL NO PAIN!
YOU AND ME BOTH!
R I'LL GET TO OOKING LIKE WALKING ASHION PLATE!
ISN'T BILL THE MOST DISTINGUISHED THING? I MEAN, HE'S JUST POSITIVELY RADIO ACTIVE!
SCHOOL SPORT CLOTHES

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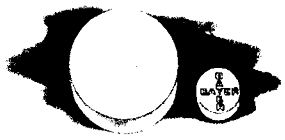
fast pain relief!



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ALWAYS ASK FOR GENUINE *Bayer Aspirin*

You Amaze Me

Continued from page 14

down at a club. But me, I'm an architect. I go to an office almost every day. I play tennis for fun."

"I wouldn't think it would be much fun to always be a runner-up."

Dick Gaines felt his face coloring. He motioned to the waiter and ordered another drink before he said anything. He felt a sudden resentment toward Harvey Grayson, the poor boy who started his climb to fame with a borrowed racket. "Harvey," he said finally, "plays the circuit. In my day it used to be Bermuda and Florida, New Orleans, Houston, Louisville, Rye, Newport, Seabright, and a lot of others, eight or nine months of tournament tennis right into Forest Hills. I play Rye, here, maybe one other and the National. I play a little squash and badminton in the winter."

"Oh," Joan said, "so you are going to play at Forest Hills! Why, I can even remember when you were runner-up there a couple of times. When," she went on, "you weren't so faithful to your office."

Dick Gaines started to say something but Joan went on:

"That was when the writers said you were the greatest tennis player in the world, potentially. They talked about your stroke production. No weakness off the ground, the crispest volleyer. They never got a chance to talk about your championships."

HARVEY GRAYSON came through the door and over to the table where Dick and Joan were sitting. He smiled, showing perfect teeth against the deep tan of his unlined face. "Hello," he said. He turned to Dick. "It was a good match."

Dick Gaines said, "Sit down, have a drink." He paused. "You looked good in there today."

Harvey ordered a lemonade and Dick Gaines asked for another Collins.

"I'll be glad when I'm through with competitive tennis," Harvey said. "I like a drink occasionally."

Dick Gaines said, "We were just talking about you."

"Nice, I hope," Harvey said.

"We were admiring your devotion to the game," Dick said.

Harvey smiled his ingenuous smile. "That's nice of you." He turned to Joan. "I'll see you at seven," he said. "So long, old man," he added to Dick and strode out of the room.

"So you're going out with him?" Dick said.

"Don't be objectionable about him because he wins," the girl said.

"Well," Dick said, "I would advise him to wait before he had National Singles Champion engraved on his cards." He paused and chuckled. "Because," he added, "there is a chink in his shining armor. Isn't that a nice phrase? I thought of it this afternoon."

"What is it?" Joan asked.

"I'm an old man," Dick told her, "and through with competitive tennis but I might want to tell somebody how to beat Harvey sometime. So I think I'll let it remain a dark secret."

Joan laughed placatingly. "I wouldn't tell anyone, silly. I'm just curious."

"If you drive to his backhand," Dick said, "he rams it back down your throat. He can pass you down the line or crosscourt with equal ease and facility. But—if you *slice* to his backhand he can't do nothin' but hit down the line. He swings too late to cross-court you with the ball bouncing away from him." He paused. "A chink in his shining armor," he said again. "But don't tell anyone."

"Well," Joan said, "that's interesting, but I've got to run."

Joan stood up and he climbed to his feet tiredly, feeling the drinks he'd had, a little, and grateful for the way they were unwinding him after the tensity of the afternoon. "So long," Joan said. "I'll see you at Forest Hills."

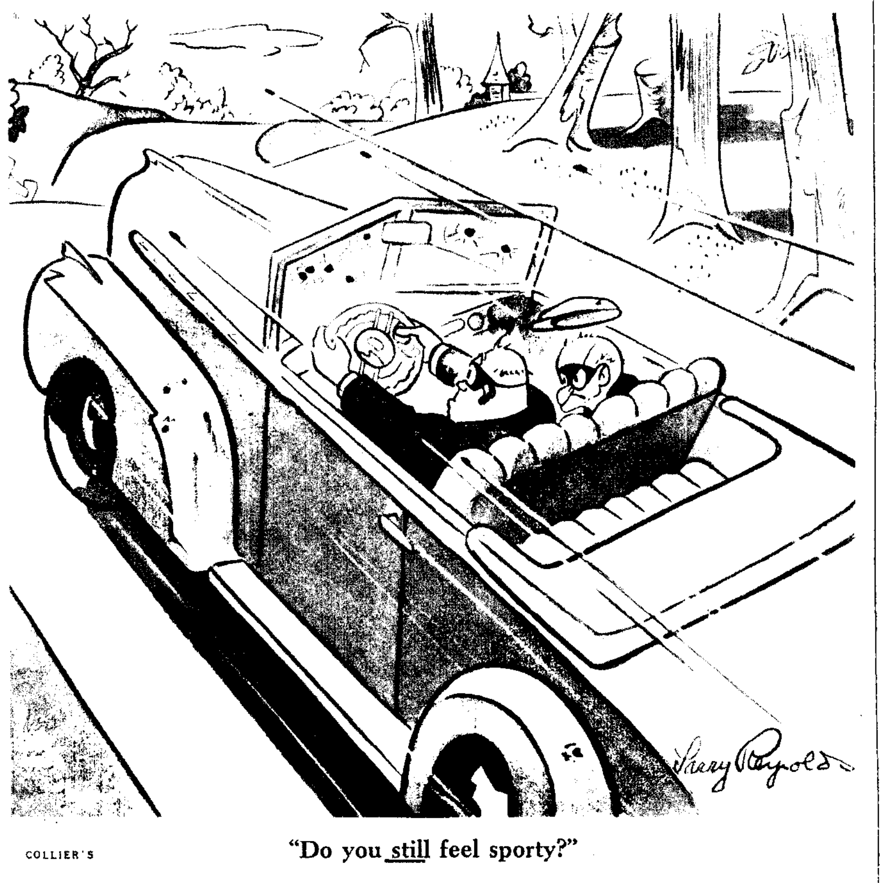
Dick Gaines grinned. "I'll be there," he said, "if it's only to watch."

"Don't take any wooden drinks."

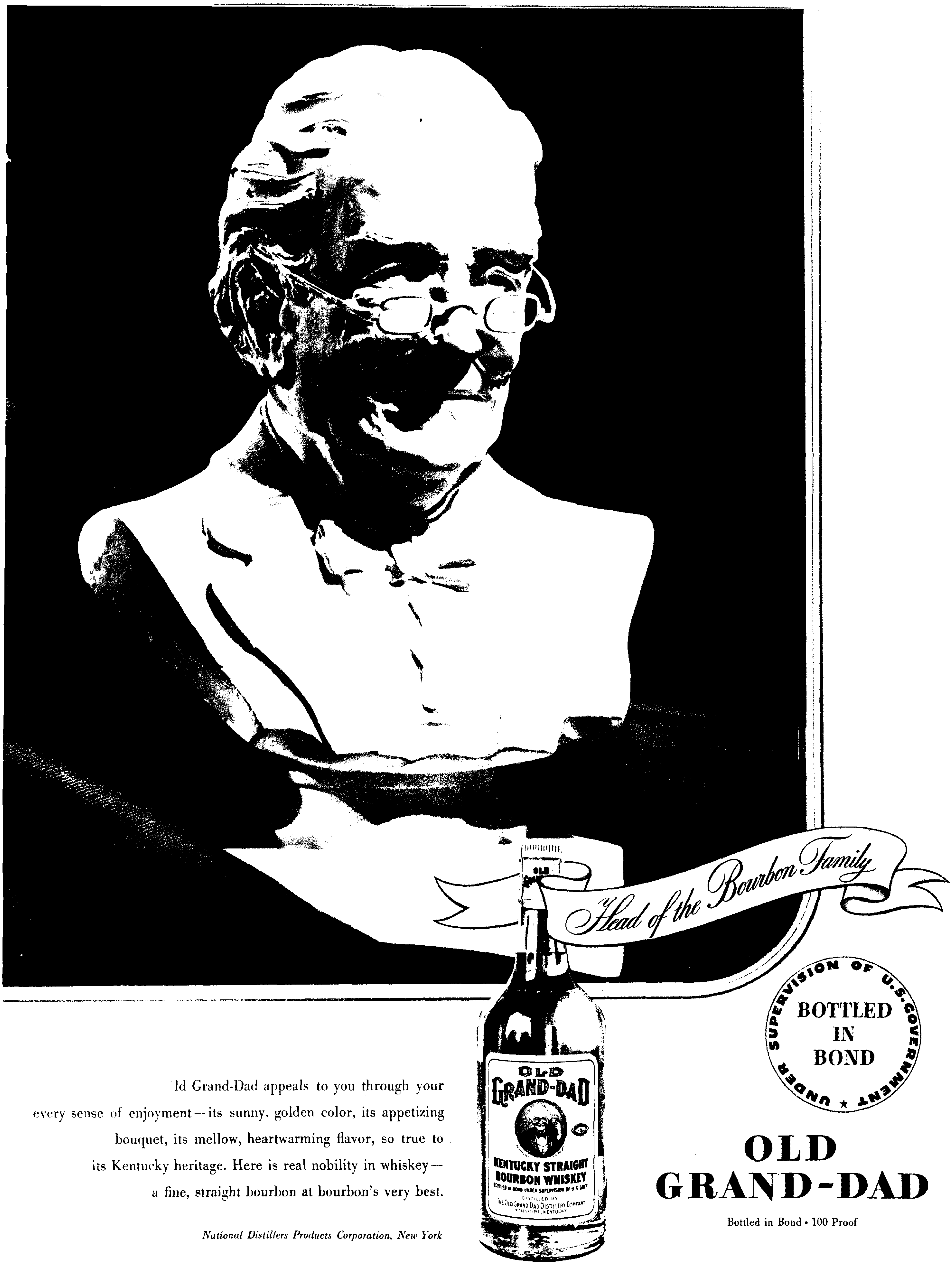
Dick looked at her. "Goodby, Joan," he said. He turned to the bartender and ordered another drink.

He had it half finished and had lighted

BUTCH by **LARRY REYNOLDS**



"Do you still feel sporty?"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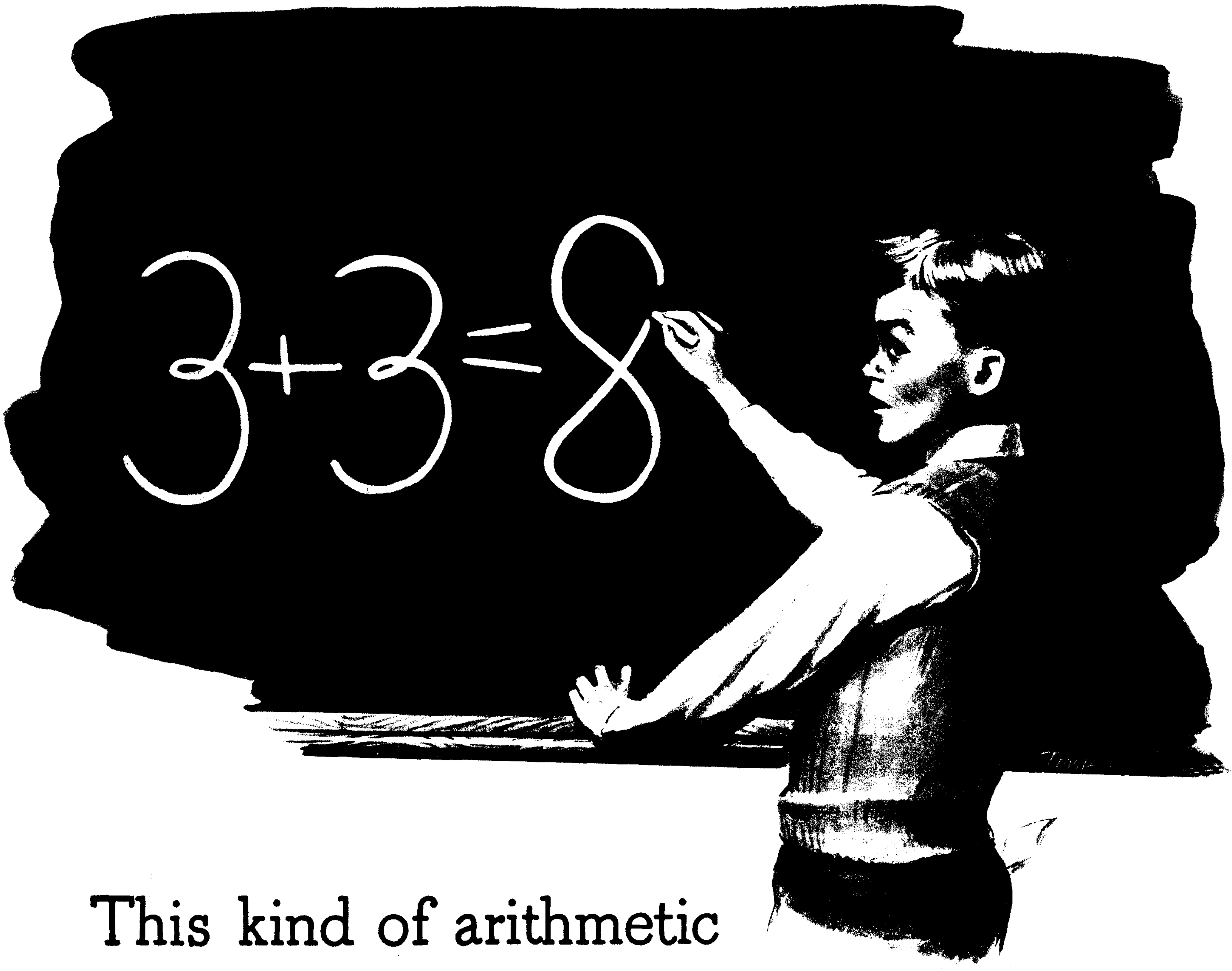

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cigarette and was leaning back idly relaying some of the points in the match f the afternoon in his mind, when he tarted getting mad.

About this time Bobby Richardson, the ro, walked into the room with a girl nd stopped at the bar. Dick called to him but when he turned, it was the girl e was looking at and for a moment he orgot to be mad. She was a little girl, nd very tanned, and she had such a wide-eyed sturdy look about her that ll the rancor drained out of him for a minute.

Bobby Richardson came over to the able and the girl came with him, hesitantly. Bobby introduced her as Madge McKinley and Dick asked them to sit down. He turned to the pro. "This Grayson," he said flatly, "can be beaten."

Richardson grinned. "Sure. When he wins the National and turns pro and goes out barnstorming, Budge or Riggs will rim him every night they want to."

"I don't mean Budge or Riggs. I mean a good smart guy that's got all his stuff working can take him."

"Who?" Madge McKinley asked.

Dick Gaines looked at her. Her face was rapt. "Bobby, here, five years ago." He paused and finished his drink. "Me," he added, half defiantly.

"Sure," Bobby said. "We could win a set, maybe a couple. But not a big match. The guy's a fighter. He's young. He's in shape."

Dick Gaines found himself talking to the girl. "Listen," he said. "Remember when Tilden beat Lacoste in five sets in Paris. I was only twelve but I saw the match and everyone thought Lacoste had his number."

Madge McKinley didn't smile. "I was only four," she said apologetically.

Dick turned to Bobby Richardson. "He did it by slicing to the Frenchman's backhand and going to the net. Lacoste couldn't pass him 'cause he couldn't get to swinging fast enough to pull that low-bouncing ball cross-court."

"I saw you play once at Forest Hills, Mr. Gaines," Madge McKinley said. "*I* was twelve then."

"I told her once to model her game after yours, Dick," Bobby Richardson said, smiling. "She's my prize pupil. But what about this Grayson business?"

"Just this," Dick Gaines said a little owlishly. "My girl made me about half sore. She went out with this Harvey tonight and she gave me the needle about being always a runner-up. You know, Bob, I play this game for fun. But she kind of amazed me."

"I don't get it," Bobby Richardson said.

"This Harvey Grayson," Gaines said. "He can't hit that shot. At least he can't learn in one match. If I got in shape so I could get up there to the net for five sets and got my stuff up sharp, I could take him."

"Well?"

"I want you to give me a couple of hours a day until Forest Hills and I'll get out on the road some."

"Sure," Bobby Richardson said. "I'll work with you."

STANDING at the back of the stadium, Dick Gaines looked over the heads of the crowd to where, on the near court, Harvey Grayson was winning his way into the semifinals of the National Singles.

Dick lighted a cigarette, took a couple of puffs, drew a long breath. Relax, he told himself, nothing to do till tomorrow. Relax, damn it!

He thought back over the match he had just played, the month that was just past. Tough. But not too tough, he summed them up. Road work he detested, and always had. But the afternoon workouts with Bobby, with Madge McKinley like as not on the side lines, hadn't been all grind. Bobby was swell to work with. There had been a lot of satisfaction in seeing his shots sharpen up a bit, and the look in Madge's round eyes when he put away a good one—he'd gotten a kick out of that, he had to admit.

He threw away his cigarette and made his way down to the empty seat beside Joan Maurice.

"Hello," Joan said, looking up. "Harvey's playing splendidly, isn't he?"

"I get him tomorrow," Dick said. "Hope he doesn't sleep well tonight."

"After he wins the tourney," Joan said dreamily, "he's going back and play the Pacific Southwest and then he's going to turn pro and open in the Garden in January. He thinks he'll make sixty thousand dollars the first year."

"Nice."

Joan turned and looked at him. "I'm so glad you've been playing so well. After they seeded you fifth it would have been a shame if you hadn't gotten to the semifinals."

"I guess they seeded me for old times' sake," Dick said. "There's a show opening tomorrow night. How about catching it with me?"

"Oh, I couldn't . . ."

"Grayson?"

"Well," the girl said, "you needn't use that tone of voice. He's a fine man. He's going to make himself a lot of money and then he's going back to college and—"

"I've read his interviews," Dick said.

"Well, I like him a lot. And I admire him a lot, too. He has had absolutely no advantages and yet look where he is."

"You mean where he will be if he wins this tournament?"

"Of course. Who can beat him?"

"If he can't hit a slice to his backhand any better than he could at Rye," Dick Gaines said grimly, "I can."

Joan Maurice looked at him obliquely. "I'm afraid you won't do it," she said.

Dick Gaines joined in the applause as Harvey Grayson took match point with a service ace and bounded over the net to receive congratulations.

"Ah, let's not battle all the time, honey. I've missed you. Your protégé will soon be gone West and the tennis season will be over and we'll have fun. Let's not worry about tomorrow. I probably couldn't beat him if I were twins."

"He's so young and clean-cut," Joan said, "and it does mean a lot to him."

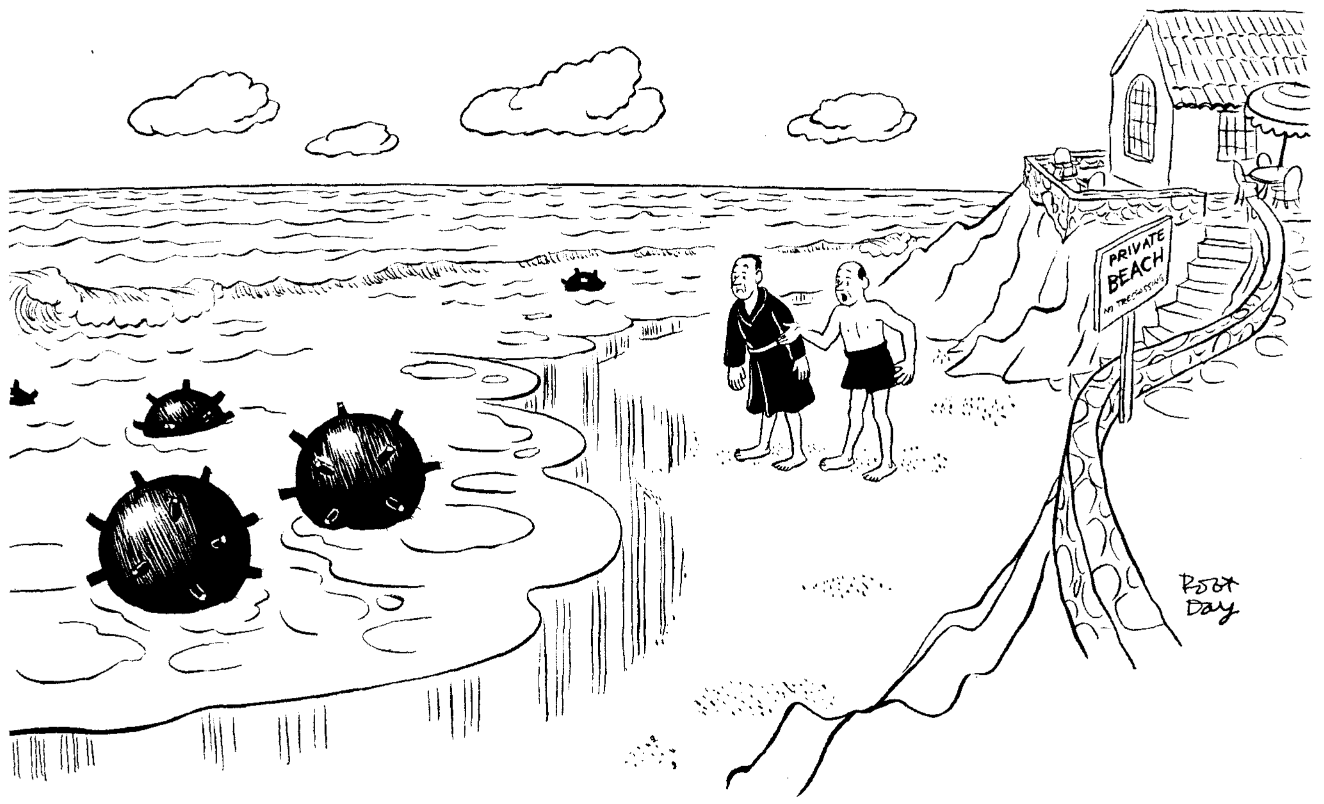
DICK GAINES took a deep drive to his forehand, pulled his racket across under the ball, slicing deep to Harvey's backhand, and bounded in to the net. Harvey moved to the ball, one-stepping to bring himself in position, and swung. The ball, heavily top-spinned, cut obliquely across the net, and lighted a foot beyond Dick Gaines' service court and six inches from the side line. Dick didn't even try for it. He was on the wrong foot and he knew he looked silly. There was much hand clapping. "Shot!" he called, shaking his head and grinning.

"Mr. Grayson leads four games to three, first set," the referee intoned.

Dick walked over, sipped some barley water under the referee's high chair as the players changed courts. "I looked pretty silly on that one," he said.

Harvey Grayson grinned, looking down at his slight opponent. "I was lucky," he said.

"Yes," Dick said half aloud, walking back to serve. "Pretty lucky. I wanted



COLLIER'S "All I've been able to get out of the Navy Department is a cheery 'Finders Keepers'" ROBERT DAY

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that point. That was a big one. If I had won that point I might have got me a service break and won this set and had you in the hole, Harvey. But you were lucky. I'll see if your luck holds."

He held his service and in the next game Harvey Grayson, unaccountably erratic for a moment, hit twice over the base line. It gave Dick a service break and he ran out the set 6-4.

Dick came into the second set feeling fine, springy. All his stuff was working and his volleying, he knew, was superb. He took Harvey's first serve, blocked it back down the center too shallowly and stayed at the baseline. Harvey hit deep down the center and stayed back, too. Dick Gaines hit his backhand corner with a heavily sliced forehand and came in to the right side of the net. Harvey took a swift, beautiful cut at the ball and passed Dick again, cross-court.

Harvey Grayson, returning slice shots to his backhand for passing shots down the line or cross-court with equal ease, won the next two sets 6-4, 6-2.

DURING the ten-minute intermission following the third set, Dick didn't go down for a shower and change of clothes. Instead he walked over to the marquee where Joan Maurice sat. "I see," he said, "that you told him about the chink in his shining armor?"

Joan didn't say anything for a moment. Finally she looked up. "I told him," she said defiantly. "Why shouldn't I? It doesn't mean anything to you, whether you win or not. It means everything to him."

"Of course," Dick said, "with a month to work on that shot, and then knowing I'd try to break him down with it, he'd be all right." He paused, looking down. "I asked you not to tell him, that's all."

"Well, I told him."

Dick started to say something, turned and walked away. So she told him, he thought. Well, that's that. It doesn't mean anything to me, so she told him. Well, it doesn't mean anything really. What the hell! He felt as if someone had hit him in the pit of the stomach; but that, of course, was fatigue. Too much tennis. Too much tennis for a man too old. Well—it wouldn't be long now.

He caught Bobby Richardson's eye and walked over to where he was sitting with Madge McKinley.

"You're looking pretty good," Bobby said. "Your ground shots are great—though I think you've been wasting time, slicing to that backhand corner."

"Yeah," Dick said. "I've wasted a lot of time."

"But you're steady as a rock, and your volleying is as good as it ever was."

"Whatever that means."

"Don't be sarcastic. It means plenty."

Madge looked up, her cheeks very pink. "Bobby used to say you had the best net game in the world, especially when you got a little mad."

"And you're in damn' good shape," Bobby said. "I don't think the fifth set'll find you any more tired than he is."

The fifth set? Dick looked at him quickly, but he heard the referee then and he went down to the court. The fifth set, hell, he thought. I'm all washed up in three.

Harvey served two clean aces, then with it thirty-love, outsteadied Dick from the back court. He came in behind his first serve and volleyed the ball away for the game at love.

As he walked over to change courts, Dick could feel the crowd sort of settling down, relaxing. They know it's nearly over, he thought. He glanced toward Bobby and Madge. Bobby's face was glum; Madge, beside him, looked stricken.

He looked up at the crowd. He was sweating and he thought: They rate a better show even from a has-been.

He lashed his first service down the line and came in to the net and put away Harvey's weak return.

Again he hit his first serve down the center and Harvey got cagey and fed him a lob. He smashed it. He'd never hit one harder and it was a foot inside the base line, tearing a little groove in the turf.

He played the next point from the base line looking for some wind and Harvey forced him to an error.

"Bobby said you had the best net game in the world . . ."

He came in again behind his service and flubbed a sitter.

". . . especially when you got a little mad . . ."

Dick Gaines glanced at the marquee before he walked back to the base line. He bore down on his service and started in fast, but stopped, because it was a clean ace, and picked up the balls amidst a quick ripple of hand clapping. He missed his first service, came in behind his second and volleyed safely. Harvey hit into the net.

Harvey won the first point of the next game, following his service in. He missed his first serve and Dick fed him a deep lob on second point. Harvey started to smash it, changed his mind and ran around and let it bounce. He hit a mighty forehand and got it blocked back at his feet by Dick who had come in to the net.

Harvey served again and Dick stayed back and hit ten shots deep down the center, came in on the eleventh one and played a half volley practically lying on the ground sharply cross-court. The crowd appreciated that one.

Harvey missed his first serve from fifteen-forty, tightening up, a little scared, and Dick could hear the stir in the crowd now as he made Harvey play his game until Harvey had to toss a lob. He could feel a new thing in him, watching the lob come down and he smashed it away, the ball bouncing into the grandstand.

They said afterward that it was the best match of the tourney for on this afternoon Dick Gaines did all the things that years ago the sports writers had said he should be able to do, and made them look as if no one had thought of them before. He couldn't match Harvey Grayson's power off the ground but he outthought him, outmaneuvered him, and outvolleyed him, and that was the difference. It was enough.

Harvey Grayson lost the fourth set 6-4 and the fifth set 11-9, and swore at a photographer, coming off the court. . . .

Dick Gaines came into the bar and started toward a table in the corner when Joan Maurice stopped him.

"Congratulations!" she said. "You were splendid."

"Thanks."

"You must let me take you right home," Joan said, "and you must go to bed early."

"I thought you were going out with Harvey."

Joan Maurice smiled. "After the way he acted when he lost the match? Why, he made himself ridiculous."

"It meant a lot to him," Dick said. "Anyhow, you better go on out with him, Joan. Because, you see, I've made a date for tonight."

Joan stiffened. "To go to that show?" she asked.

"Nope," Dick said, grinning at her. "As it happens, I'm going to have an early dinner and get plenty of sleep. Because, Joan, I think maybe I can trim this boy tomorrow and have me a national championship, before I take up architecture again. I've got some friends who would like that."

"I'd like it, Dick."

"Sure you would. Sure you would, Joan. I'll send you a picture of the cup, if I get my name on it. An autographed picture. And you can put it in your scrapbook, under 'Champions I Have Known,' or something tasty . . . Oh, you're more than welcome."

HE WENT on across the room to the corner table, where Bobby Richardson and Madge McKinley were sitting.

"You looked good," Bobby said. "Grayson never played better."

"Thanks," Dick said, looking at Madge.

"Bobby *knew* you could beat him, just playing tennis," she said, her eyes shining. "He knew it all along."

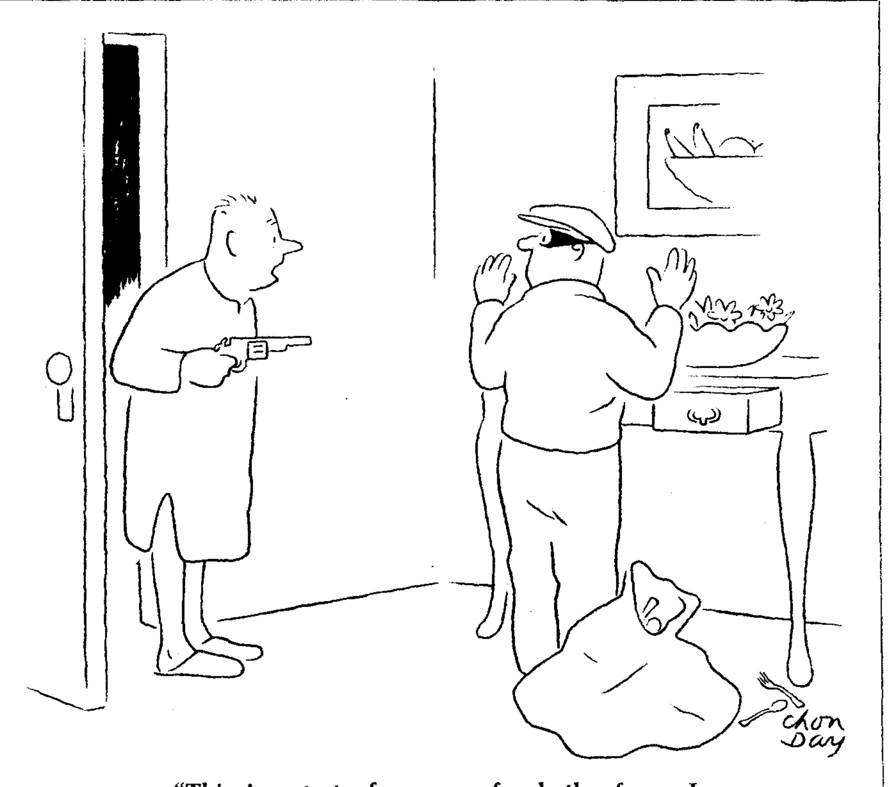
"You kind of go for this Richardson fellow, don't you?" Dick said.

She smiled shyly. "I like all my uncles."

"I guess I forgot to tell you," Bobby Richardson said absently. "I forget a lot of things."

"So do I," said Dick, feeling fine. He ordered a lemonade, grinning and leaned toward Madge McKinley. "Tell me some of your ideas about architecture," he said.

THE END



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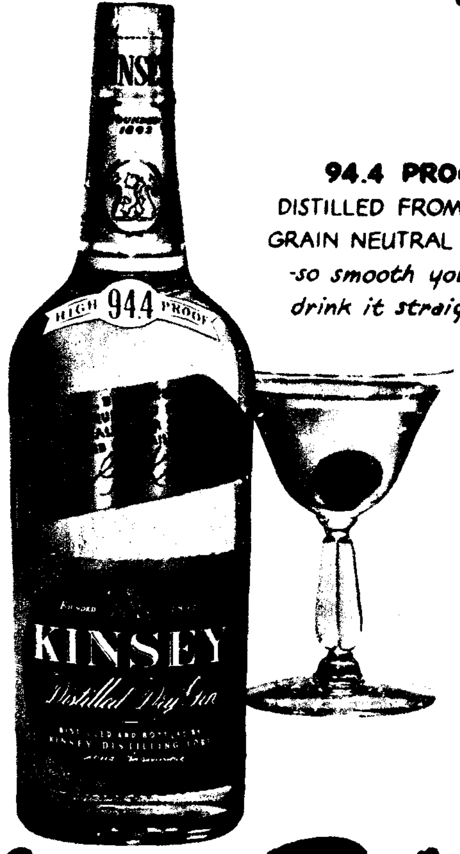

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AMERICAN doughboys in the first World War marched into battle on the European Continent at a speed of two-and-a-half miles an hour, and in the recent war they rode in trucks at twenty-five. In the next war for which our professional soldiers are obligated to prepare until everlasting peace shall envelop the earth, they probably will fly, not at supersonic speeds and in the stratosphere, but at around a hundred miles an hour and at treetop height. So will their tanks and trucks and guns.

Pinfeathers already are growing on every vehicle now in use by the Army Ground Forces and they are being nurtured by war-experienced leaders from General Jacob L. Devers, AGF Commander, on down to pilots of the brilliantly successful Grasshopper planes of the Field Artillery Air Force, so that if there is another war, everything from a motorcycle to a 47-ton tank will have fully developed wings.

This is not wishful thinking; a lot is being done about it. The first and most important step was taken a short time ago when the Army Ground Forces projected plans for revolutionizing and streamlining its weapons as to size and weight to permit their swift transfer by air to fields of battle a few hundred miles up front. All its weapons, it was agreed, must be air-transportable, either by breakdown into air loads or preferably by larger aircraft yet to be developed.

One hundred miles an hour would be lightning speed for the ground army, which all through military history has been subject to delays from mud, congested roads and blown-out bridges. Aircraft to by-pass these surface transport problems will run in size and capacity from a tiny single-seater courier, simple enough to be flown by enlisted men with but a few hours' training, through helicopters on up to gigantic craft to carry loads of fifty to a hundred thousand pounds.

We do not yet have a troop and cargo land plane that can carry a 100,000-pound load, though the Consolidated Vultee XC-99, building at San Diego, is estimated to be capable of flying that much with its six 3,000-horsepower engines for a distance of 1,500 miles.

In operation now are the Boeing C-97 four-engined cargo development of the B-29 Superfort and the Douglas C-74 four-engined Globemaster, both of which can haul around 40,000 pounds for that distance at speeds of over 300 miles an hour. But these are high- and fast-flying airplanes, designed to lift troops and cargo overnight from coast to coast and are not what the Army Ground Forces need for relatively short-range tactical operations. Their speed and weight rule out landing on small, improvised fields up front.

Having to think in terms of fighting on the earth, old style, until push-button atomic air warfare is completely developed, the Army Ground Forces wants aircraft for short distances and low altitude and capable of landing on the minimum of clear space. These, then, would require rockets to boost them into the air and rockets and reversible propellers to decelerate their landing speed, along with caterpillar-type landing gear to support their great weight on natural turf. They'll be anything but streamlined, sleek, shiny and pretty like the Boeing and Douglas troop and cargo carriers. They'll be expendable, too, and even at that, the transportation cost for such great numbers of men and tanks and heavy field pieces would be dirt cheap.

The Army Ground Forces already has proved sincerity of purpose by undertaking to limit the size, shape and weight of heavy ground equipment, so it now tosses the problem of providing the wings to the aircraft industry. Aeronautical engineers are now being asked to turn out designs that can fly low and

Wing Talk

EDITED BY FREDERICK R. NEELY

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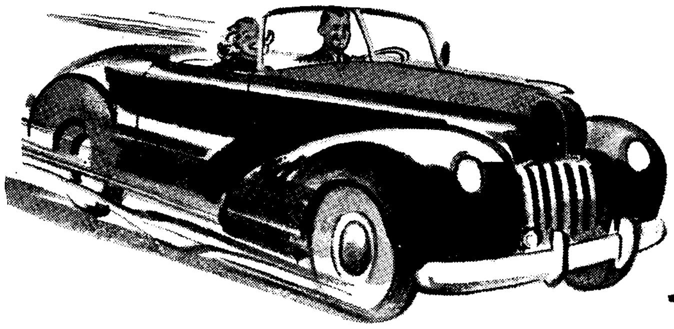

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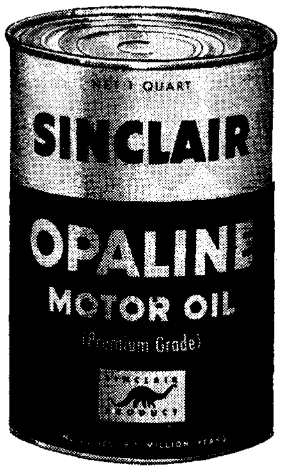

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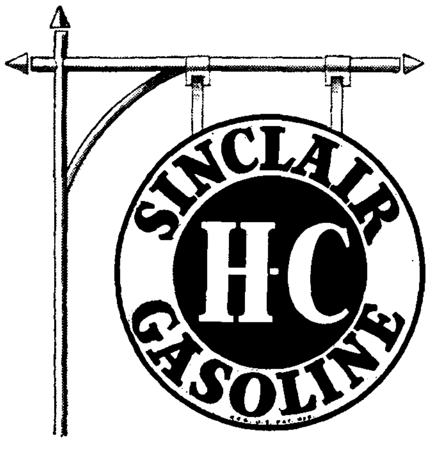

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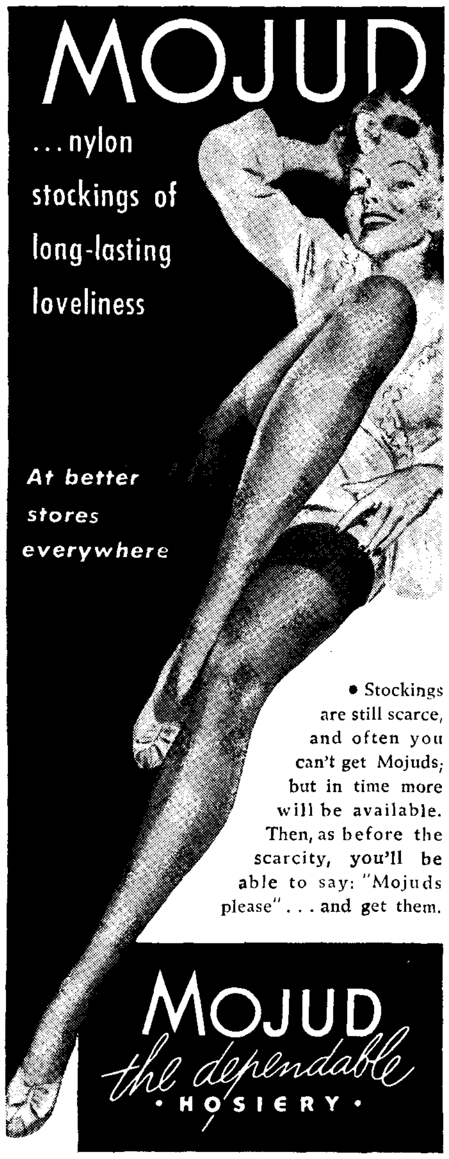

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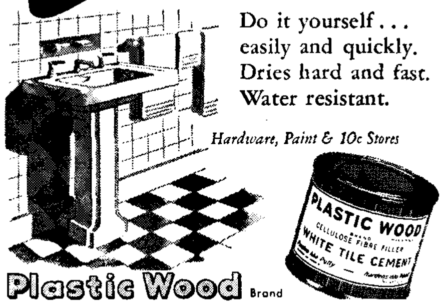

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ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

slow and carry everything from a corporal (in the single-seater courier plane) to a 47-ton tank in the flying moving vans.

Leader in this new field of Army Ground Forces aircraft is the Fairchild Engine and Airplane Corporation, whose Aircraft Division at Hagerstown, Maryland, produces the C-82 Packet, dubbed the "Flying Boxcar." Built as an aerial truck for the Army near the war's end, the Packet, with its two 2,000-horsepower engines, hauls the Army's standard 2½-ton truck, a 155-mm. howitzer or 48 paratroopers or anything else up to 18,000 pounds. And it can do it at 200 miles an hour for 500 miles.

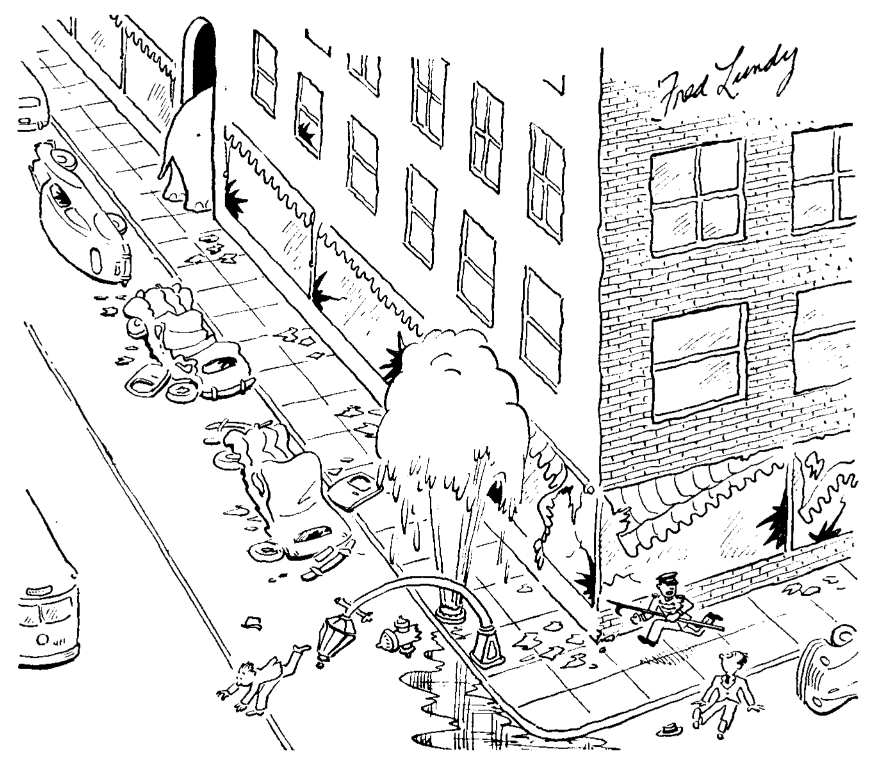
Its cargo compartment, eight feet high, eight feet wide and 38½ feet long, is like a boxcar with the sharp corners rounded off, and it hangs down from the wing and beneath two outriggers that support the tail. Two big doors at the back open at truck floor level for quick transfer of cargo from truck to plane, or a ramp is run up to it for loading jeeps, trucks or big guns.

But the Packet is only the beginning of what will be a large family of odd-shaped objects flying for the Army Ground Forces. If a company of infantry, or its weapons, is to be lifted and moved in a hurry to a forward field several hundred miles away, a plane in the nature of a flying troop train or flying moving van of up to 25-tons pay load is required. And for tanks of the armored division, a very behemoth of possibly double that capacity is needed.

Both Fairchild and the Army Ground Forces already have experienced the necessity for what they jointly now hail and embrace as the Airborne Equation: Plane must fit weapon; weapon must fit plane. When the Packet was designed, it was intended to carry the 155-mm. howitzer, one of our hardest-hitting weapons. The interior of the rectangular cargo compartment was built to hold it. But by the time the first Packet was completed, the Army decided that for operation in sandy country the howitzer required larger tires, which in turn increased the gun's dimensions. While the small-tired 155 could be carried in the Packet, the larger-tired gun couldn't—was two inches too wide.

There'll be no more of that confusion for the designers at Fairchild as well as Boeing, Douglas, Consolidated Vultee and Martin, to name a few who are preparing to tailor aircraft to Army Ground Forces needs.

EDWARD E. BOMAR



COLLIER'S "Which way'd he go?" FRED LUNDY

Any Week

Continued from page 4

who served his beloved country with all his stout heart and able mind in peace and war.

OF NOAH'S, Arkansas, Mr. Jefferson Maltbie Tom Bow announces his candidacy for Congress. He will campaign against "bathing suits, the movies, babies in arms, England and Russia, rationing and price controls, atomic energy, newspapers, radio, human critters, state police, calendars, rum, and" (he goes on) "things too numerous to mention." In brief, Mr. Bow says: "I stand for Nothing."

WE SHALL probably be too busy to get down to Arkansas and vote for Mr. Bow, but he's an honest man. It is possible, of course, that he won't be elected. But if all the candidates for Congress admitted that they stood for nothing perhaps they wouldn't be elected either. A nice prospect. This noble observation leads us neatly into the news that Mr. Larry O. Slousimer of Walla Walla, Washington, has rejected all efforts of his fellow citizens including his wife to get him to the polls. Mr. Slousimer is eighty-eight years old. Sixty-five years ago he took an oath never to vote again until "a certain party" was elected President on the Socialist ticket. This certain party died many years ago. Mr. Slousimer has forgotten his name. But not his oath.

IRATE is Mr. Coady Sill of Sacramento, California. He wrote us a letter violently condemning us for a piece somebody wrote seven years ago on communicable diseases—not specified in a second letter we've just received from Mr. Sill. "I saved that first letter, didn't send it," says he, "so as to get further evidence. Now you go print a lot of stuff saying these new drugs make these communicable diseases harmless or not worth bothering with. I have wasted my time. Why don't you people make up your minds in the first place?" . . . W. D.

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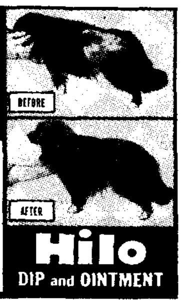
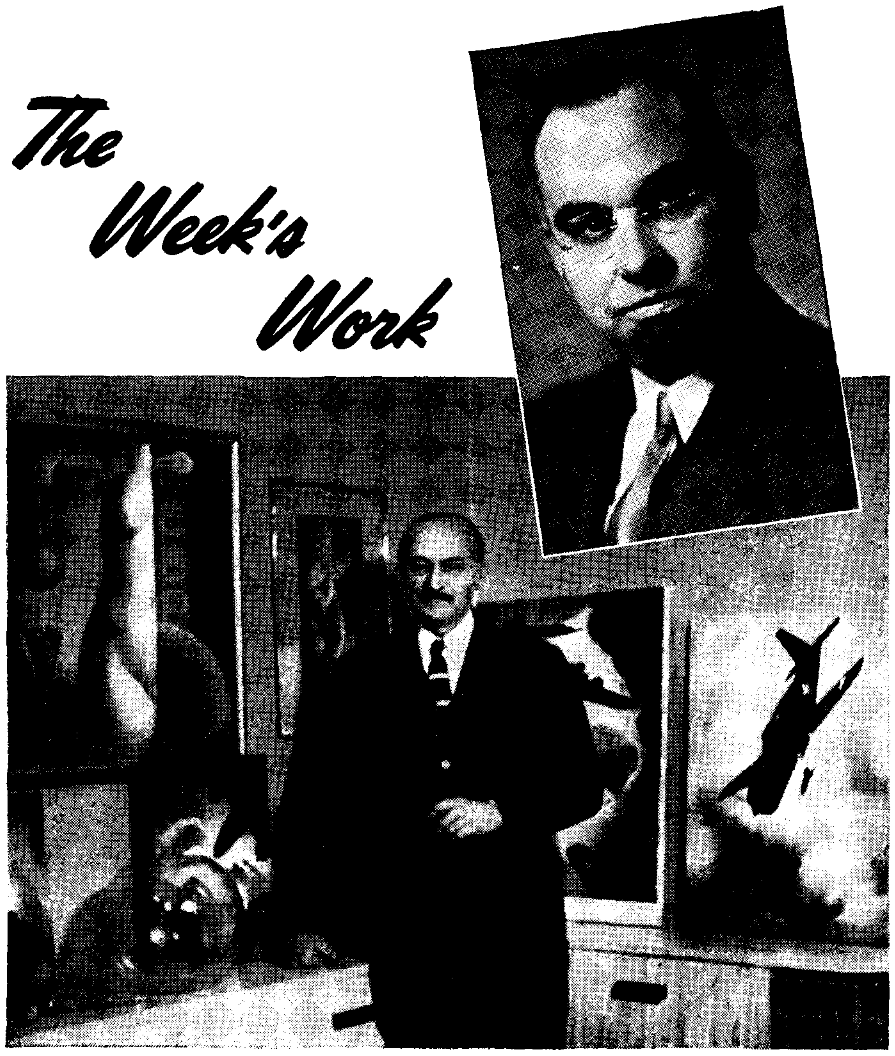


Hilo DIP and OINTMENT

The Week's Work



PHOTOGRAPHS—BLACKSTONE STUDIOS

For guides on a sight-seeing trip to the moon, we suggest Author Pendray (above) and Artist Leydenfrost

IF YOU are one of those folks who go around saying, "It's a small world," read G. Edward Pendray's article on p. 11 and revise your estimate. From now on, the proper phrase will be, "It's a small universe."

Next Stop the Moon tells you exactly how the scientists have figured to shrink the space from here to there to allow for a nice week-end visit out there on the earth's satellite.

Author Pendray is one of the country's foremost proponents of rocket power and has been associated with the development of rockets since about 1930.

He helped to organize the American Rocket Society, an organization of rocket experimenters and engineers, and now serves as its secretary.

In 1931, Pendray went abroad, with his wife—who is also a rocket enthusiast—to help arrange an international exchange of rocket information and engineering data. Later, he and H. F. Pierce designed and constructed the first liquid-fuel rocket launched by the Society. For his contributions to rocket research, the University of Wyoming awarded him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws.

The Time Capsule, at the New York World's Fair, was his project, and copies of the book he wrote to guide archaeologists of the future to the Time Capsule, entitled Book of Record of the Time Capsule, have been placed for safekeeping in 3,500 museums, and libraries throughout the world.

As assistant to the president of the Westinghouse Electric and Manufacturing Co., Pendray conducts the annual Science Talent Search, through which forty high-school boys and girls are selected to receive Westinghouse Science Scholarships to the colleges of their choice.

Among the books Pendray has written are The Coming of Age of Rocket Power, and Men, Mirrors and Stars.

THE artist who illustrates Next Stop the Moon, Alexander Leydenfrost, is a rocket-minded fellow, too. His father, a merchant of Budapest, built Hungary's first rocket, a seven-foot affair which cut a cometlike path across the skies, frightening people, who thought it was some supernatural phenomenon.

To satisfy his curiosity about how the world lives, Leydenfrost spent all the summers of his early youth on walking trips through Europe. He traveled always without baggage, and when his shirt got dirty, he bundled it up and sent it home and bought a new shirt. He collected altogether 85 shirts, each bearing the label of a shirtmaker in a different European city.

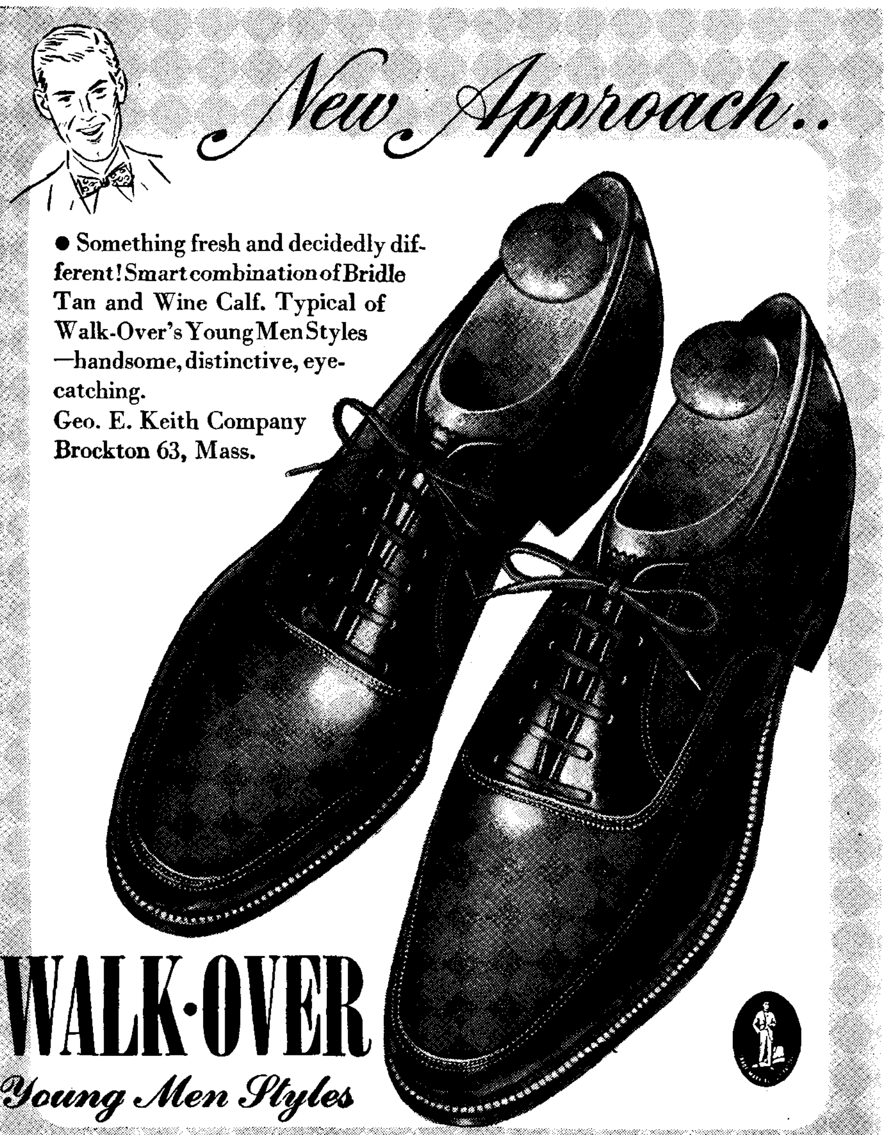
Leydenfrost came to this country 25 years ago and developed into a most versatile craftsman. He has designed houses and interiors, Fifth Avenue shop windows, stage sets and statues and murals. For a World's Fair exhibit he produced a 20-foot statue of a man reaching toward a mural, also by Leydenfrost, and illustrating the idea that world peace could best be achieved through world trade.

"I agree with Leonardo da Vinci's theory," says Leydenfrost, "that an artist should not be too much of a specialist. He should be a universal artist, with at least some skill in all the branches of his trade."

Leydenfrost now lives in considerable ease in his country home in Greenwich, Connecticut. Now that both of his sons are producing artists themselves (both of them served in the Army Air Corps) he is trying to reduce the volume of his work.

"I am specializing now in steaks," he says.

His steak specialty involved the design and construction of a complicated and very efficient barbecue pit, wherein the steaks are held in a perpendicular position while they are seared on both sides simultaneously. And if by chance fat spatters onto the charcoal and catches fire, why, the ingenious Leydenfrost extinguishes the blaze with a blast from a tank of carbon dioxide. This tank is standard artist equipment for airbrush work. . . . A. P.



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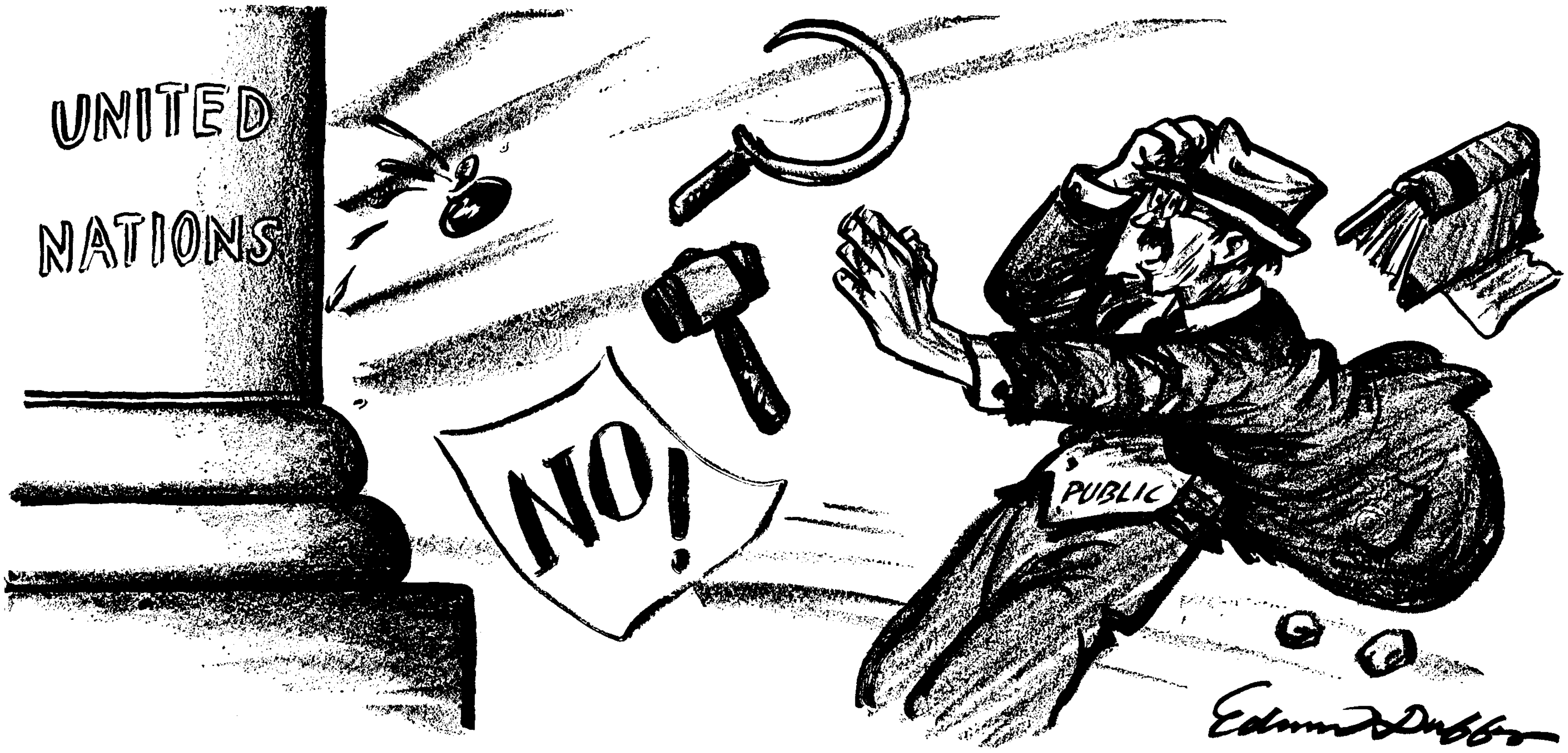


POLITICIANS AND PEACE

IT WOULD be very pleasant if the members of the United Nations would stop quarreling. The incessant clashes of opinion and statement are tedious, disconcerting and generally ugly.

The rows between ministers and other national representatives seem ominous. Their loud and unyielding words and arguments make the world wonder whether politicians, even the articulate smoothies who bounce into the foreign services, are really fit for the task of keeping peace in this troubled world.

Yet, discouraging as these diplomats are as they state and restate and endlessly amplify their differences of belief and interest, it would be hard, offhand, to think of any class of men better qualified for the job at hand. The politician sent abroad represents, well or badly, the government that sent him on his mission.

Foreign Minister Molotov and Mr. Gromyko speak for Russia. If they expect to keep their posts they must say what the Russian government wants them to say. The fact that their insistence on Russia's veto authority seems unreasonable and irritating to us has little to do with the case. They are not representing American policies. They are the spokesmen for policies with which we generally disagree.

So it is with Mr. Bevin. We cannot expect Foreign Minister Ernest Bevin to do other than to represent what he believes will serve British interest. He does not speak for the United States or even for Canada. He does speak for an imperial government that clashes at many points with the United States, Russia and many other governments and people.

Our own national interests certainly differ from those of most other important countries. We differ in material interest. We differ in ideas, traditions, principles, even somewhat in aspirations. Secretary of State Byrnes could not represent American interest or American policies if he did not dissent from statements antagonistic to our ideas or our welfare.

It is vastly preferable to have these politicians quarreling noisily in public than not to have them meeting at all. It is too bad that Russia insists upon having a veto and working it so steadily. It is much better to have a United Nations with the veto than it would be to have a League of Nations without members.

The United States would not join the League of Nations even with reservations that amounted practically to a veto. We sometimes sent observers to the League who did not have the privilege of speaking. Our mute observers might have done a useful job of expressing American sentiments if they had been empowered to talk. They were not, and World War II floated forward.

The simple truth is that we live not in one world but in many worlds, speaking a diversity of tongues, believing in different principles of government operating different economies. In some areas we are actual rivals for the same desirable objects. We have little in common except the desire for peace. That is our common interest and hardly more than that.

We are not likely to share our belief in free speech or a free press with Russia. For a thousand years Russians have had other ideas. It would be absurd for us to insist that the Russians learn to love liberty. It would be equally absurd for the Russians to ask us to adopt their preference for a dictatorship whether of the church, the Czar or the proletariat. That just won't happen. We are born in another tradition.

But we can jointly keep the peace and that is the chief business of all governments at this time. It is doubtless even good to have these ministers plenipotentiary sounding off. It is certainly useful to them individually to keep their various nations and governments quiet and contented.

If Byrnes or Bevin or Molotov did not speak with the authority given him by a government and a public opinion that supported him, it would be necessary to send other more representative men to the conferences.

The present danger is not that the tempers of the statesmen will wear thin from much public controversy but rather that public opinion in the democratic countries will get too tired of the bickering and turn away in disgust. That happened after World War I. And so World War II came along. We can afford to listen to many words, tiresome, repetitious, disagreeable words now and in the days ahead if by so punishing our ears we can prevent more world wars.

TED ROOSEVELT'S LIBRARY

THEY are planning to build a public library at Oyster Bay to honor General Theodore Roosevelt, Jr. He would have liked that. Ted Roosevelt was a reading man. He was one of those who carried favorite books in his pockets for enjoyment at odd moments.

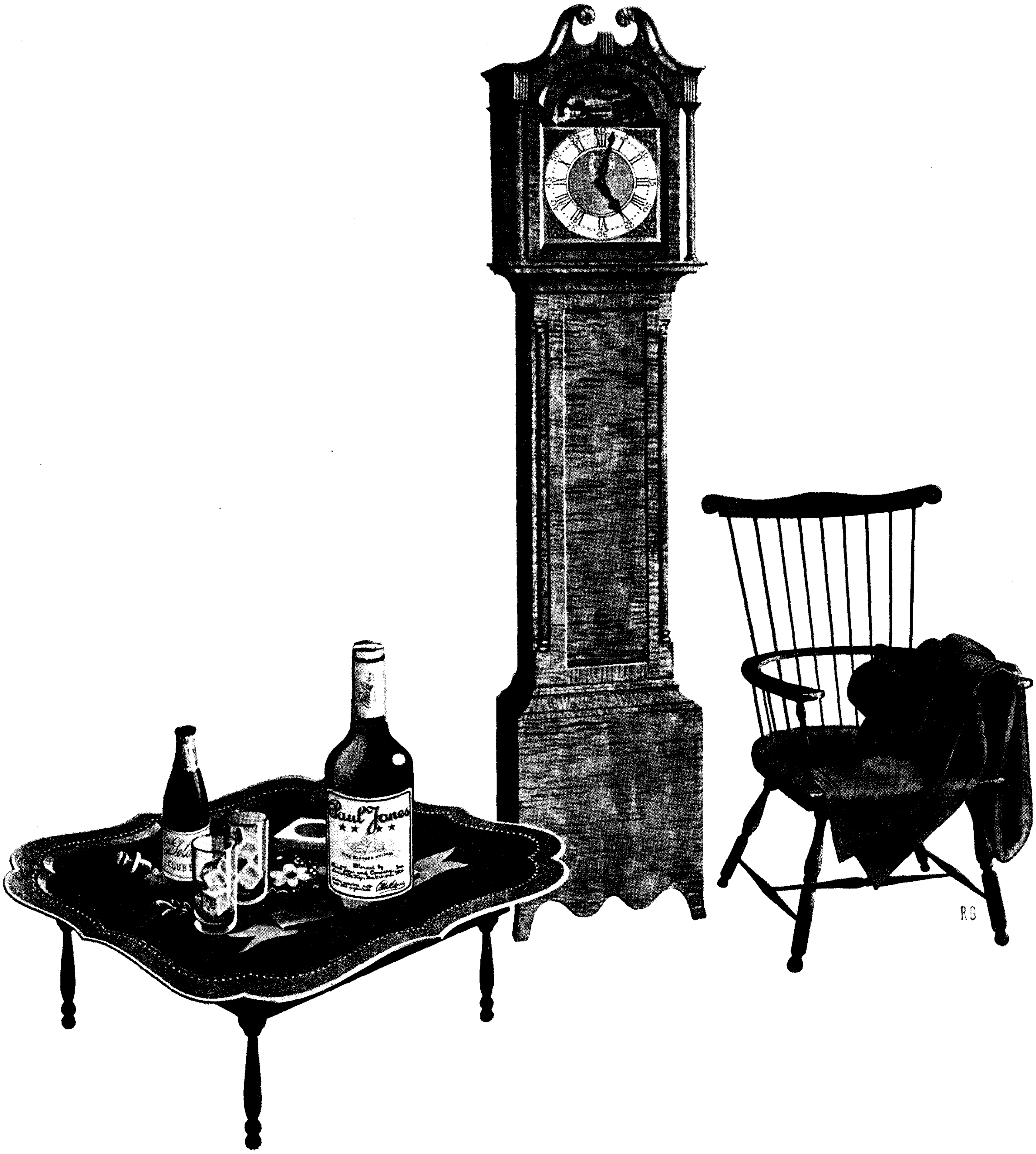
Ted Roosevelt was also a man it is good to remember. He was a modest fellow who did many things he didn't want to do because he thought his public duty required it. He did not like war—any war—and particularly World War II when he saw it coming. But he fought through two world wars, won most of the medals for valor, and died a general and gallant soldier.

A man born to the name Theodore Roosevelt was not destined to escape public scrutiny however much he might have preferred obscurity. When he found he had to live figuratively behind plate glass in a department store window, Ted Roosevelt reconciled himself to being a public character and did his duty as he saw it.

Although a Republican, and certainly no Socialist, being groomed for leadership, he voted against expelling the Socialist members from the New York legislature 25 years ago. He stuck to his principles then as always. He became a distinguished proconsul. He is remembered as Puerto Rico's wisest governor.

Later he showed high competence as governor of the Philippines—the last governor before the election of his Democratic cousin as President.

Ted used to laugh as he referred to himself as one of the out-of-season Roosevelts. The qualities for which he is remembered—bravery, a high sense of public right, willing self-sacrifice to duty—happily do not go out of season. A library, moreover, is a fine place in which to preserve them.



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